

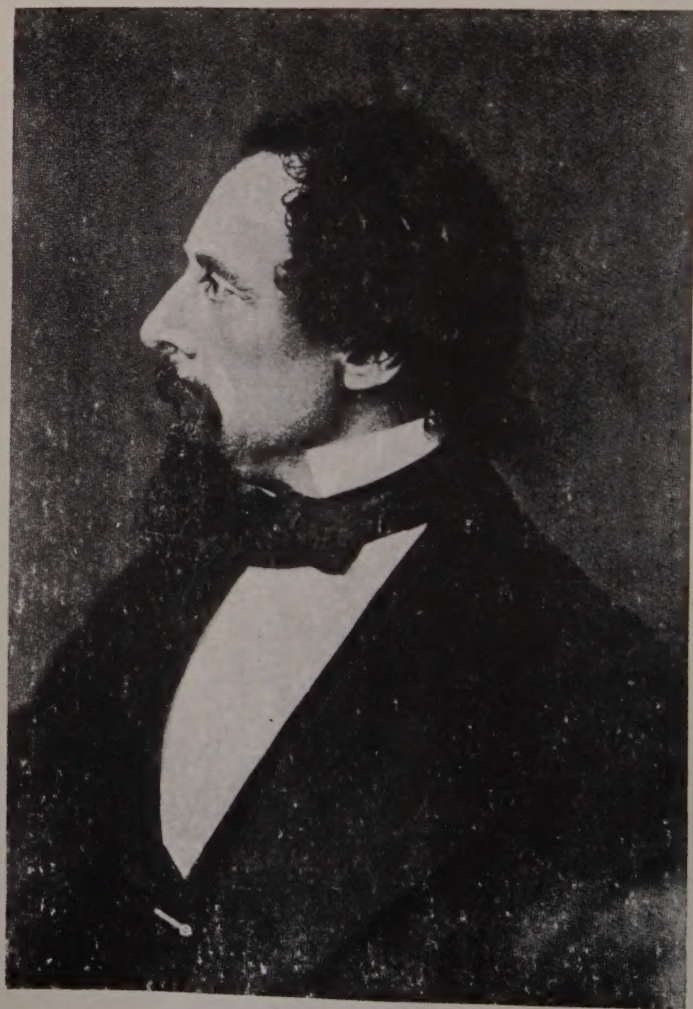
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B. W. MATZ



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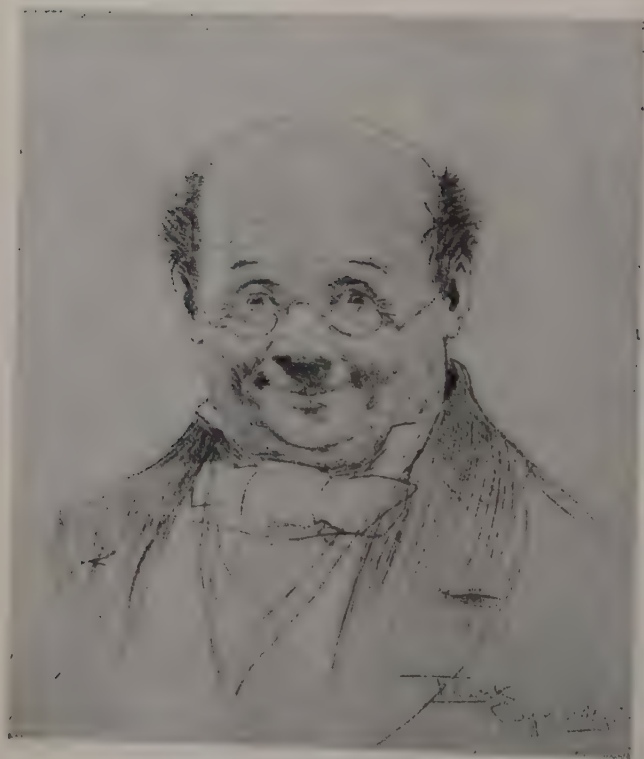
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SAMUEL PICKWICK

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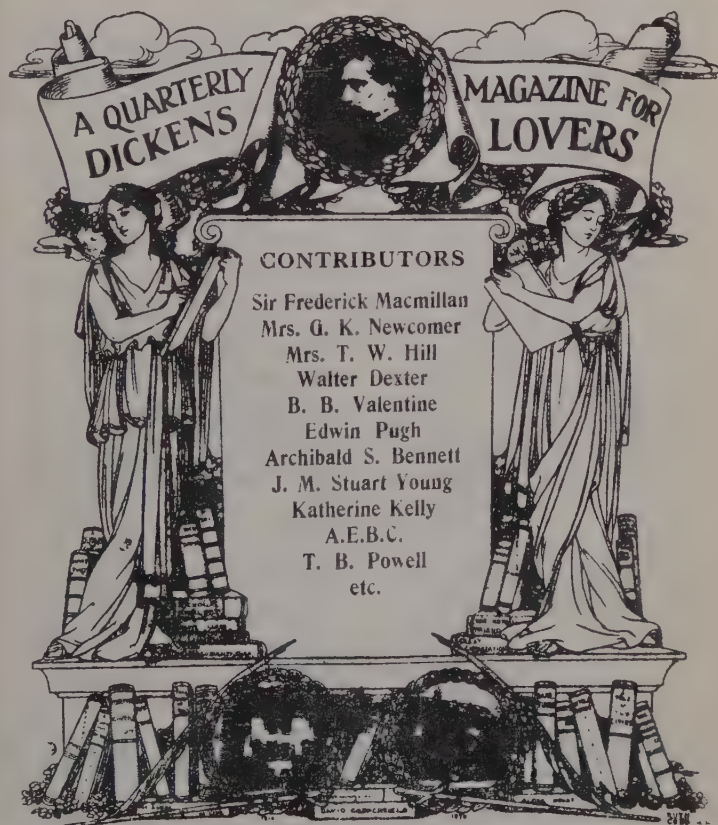
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No. 1

THE DICKENSIAN

EDITED BY B. W. MATZ



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THE DICKENSIAN

A Quarterly Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and the Official Record of the Dickens Fellowship

VOL. XIX.

JANUARY 1923

No. 1

WHEN FOUND—

THE one hundred and eleventh anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens will be celebrated in London on the 7th February by a commemorative banquet at the Connaught Rooms, when Sir Frederick Macmillan will occupy the chair. The branches throughout the world will celebrate the event in a similar manner or in other ways, particulars of which will be found in the diary on another page.

* * * * *

The announcement made by Sir Frederick Macmillan in his Presidential Address, printed on another page, that the Fellowship had secured the freehold of Dickens's House at 48 Doughty Street, for the purpose of establishing in London a permanent Dickens Library and Museum, has given the greatest satisfaction in all quarters, and his appeal for funds is already bearing good fruit. He has headed the subscription list with £100, and donations and promises from the Vice-Presidents of the Fellowship are being received daily, whilst his appeal to the Presidents of every branch is meeting with very favourable results. It is believed that a very substantial sum will be in hand by the 7th of February, when he takes the chair at the Dickens Commemorative Dinner. In the meantime subscriptions may be sent to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. C. H. Green, at the Dickens Fellowship's Headquarters, 14 Clifford's Inn, E.C.4.

* * * * *

It is the intention of the Dickens Fellowship to make 48 Doughty Street worthy in every way of its title. It will naturally do its best to inspire and inculcate a spirit of sentiment and reverence; and it will aim at something much more permanent, something much more substantial and valuable, than a sentimental monument to the novelist's name and fame: it is intended to make it useful and, above all, educational. What the Council has in mind is, firstly, the Dickens House shall be a museum containing relics and other valuables associated with the novelist and his works. Secondly, it shall be a picture gallery; and if we think for a moment of the great artists who were associated with Dickens during his lifetime in helping to create his characters for us, and of those who have emulated their example since his death, it will be realized what a wealth of material is available for that purpose. Thirdly, and perhaps most important of all, it is hoped to establish there the finest Dickens Library in the world (from an educational point of view at any rate), where every book and every magazine

article devoted critically or biographically to the life and works of Dickens will find a place, together with the various and numerous editions of his books.

* * * * *

This is not an idle dream, for already promises have been made of hundreds of such books, and we are not speaking without knowledge when we say that at least two well-known Dickens collections will be transferred there when the time comes. We are even optimistic enough to believe that other Dickens collectors will see that provision is made in their last wills and testaments for the transfer of their valuables to this Dickens shrine instead of to the auction rooms for future disposal.

* * * * *

Apart from all this the Dickens house shall also be London's Dickens Mecca, a meeting place for all Dickens lovers. It shall be the Dickens information Bureau, the Dickens University, where students shall gain all the knowledge they seek concerning every phase of Dickensian lore, and where visitors to London will be welcomed and guided in their search for knowledge, topographical, historical, literary and bibliographical. It will be conducted on broad, friendly principles, not as a commercial enterprise, but as a national institution in the same spirit which emanates from the Fellowship itself. As we have already said, this is no idle dream of enthusiasts impossible of realization. If the necessary help, with donations, is given, the rest will naturally and surely follow, and London shall boast the very memorial Dickens himself would have most desired. "I rest my claim on the remembrance of my country upon my published works," he said. In other words, his writings should be his memorial. That is precisely what the Dickens Fellowship have set themselves to raise: a memorial of his works in the house at 48 Doughty Street, where he lived and wrote. There will be gathered together, not only his own published writings, but all the volumes and pictures those books have inspired, and therein held in perpetuity in remembrance of him.

* * * * *

The excellent realization of Samuel Pickwick's genial countenance which forms the frontispiece to our present issue is from a charming sketch by Mr. Frank Reynolds. The original drawing was made by Mr. Reynolds a few years back, when he was engaged on his illustrated edition of the book, and presented to our friend Mr. Walter Churcher who, feeling that it should find a place in our pages, secured the artist's permission for its reproduction. We sincerely thank both Mr. Churcher and Mr. Reynolds.

* * * * *

Mrs. Alice Meynell, the distinguished poet and essayist, who died on 27th November last, was the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Thompson, both very great friends of Dickens. Mrs. Thompson was Christina Weller before her marriage, and it was due to Dickens that she met her husband. An illustrated article devoted to her appeared in our issue of January, 1916. Of Mrs. Meynell's writings we only

know of one essay devoted specifically to Dickens, and that is contained in the volume entitled "Hearts of Controversy," reviewed in our January, 1918, number.

* * * * *

On 1st November, at the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor handed to the Mayor of St. Pancras, on behalf of the Children's Libraries Movement, the deeds of 13 Johnson Street, Somers Town, where Dickens lived as a youth. At the same time the deeds of the freehold of the house each side of No. 13 were also handed over, presented by Councillor Davies, the owner, in order to extend the usefulness of the library, which will be carried on by St. Pancras Borough Council. It is very difficult to overtake an erroneous statement when it once gets a start. When this movement commenced, it was asserted that Dickens spent the most miserable days of his boyhood at 13 Johnson Street, whereas the reverse is the truth. This has been pointed out by several letters to the press, but the reporters, in their account of the function at the Mansion House, repeated it again, and one reputable newspaper even told its readers that Dickens wrote *David Copperfield* there. He was about thirteen at the time. However, the library is now firmly established, and we can only say once more that we wish it every success.

* * * * *

Many of our modern catchwords and phrases get traced back to one of Dickens's books. In "The Morning Post" some weeks ago, it was said that it is safe to say that many people are wondering why the word "egg" is applied to bald pates in the new game—"The origin possibly," it says, "is in the pages of *David Copperfield*. In this novel Charles Dickens put the term into the mouth of David when first introduced to Micawber. 'I went in and found there a stoutish, middle-aged person, in a brown surtout and black tights and shoes, with no more hair upon his head (which was a large one and very shining) than there is upon an egg.'" We wonder if that is so.

* * * * *

An appropriate and favourite subject upon which to address the members of the Rotary Club seems to be Charles Dickens. During the past year Mr. Bransby Williams and Mr. Kendall Pearson, both members of the Dickens Fellowship, accepted invitations to speak on the novelist at Rotary luncheons, and a few weeks back another Dickensian, Mr. W. H. Banks, of the Cheltenham branch, performed a similar task at a Rotary Club luncheon in that town. Mr. Banks, after singling out Dickens, Thackeray and Scott as the three great names in the nineteenth century, declared Dickens to be the greatest of the three. He then compared him with some writers of the present day, and proceeded to sketch his career and to show wherein his genius lay. Dickens, he said, fought the troubles and trials of the world, and came out of the fight clean in mind, pure-hearted and without bitterness. It was a stirring address.

* * * * *

In an article "On Quotation," in a recent number of "The Times,"

the writer said: "For the most intimate fraternity in quotation there is no need to go to Shakespeare or the classics; a pleasure equally refined arises out of passages or phrases from some quite ordinary, but eminently human, novel; and the less famous the reference the greater delight it imparts when it is recognized. When accuracy, between two who know how to play the game and realize the importance of absolute correctness, is disputed, there can be no rest until verification in the volume desiderated. Did Mr. Weller say this, or did Mrs. Cluppins? Let a *Pickwick* be fetched at once, and let so disquieting a point be settled forthwith, even if 'dinner cool,' or a train has to be lost in consequence. Let the volume be put into the quoter's hands, let him find the passage if he can, and let the bystanders, if any collect, be made to comprehend what high matters are at issue. But let there be no deception. The doings and sayings of the Wellers senior and junior may be as close to the quoter as his personal honour; but to the *Dombey*s, it may chance, he will be wholly indifferent."

* * * * *

A very excellent and analytical essay entitled "Dickens and Meredith" appeared in the October issue of "The Hibbert Journal," from the pen of Professor James Moffatt, D.D., in which he discusses with admirable clarity the resemblances and dissimilarities in these two great novelists. On first thoughts it would be considered that they are poles apart in style and matter. But in reading Dr. Moffatt's article, one is astonished to find how much can be said and proved to the contrary, and how their aims, although their methods differed so. He is able even to point to characters from each writer who belong to the same clan, bred of the same blood. Students of both novelists should not miss this illuminating exposition.

* * * * *

We continue to receive copies of "The Chigwell Chronicle" and of "The American Dickensian" from our friends in America. The former is the bulletin of the Boston Branch, and the latter of the New York Branch, wherein all the news and notices are ably set out for the benefit of their members. "The American Dickensian" is edited by Mr. A. A. Hopkins, who has enlarged the November issue to eight pages. It contains an extended report of the Inter-branch Conference, has a section devoted to Foreign News—which deals chiefly with happenings in this country—brief notes on books, and other matter apart from the official branch notices. The editor also gives a portrait of a fellow conspirator, with a few facts about his deeds of daring.

* * * * *

Threatened buildings seemingly are likely to live as long as threatened men. Paragraphs are once again appearing in the papers to the effect that the George and Vulture in George Yard is in danger of being closed. The lease is running out, and we are told that there is a possibility of the site and tavern being acquired for business purposes. We understand that an appeal is to be made to the City Corporation to preserve Mr. *Pickwick*'s famous hostelry, and we are sure the members

of the City Pickwick Club, who hold their dinners there, will wish the Corporation every success in their endeavour.

* * * * *

The King's Arms at Wigton, visited by Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins in the autumn of 1857 seeking material for their *Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices*, has recently been sold. It was put up for auction and after being withdrawn at £2,250, was purchased at an advance on that figure by Mr. J. F. H. Bardham, a Wigton hotel-keeper. Wilkie Collins, it will be remembered, met with an accident in climbing Carrock, and continuing the journey to Wigton in a covered carriage, the two writers arrived at the King's Arms, where Wilkie Collins was "melodramatically carried" to the first floor and "laid upon three chairs." Although some references to Wigton and its pump are made in the story, no detailed account of the Inn is given. It was whilst on this tour that the two novelists also visited Maryport, which they described as "paved with petrified kidneys." These "petrified kidneys" apparently are still there, for we gather from a local paper that the Maryport Council propose to cover some old cobble pavements in the town with tar Macadam.

* * * * *

The licence granted by the Archbishop of Canterbury for the marriage of Charles Dickens and Catherine Hogarth, at St. Luke's, Chelsea, in 1836, was sold at Sotheby's on 4th December last for £35. It figured in the sale of the library of the late Mr. Frederick A. Crisp, F.S.A.

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For some years Mr. A. W. Waters, the antiquarian bookseller, of Leamington, has been extra-illustrating a copy of *The Pickwick Papers*. He recently completed it, and has since sold it to an English collector. The copy used was the edition de luxe of the edition illustrated by Cecil Aldin. In it were inserted 1026 extra plates, comprising ninety water-colour drawings, ten silhouette portraits of Mr. Pickwick and his numerous friends, one hundred and ninety views, eighty-four portraits of people mentioned, various road maps, routes of the coaches taken from London to Bath, etc., and four hundred and fifty-one incidents in the novel illustrated by artists from the date of the first edition in 1837 to recent times. Counting the Aldin illustrations there was a grand total of 1148 illustrations. The two volumes were extended to six volumes, with special title pages, containing a specially drawn character portrait on each. The copy was bound in full levant claret morocco gilt extra.

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"A Dickens Atlas, including Twelve Walks in London with Charles Dickens," is the title of a portfolio in preparation by Mr. Albert A. Hopkins and Mr. Newbury Frost Read, active members of the New York branch of the Fellowship, to be issued next month. The Atlas will contain 35 maps and plans relating to the life of Charles Dickens, his characters and their habitat—Portsmouth and Chatham—Gravesend and the Dickens-Kent Country—Rochester—The Bull Inn and

Crisparkle's House (floor plans)—The Temple—Double-page Pickwickian Journeys—Double Page "In Paris with Sydney Carton"; are some titles. These are to be followed by 12 birds-eye-views of Dickens "London Walks." There will be 300 numbered copies only, printed, 175 for the United States and Canada, and 125 for Great Britain. The price will be \$3.10 to the public, mailed, and \$2.10 mailed to all Fellowship members (50 cents extra for portfolio, if desired). The work may be ordered of the Hatton Garden Press, 3 East 35th Street, New York City. English readers may place their order with us.

* * * * *

A Branch of the Fellowship for Leyton and District was formed on November 7th last. Messrs. B. W. Matz, T. W. Hill and S. J. Rust were present as representing headquarters, and there was a good attendance. A further meeting was held on November 29th, to elect officers and transact the necessary business. A very representative list of Vice-Presidents and other officials was elected, the Chairman of the Leyton District Council being chosen as the first President, and Mr. E. W. Brown, Hon. Secretary. By the kindness of the Chairman of the Council, the meetings of the Branch will be held monthly in the Council Chamber. The new branch has started well, and there is every prospect of it being a very successful one under the guidance of Mr. Brown, who has been associated with the Fellowship since its inauguration, and was at one time a member of the Headquarters' Council.

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We hear that a movement is on foot to establish a branch at Stroud in Gloucestershire. When this is brought about, the county will have within its borders no less than five branches—a fine record.

* * * * *

Commenting upon the Moscow Bolshevik newspaper's objection to the play of "The Cricket on the Hearth," to which further references are made on another page, "The Daily Mirror" sums the matter up with the following prophecy: "That the Gospel of Charles Dickens will win, and that his writings will still hold the field, long after the Gospel of Lenin and Trotsky and Zinovieff has passed into the limbo of hateful memories."

* * * * *

We regret to have to record the death of Mr. Bertram P. Huggins, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Boston (U.S.A.) branch of the Fellowship which took place last October. Mr. Huggins, who was one of the founders of the branch, and its first Treasurer, had been a life-long student of Dickens, and had been a subscriber to our magazine from its first number in 1905. His enthusiasm, sound judgment and energy will be sadly missed by his fellow members, and we extend our sympathy to our Boston friends at their irreparable loss.

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We regret also to learn that the death took place on November 28th of Mr. A. J. Tonkin, President and one of the founders of the Bristol and Clifton Dickens Society.

THE EDITOR.

CHARLES DICKENS AND THE PROPOSED LIBRARY AND MUSEUM FOR LONDON*

By Sir FREDERICK MACMILLAN
(President of The Dickens Fellowship)

I.

BEFORE proceeding to the business of this evening I should like to thank you sincerely for the honour you have done me by electing me as President for this year of the Dickens Fellowship. I will not enlarge on my unworthiness for the position. I must confess, however, most truly, that when it was suggested to me that I should allow my name to be put forward for election as your President, I felt no little trepidation in undertaking to follow such a brilliant critic and distinguished man of letters as my immediate predecessor, Mr. Chesterton. I make no claim to be a critic, brilliant or dull, and shall not attempt to offer you an essay on the place of Dickens in Literature, but if a valid title to the Presidency of this society can be based on a deep and life-long admiration of the genius we exist to honour, then, as a true lover of Charles Dickens I have no hesitation in advancing my claim.

Those of us who are getting on in years—or, to put it more bluntly, we old men—have much to regret, and are often tempted to envy those who are still in the enjoyment of the vigour of youth; but among the pleasures that are left to us are those of memory, and among the interesting occasions which it is my privilege to recall, is a Reading by Charles Dickens. It was my good fortune to be present in St. James's Hall in March, 1870, when the Master gave his last public reading. He read, or rather acted, for his Readings were in reality fine dramatic performances, *A Christmas Carol* and 'The Trial' from *Pickwick*, and then took leave of the public in a few simple words, expressing the hope that in a few weeks' time the audience might, as he put it, "enter in their own homes on a new series of Readings at which his presence would be indispensable." The reference was, of course, to *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, the publication of which, alas—never to be completed—began in the following month, but the phrase which he then made use of—the provision of "Readings at which the presence of Dickens would be indispensable"—may, I think, very well be adopted as a description of the objects of The Dickens Fellowship. It is our aim to encourage among all sorts and conditions of men in all parts of the habitable globe the practice of Readings both in public and in private, at which the presence of the spirit of Charles Dickens is indispensable.

One of the characteristics of the works of great writers—at least I find it to be so—is that the oftener you read them, the more you appreciate and enjoy them. I know that there are people who declare that they are unable to read a book twice. Well, that may be so, and

* Presidential address delivered at Caxton Hall, Westminster, on October 16th, 1922.

there are doubtless books that some of us are unable to read, even once. It all depends on the book. I quite agree that many volumes are written, printed and sold which can be read with a certain amount of enjoyment of a perfectly harmless kind, but which, so to speak, go in at one ear and out of the other, and which the average reader, after he (or she) has returned it to the circulating library, has no more recollection of than he (or she) has of the flavour of the cup of tea or glass of whisky and soda with which the book was washed down. Far be it from me to say anything scornful of such books. In the future, as in the past, they will get themselves written, printed, published, sold, read and—forgotten! They will have served their harmless purpose—let them rest in peace!

Books by great writers, like the music of great composers, do not grow stale by repetition; on the contrary, they are more attractive to their real admirers the more they are read and the more familiar they become. Of no writer can this be more truly said than of Charles Dickens. Not only can he be read over and over again, but he can be read piece-meal without injury to the appreciation of the complete work. The very manner in which his greatest books were put together encourages this method. *Pickwick*, the commencement of which has made the year 1836 memorable in the history of English Literature, was, as you all know, projected as "something" to be written in monthly numbers to serve as a vehicle for certain plates to be executed by a comic draughtsman. It is true that at Dickens's suggestion the plan was so modified that, instead of the text being written to fit the plates, "the plates were to arise naturally out of the text, the range of which was to be left open to the author," and, as we know, the book, and particularly the character of Mr. Pickwick, developed as the work went on. Still Dickens himself explained in a Preface to the Original Edition that the form of publication made it necessary that every number should be, to a certain extent, complete in itself, and yet that "the whole twenty numbers when collected should form one tolerably harmonious whole, each leading to the other by a gentle and not unnatural progress of adventure."

This plan of publication in parts began with *Pickwick* in 1836, and was followed, practically speaking, without change until the end with *Edwin Drood*, of which only six parts were completed, and it was always the author's aim to arrange the story so that there was some reason why each part should end and its successor begin where they respectively did. Dickens's books were, in fact, written to be published and to be read in parts, and he took the greatest pains to prepare them for that form of publication.

I am afraid that nowadays the question of whether a novel should appear complete or in instalments depends not so much on how it has been contrived as on how it has been sold. A modern novelist writes a book, and if he is paid a sufficient sum for "serial rights," the book is "serialised," i.e., it is cut up into lengths and issued in a newspaper or magazine like a bottle of medicine—so many words to a dose—and in consequence, like a bottle of medicine, sometimes rather unattractive

to the taste. The Dickens method, though doubtless more troublesome to the author than the modern system, did rather tend to the introduction of episodes which had no great part in the development of the plot, but which often contained some of the most delightful pages of the whole work.

The theatrical portion of *Nickleby*, for instance, cannot be considered essential to the story. It was necessary that Nicholas should be away from London while his sister Kate was experiencing her adventures at Madame Mantalini's and enduring the persecution of Sir Mulberry Hawk, but it was unnecessary, so far as the development of the story was concerned, that he should spend his absence at Portsmouth as a member of Mr. Vincent Crummles' theatrical company. And yet what a gallery of delightful portraits we owe to that episode! The immortal Vincent Crummles, "who was not a Prussian," who could not understand "how these things get into the papers," and whose "real pumps" you may encounter any day in a discussion on realism in the theatre. Mrs. Crummles ("the first time I saw that wonderful woman she was standing on her head on the butt end of a spear surrounded by blazing fireworks"), the Infant Phenomenon, the charming Miss Snevellicci and her friend Miss Ledrook, Misses Bravassa and Belvawney, Mrs. Grudden, Mr. Folair, Mr. Lenville, Miss Henrietta Petowker, Miss Snevellicci's papa, Mr. Curdle (—"a great critic and a very profound and most original thinker, who had written a pamphlet of sixty-four pages, post 8vo, on the character of the Nurse's deceased husband in 'Romeo and Juliet'").

Just think what a delightful collection of characters—all real people enough to the Dickensian—we owe to this Portsmouth episode which, as I said before, has no particular value in the development of the story, and was only introduced to fill up the weeks when, for the purpose of the plot, it was necessary that the hero of the book should be away from London.

I know there are some who would say that a story should not contain characters or incidents that are not necessary to the development of the plot. That may be true in the case of a drama, where the whole thing has to be comprised in five Acts that can be performed in two or three hours, but it is one of the charms of the spacious conditions of Prose Romance that there is plenty of room for characters and events amusing and delightful in themselves that would be excluded by a narrow interpretation of the rules of the novelists' art.

This style of composition, which was to some extent imposed on Charles Dickens by the conditions of serial publication, renders his books specially suitable for desultory and accidental enjoyment. One does not necessarily (except, of course, when one makes first acquaintance with a book of Dickens), on reading, begin at the beginning and go through the book to the end. At least I do not, though I must confess that my method often comes to the same thing in the end. It was not many weeks ago that I picked up *Nickleby* with the intention of reading what has always been a favourite of mine, the theatrical episode to which I have just alluded. When I had finished

with Mr. Crummles I turned to Mr. and Madame Mantalini, and after that went back to Dotheboys Hall. Taking farewell of Mr. Squeers, I paid a visit to the Cheeryble Brothers, and spent some agreeable time in their company and in that of honest Tim Linkinwater, and so backward and forward through the 800 pages of *Nickleby*, until by the time I put the volume back in the shelf I found that I had read every word that the book contained, though by no means in the order in which the words were written.

The plan I have described may not commend itself to everybody. This is a free country, and it is open to everyone to read what and how he pleases, or, if he prefers it, not to read at all. I can only say that I personally find satisfaction in browsing among the pages of a favourite author, and that, in my judgment, no author is more suitable for this treatment than Charles Dickens. It is the end and aim of the Dickens Fellowship to promote the study of the Master's works, and any suggestions as to methods of study and appreciation are perhaps not out of place.

I need not say that the first duty of everyone who wishes to become, and who realises the delights of becoming, a genuine Dickensian is to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the immortal works themselves. He has a delightful task before him, and as I have just explained, it is a task that can be continually renewed with ever increasing pleasure. The aspiring Dickensian not only reads many of the greatest works of fiction which have ever been written, but he makes the acquaintance of a vast number of characters who become as real to him as the characters of history. Indeed, I do not think I am exaggerating when I say that the characters of Dickens are often more real to us than those of history. Our knowledge of an historical character is derived from what was said of him by his contemporaries, to whom he may have been an enigma, and by whom he may have been misinterpreted and misunderstood. A character in a great work of fiction, on the other hand, is described to us not by a possibly puzzled contemporary, but by his creator, by the very man to whose genius he owes his existence, and to whom not only his overt actions, but also his hidden thoughts are no secret. Dickens was the creator, I believe, of about 1500 characters, many of them, of course, somewhat shadowy, but an enormous proportion of them endowed with an individuality which makes them as real to us, and often more real, than those who have breathed the breath of life instead of owing their existence to the inspiration of an immortal genius.

It must not be forgotten that Dickens's people, though they may not have been real people in the ordinary sense, did live in "real" places. We know where Mr. Pickwick lodged and where Mrs. Gamp had her abode. If an intelligent traveller visiting the Temple remembers that Goldsmith lived and died in Brick Court, he is not likely to forget that it was in Fountain Court that John Westlock ran across Ruth Pinch when she had come to meet her brother Tom. When the same traveller looks at The Monument he will think of Todger's, and the visitor to Hampstead Heath is not likely to omit looking out

for "The Spaniards." It would be possible to go on for an hour naming the streets and houses in London, the towns and cities in other parts of England which are intimately connected with the characters of Charles Dickens. This topographical side of the study of Dickens is full of interest and charm, and I am glad to say that it is encouraged by the Fellowship, which arranges organized pilgrimages and rambles to spots throughout the country that are of interest to the Dickensian.

II.

The Dickens Fellowship, which I at present unworthily but very proudly represent, has now been in existence for twenty years. It was founded for the purpose of keeping green the memory of the greatest humorist of our race and encouraging in every way the study and appreciation of his immortal writings. The Fellowship consists of the Headquarters in London and branches in not less than fifty cities in England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Australia, Canada and the United States of America. It is a great thing for lovers of Dickens to feel that through this organization in all quarters of the world the reading of the books is encouraged and the spirit of Dickens kept alive by regular meetings, Lectures, Recitals, Exhibitions and similar activities, and the kindness of feeling, the broad humanity, the love and pity for the unfortunate, which were the characteristics of Charles Dickens, are kept ever fresh among those of our own age who will we hope and believe hand them on to future generations.

It may appear strange to many of you that a powerful organization such as the Dickens Fellowship, which has been in existence for twenty years, should still be without any local habitation. Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, I am glad to say that in all probability this is not likely to be the case very much longer. Some active and devoted members of your Committee, among whom I may name those energetic Dickensians, Messrs. Matz, Dexter and Green, have after protracted negotiations, succeeded in securing the freehold of a house—No. 48 Doughty Street, Mecklenburgh Square—with the object of preserving it as a Dickens shrine in London. No house in London is more suitable for the purpose. It was to this house that Dickens moved from Furnival's Inn on his marriage, and it was the first house that he rented; it was also in this house that he finished writing the *Pickwick Papers*. It was in 48 Doughty Street that he wrote *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Barnaby Rudge*. The house is practically in the same state as in 1839, and as it is not intended to alter the structure in any way, it is in every way suitable for the purpose it is hoped it may now fulfil. I understand that when the project of acquiring 48 Doughty Street for the Dickens Fellowship was first conceived, it was found that plans for its destruction were far advanced, and had not the gentlemen I have named and their friends acted promptly and with decision it would have been too late. Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, the freehold of this interesting building has been secured, and the Committee who have secured it are willing to make it over to the Dickens Fellowship

if the Fellowship is prepared to take it. It is calculated that to purchase the property, to do the necessary repairs, and to endow it with a sufficient income to pay the salary of a caretaker, a sum of at least £10,000 will be needed, and it will be my duty to inaugurate my year of office as your President by turning myself into a sturdy beggar and doing my best to collect this sum before the year comes to an end. I fear it may not be an easy task; yet it should not be difficult, and would not be difficult to get together a far larger sum than we need if, instead of begging for subscriptions, I were in the position to impose a very small poll-tax on the readers of Dickens. Unfortunately, I am not the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and can only ask you and other Dickens lovers to tax yourselves voluntarily. I hope, however, that the appeal which we shall make to you may be as effective as any Demand Note from Somerset House, and as the money collected will be spent on an object of which you approve—which is not always the case with His Majesty's Taxes—let us hope that it will be cheerfully paid.

I conclude by asking you and all members of the Dickens Fellowship at home or beyond the seas to do your best not only to subscribe yourselves, but to persuade your friends to subscribe to The Doughty Street Endowment Fund of The Dickens Fellowship.

LONDON'S DICKENS SHRINE

By ALICE NEWCOMER

(Of New York)

AS a Nation, I believe we of the United States, way down in our hearts, are the most sentimental in the world. We are accused of materialism and commercialism, but take the list of visitors to the homes and haunts of the great, in any line, of all lands, and you will find "the man from the States" the most in evidence. And now we are offered another chance to prove our love for that which has a sentimental value only. The birth-place of the *Pickwick Papers*.

"Breathes there a man (or woman), with soul so dead" whose heart does not leap at the thought that he, or she, may play a part in this wonderful plan? I am sure throughout the length and breadth of my land are many who will gladly grasp the chance—I had almost said *grab*!—And could the Recording Angel set down a better plea for one's future state of happiness than that *that* one had helped give 48 Doughty Street to the world?

Just think of the atmosphere of guilelessness and kindness and true friendship which will envelop us when we enter those doors! And how tender and gentle will be the letters we write to our friends across the sea, as we sit at the desks provided for us within those walls! Think how we women will thrill our clubs back home with accounts of how WE have walked on the very floors which Dickens feet had trod. Trivial things, perhaps, but surely they will form strong links in the chain binding together the Anglo-Saxon races.

The dictionary tells us "a shrine is a case for sacred relics." Have

you the slightest idea of the wealth of Dickensiana that will be gathered here for your enjoyment ? And are not the mementos of that Master of kindness and joy really " sacred " to us who love him and his works ? And shall we not, by word and deed, do what we can to make it not only " a case for sacred relics," but a living, breathing, loving memorial of him who so loved life ?

As to those gentle souls came the sound of " many hurrying feet " as they sat in their Soho garden, not so very far away, so to me comes the same sound. Only, the feet I hear are of those from far across the seas, as well as near-by, hastening eagerly, with loving hearts, to the shrine of the master of joy and kindness whom they so desire to honour. And, lo ! may the United States lead all the rest.

" A DICKENS HOUR "

THE Charles Dickens School at Lant Street Borough, the children at which have a Christmas Treat every year provided by the Fellowship, keep up the Dickens associations throughout the year.

On October 19th, some members of the Fellowship were present at what was called a Dickens Hour. The programme was provided entirely by the pupils (girls between the ages of 10 and 13), and consisted of recitations from Dickens's works, songs of the Dickens period, short dramatic sketches founded on episodes from the novels, and essays. The proceedings opened with an excellent and thoughtful speech by the Chairman (Ivy Huggins). The essays comprised papers on the " Early Life of Dickens," by Rose Shearman ; " Dickens's London," by Marjorie Chapman ; " Dickens as a Reformer," by Jenny Moody ; " Some Schools in Dickens's Books," by Ethel Deards, illustrated by dramatization : Squeers's school and Gradgrind's school.

The culmination of the afternoon had evidently been prepared with great thought. Each child was invited to present a flower, and at the same time to quote her favourite motto or passage from Dickens. The chairman proceeded to gather the nosegays as the quotations were spoken, and then placed the complete bouquet before the large picture of Dickens (which usually hangs in the great hall, but had been brought down specially for the occasion). Her final act was to place a laurel wreath over the picture. The whole performance reflected great credit on the teachers, who are evidently keen Dickensians, and showed no sign of strain or effort in rehearsal ; it was all a labour of love, and Miss Titman, who was mainly responsible for the arrangements, had imbued her little troupe with her own enthusiasm. Mr. E. H. Burden proposed a vote of thanks to the little chairman and the performers, and added that he and the other members of the Fellowship had spent a very happy afternoon.

On the 18th, 19th and 20th December, the Annual Christmas Treat to all three departments of the same school (boys, girls and infants—about a thousand in all) was given by the Fellowship. Members from Headquarters attended and helped with the teas, and a quantity of toys was sent to the infants.

ALICE M. HILL.

THROUGH LEGAL LAND WITH DICKENS

By WALTER DEXTER

I.

DICKENS'S gallery of lawyers is not by any means the least engrossing of the many types he has created for us ; and, strangely enough, there is hardly a lawyer in that extensive list who had not his location in the legal district that runs from Doughty Street to the Thames Embankment. Dodson and Fogg, Sampson Brass and Mr. Jagers are almost the only exceptions, and outside London, we can but call to mind the case of Wickfield and Heep.

The undoubted reason for the predominance of description given by Dickens to his legal characters, is that from his very earliest days the power of the law must have had a really great meaning to him ; his first occupation as a lad on leaving school was as office boy to a firm of solicitors in Lincoln's Inn, where his fancy must have been given free flight in the grass-centred squares, in the trim gardens of the Temple and Lincoln's Inn, in the subdued grey and red buildings, in the quaint Halls, the quainter and more secluded nooks and corners, in the narrow winding staircases, the little small-paned windows, and the deep and silent recesses. As a young man he occupied chambers in one of the old inns, Furnival's, and at the age of twenty-seven actually entered his name as a student of Middle Temple—but he was never "called."

For a London ramble there is no finer imaginable than that which takes you through the Inns of Court to the Temple ; its secluded ways are unknown to many Londoners and are a side light on the many beauties the great city possesses that are as foreign climes even to those people who pass and repass its very portals day after day ; the great thoroughfares of Holborn and Fleet Street and the Strand run through its centre, and Theobald's Road and the Thames Embankment flank its farthest sides. Truly, as we shall see, entering these regions of repose is akin to putting cotton wool in our ears, as Dickens has likened it, so contrasting is the bustle of the street without, with the silence reigning within.

II.

Doughty Street, the Dickens Mecca, is an excellent starting point for this ramble. Doughty Street leads into John Street, at the end of which Theobald's Road runs right and left.

On our left lies Gray's Inn Road, the place of residence of Mr. Mortimer (otherwise Wilkins Micawber) and Mr. Casby : opposite are the spacious gardens of Gray's Inn, where Flora, in her second wooing of Arthur Clennam, "Considered nothing so improbable as that he ever walked on the north-west side of Gray's Inn Gardens at exactly four o'clock in the afternoon."

We pass along the gardens to the right and turn in at the gateway on the left by the side of Raymond Buildings, where at No. 1 Dickens was a clerk to a firm of solicitors in 1827. Beyond is Gray's Inn

Square, where Mr. Perker had his chambers up "two pairs of steep and dirty stairs."

"Gray's Inn, Gentlemen. Curious little nooks in a great place like London, these old inns are." So said Mr. Pickwick; and Gray's Inn has a great attraction, and belies the later description given of it in the *Uncommercial Traveller* as "the most depressing institution in Brick and Mortar known to the children of man. Can anything be more dreary than its arid square, Saharah Desert of the law, with the ugly old tiled topped tenements, the dirty windows, the bills To Let, To Let, and the door posts inscribed like gravestones."

There has evidently been a change for the better since that day!

Passing through the archway of Gray's Inn Hall, we reach South Square, formerly Holborn Court, where both Mr. Phunky and Tommy Traddles had chambers.

Gray's Inn Gateway, referred to in *Pickwick*, leads into Holborn, where we turn left, passing the site of Gray's Inn Coffee House, at which David Copperfield stayed when visiting Traddles and the Devonshire beauties at the above-mentioned chambers. His bedroom was actually over the gateway, the Coffee House extending in that direction.

Opposite the southern end of Gray's Inn Road, we see on the right the picturesque gabled houses that lead into Staple Inn, "one of those nooks the turning into which out of the clashing street imparts to the relieved pedestrian the sensation of having put cotton in his ears and velvet soles on his boots" (*Edwin Drood*).

Entering the gateway we find ourselves in a veritable oasis where "a few smoky sparrows twitter in the smoky trees as though they called to one another, 'Let us play at country,' and where a few feet of garden mould and a few yards of gravel enable them to do that refreshing violence to their tiny understandings."

It was Mr. Snagsby, we remember, who "being in his way rather a meditative and poetical man" delighted to walk in Staple Inn "to observe how countrified the sparrows and the leaves are."

Beyond the first courtyard is another, containing the Hall of the Inn, and the house on the left marked:—

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J T
1747

which plays so large a part in *Edwin Drood* as the house of Mr Grewgious.

The other side of the Inn leads into Chancery Lane, where we turn to the left. Chancery Lane figures largely in the novels. Mr. Pickwick went there on his way to the Fleet; John Rokesmith first saw Mr. Boffin there, "Old Tom Jarndyce, in despair, blew his brains out at a coffee house in Chancery Lane," and Mrs. Snagsby was "the high standard of comparison among the neighbouring wives a long way down Chancery Lane on both sides." Young Smallweed had "a passion for a lady at a cigar shop" here, and Mr. Bucket remarked to Esther that "It looks like Chancery Lane, and was christened so." Indeed *Bleak House* is the novel of Chancery Lane. In Cursitor Street, on the left,

is Took's Court, the original of Cook's Court where Mr. Snagsby lived, and Cursitor Street itself sheltered Coavinses and his Castle. Symond's Inn stood a little lower down on the site of Bream's Buildings, and behind was Rolls Yard and Chapel, where also Mr. Snagsby loved "to lounge about of a Saturday afternoon, and to remark (if in good spirits) that there were old times once." Opposite Rolls Passage is Chichester Rents, at the corner of which stood The Old Ship Tavern, the original of Sol's Arms—famous for its Harmonic Meetings—and its inquests. Krook's Rag and Bottle Warehouse stood in Chichester Rents, and the "little side gate" and "narrow back street" (Star Yard) mentioned in Chapter 5 of *Bleak House*, are easily identified.

Returning to Chancery Lane and retracing our steps a little, we reach Lincoln's Inn Gateway, thus described by Esther:—

"We passed into sudden quietude under an old gateway and drove on through a silent square until we came to an odd nook in a corner where there was an entrance up a steep, broad, flight of stairs like an entrance to a church. And there really was a churchyard, outside, under some cloisters, for I saw the gravestones from the staircase windows."

Lincoln's Inn Hall opposite us, was the scene of the memorable trial of Jarndyce v. Jarndyce. The Chapel, with gravestones underneath, is on the right, and a passage by the side leads to Old Square, where not only did Kenge and Carboy have their offices, but here Serjeant Snubbin was "impossible to be seen," "such a thing was never heard of, without a consultation fee being previously paid."

At No. 8 New Square, Dickens was a clerk for a few months in 1827, prior to being at Raymond Buildings.

Lincoln's Inn Fields lie beyond us: somewhere hereabouts David Copperfield's Aunt, being in mortal dread of fire, took lodgings for a week "at a kind of private hotel in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where there was a stone staircase and a convenient door in the roof." On the far side of the Fields is No. 28, the house of John Forster, and the prototype of Mr. Tulkinghorn's House in *Bleak House*. Here it was that Dickens was a frequent visitor, and here he read *The Chimes* in 1844 to a select circle of friends, before its publication, coming from Italy specially for the purpose.

"In a large house, formerly a house of state, lives Mr. Tulkinghorn. It is let off in sets of chambers now: and in those shrunken fragments of its greatness, lawyers lie like maggots in nuts. But its roomy staircases, passages and antechambers still remain, and even its painted ceilings where Allegory, in Roman helmet and celestial linen, sprawls among balustrades and pillars, flowers, clouds and big-legged boys."

Turning to the left from No. 58, and proceeding along the northern side of the Fields, we reach Portsmouth Street, and on the left the reputed Old Curiosity Shop, a quaint and picturesque remain of Old London. At the corner of Portugal Street is the George IVth Tavern, on the site of the original "Magpie and Stump" of *Pickwick*. The

Insolvent Court and the "Horse and Groom" public houses were both in Portugal Street. The latter is no longer in existence; it was the scene of the meeting of the Wellers with Mr. Solomon Pell. Through Carey Street we reach Bell Yard, altered out of all knowledge since the day when it was a narrow alley where the Neckett Children lived over the Chandler's Shop. At the end of Bell Yard we reach Temple Bar dividing Fleet Street from the Strand (see *The Dickensian*, January and April, 1922). Crossing Fleet Street, we reach Middle Temple Gate, mindful that it was Hugh in *Barnaby Rudge* who likewise crossed the road here for the purpose of visiting Sir John Chester, and "plied the knocker of Middle Temple Gate," to be regarded suspiciously by the porter, and told "We don't sell beer here."

At Temple Gate it was too that Mr. Fips arranged a memorable meeting with Tom Pinch.

III.

"There are still worse places than the Temple on a sultry day, for basking in the sun or resting idly in the shade . . . those who pace its lanes and squares may yet hear the echoes of their footsteps on the sounding stones and read upon its gates in passing from the tumult of the Strand or Fleet Street, 'Who enters here leaves noise behind.' " (*Barnaby Rudge*).

Passing through Brick Court and Essex Court we reach Fountain Court where, as is said in *Barnaby Rudge*, "There is still the plash of falling water in fair Fountain Court," but it is *Martin Chuzzlewit* that has made a romance for us round Fountain Court and its association with Ruth Pinch, her brother Tom and John Westlock.

"There was a little plot between them, that Tom should always come out of the Temple by one way; and that was past the fountain. Coming through Fountain Court, he was just to glance down the steps leading into Garden Court, and to look once all round him; and if Ruth had come to meet him, there he would see her; not sauntering, you understand (on account of the clerks), but coming briskly up, with the best little laugh upon her face that ever played in opposition to the fountain, and beat it all to nothing.

Either she was a little too soon, or Tom was a little too late—she was so precise in general, that she timed it to half a minute—but no Tom was there. Well! But was anybody else there, that she blushed so deeply, after looking round, and tripped off down the steps with such unusual expedition?

Why, the fact is, that Mr. Westlock was passing at that moment. The Temple is a public thoroughfare; they may write up on the gates that it is not, but so long as the gates are left open it is, and will be; and Mr. Westlock had as good a right to be there as anybody else.

Merrily the tiny fountain played, and merrily the dimples sparkled on its sunny face. John Westlock hurried after her. Softly the whispering water broke and fell; and roguishly the dimples twinkled, as he stole upon her footsteps.

'I felt sure it was you,' said John when he overtook her, in the sanctuary of Garden Court. 'I knew I couldn't be mistaken.'

She was *so* surprised.

'You are waiting for your brother,' said John. 'Let me bear you company.'

Merrily the fountain plashed and plashed, until the dimples, merging into one another, swelled into a general smile, that covered the whole surface of the basin."

Pip, in *Great Expectations*, had his chambers at "the top of the last house in Garden Court down by the river alterations have been made in that part of the Temple since that time, and it has not now so lonely a character as it had then, nor is it so exposed to the river."

Here it was that Magwitch revealed himself as the source of the great expectations.

Facing the river, we turn left to Middle Temple Lane and cross it, passing through Elm Court, the Cloisters and Pump Court, the court "more gloomy than the rest," where Tom Pinch was employed so mysteriously by Mr. Fips. Descending the steps on the right beneath the Dining Hall of the Inner Temple, we reach Paper Buildings, where Sir John Chester had his chambers. "Paper Buildings—a row of goodly tenements, shaded in front by ancient trees, and looking at the back upon the Temple Gardens." Opposite is King's Bench Walk, dedicated to the memory of Sydney Carton, who "turned into the Temple, and having revived himself by twice pacing the pavement of King's Bench Walk and Paper Buildings, turned into the Stryver Chambers."

The Walk leads down to the River, where once were Temple Stairs, where Mr. Tarter used to keep his boat, and from which he rowed Rosa and Mr. Grewgious up the river. This landing place figures too in *Great Expectations*, in the exploit of Pip and Herbert to get Magwitch out of the country.

Returning along King's Bench Walk we find Whitefriars Gate on the right; through here Pip came, followed later by the escaped convict Magwitch on that memorable stormy night. This way, too, came Rogue Riderhood, to see "Governors Both" in the Temple.

Returning past Paper Buildings and under the Inner Temple Dining Hall we reach Temple Church, with, beyond, Goldsmith Buildings.

"Whosoever had gone out of Fleet Street into the Temple until he stumbled on a dismal churchyard and had looked up at the dismal windows commanding that churchyard, until at the most dismal window of them all he saw a dismal boy, would in him have beheld the managing clerk, junior clerk, common law clerk, conveyancing clerk, chancery clerk . . . of Mr. Mortimer Lightwood."

Inner Temple Gate now leads us into Fleet Street opposite Chancery Lane. Here it was that Bradley Headstone used to rest "in a doorway with his eyes upon the Temple Gate," waiting and watching for Eugene Wrayburn.

THE ORIGINAL OF HORTENSE AND THE TRIAL OF MARCIA MANNING FOR MURDER

By B. B. VALENTINE

Mr. R. M. S. Putnam asked in the "New York Herald" for details of the case of Maria Manning who, with her husband, was hanged in London, November 13th, 1849, for the murder of Patrick O'Connor, to which Mr. Valentine made the following reply:—

I WAS very young at the time, but this Manning trial I distinctly remember because it created great public excitement. The startling discovery of O'Connor's body, the singularly base and cold blooded treachery of the murderers, their flight and concealment, the reported beauty of the murderess and the firmness and protestations of innocence by both all tended to stimulate morbid curiosity. Everybody talked of the crime, and I recollect as a schoolboy seeing men carrying in London streets rudely painted canvases on staffs on both sides of which were portraits and scenes and incidents of the murder, the bearers gathering a harvest of coppers by describing the crime in stentorian tones to crowds at street corners.

When I was a law student, reading for the English bar, this murder trial was among the leading criminal cases because important points of law were involved, hence my familiarity with it.

Hortense, the French lady's maid in Charles Dickens's *Bleak House*, is intended as a portrait of Maria Manning, at whose trial Dickens was present and whose broken English, impatient gestures and volubility he has reproduced with wonderful exactness. The story of the crime is briefly as follows:

Maria Manning, whose maiden name was De Roux, was a native of French Switzerland and was lady's maid to Lady Blantyre, daughter of the Duchess of Sutherland. She married George Frederick Manning, who had been a railway guard—conductor—of the Great Western Railway Company. Maria Manning had had a love affair with one Patrick O'Connor, a thrifty and well to do gauger in the London Custom House. Manning knew of their relations, which continued after the marriage, apparently with his connivance. On the morning of August 9th, 1849, O'Connor went to the London docks in performance of his duties. At 4 o'clock he left the docks, having finished his day's work, and by invitation went to the Mannings to dine. Never afterward was he seen alive.

The Mannings closed their house and disappeared on August 13th. It was proved that on August 11th, Mrs. Manning went to a stock broker's office and changed a hundred pound banknote which had been owned by O'Connor.

On August 17th the police entered the house and under the recently disturbed flagged pavement of the kitchen was found the body of O'Connor with a bullet in the brain and a fractured skull caused by repeated blows from a hard instrument. The crime had been carefully premeditated, as a shovel and a quantity of quicklime had been bought by the Mannings a few days before the murder. The woman was arrested in Scotland, the man in the island of Jersey.

They were tried at the Old Bailey Sessions. On October 25th the jury, after three-quarters of an hour deliberation, found them guilty. They were hanged at Horsemonger Lane Jail, November 13th, 1849, in the presence of 50,000 persons.

The moot law points for the defence were whether the Manning woman, being an alien, was entitled to a jury known as *de medietate lingue*, that is half Englishmen and half foreigners, not necessarily compatriots of the accused. This was denied by the court on the ground that her marriage to Manning made her a British subject. Another interesting point argued by her counsel was as to the control the husband had over his wife in the perpetration of the crime, and whether or not she was a willing instrument. This point was also swept aside by the court, both prisoners being equally guilty.

Mr. Ballantine, afterward the famous serjeant-at-law, was Mrs. Manning's counsel. I made his acquaintance at the Lotos Club in New York, when he visited this country in the eighties. He was renowned for his skilful defence of the Tichbourne claimant in 1871.

Maria Manning maintained her innocence to the last, accusing her husband as the murderer. A few days before his execution Manning made a full confession. At each examination and at the trial, and at even the execution Mrs. Manning was always carefully and smartly attired in dark, close fitting gowns, and sometimes wore a gaudy shawl. She refused the consolation of religion, but gave much time and attention to dress and her personal appearance.

HORTENSE AND THE MANNINGS

By PHILIP HALE

THE writer of a letter published in the "New York Herald" thinks that Dickens found his Hortense in *Bleak House* in the Manning woman who was executed with her husband for murder in 1849. This supposition seems to us far-fetched. We know that in this novel he introduced Leigh Hunt and Landor; that he caricatured his father as Micawber and Dorrit; his mother as Mrs. Nickleby; sweethearts as Flora and Dora; but what possible connection is there between Hortense and Maria Manning? There was a fine old Catnach ballad about the Mannings. Two of the nine verses are worthy of quotation. This Maria came from Sweden, who in England "lived with noble ladies in ease and splendour and delight."

She first was courted by O'Connor,
 Who was a lover most sincere,
 He was possessed of wealth and riches,
 And loved Maria Roux most dear.
 But she preferred her present husband,
 As it appeared, and with delight
 Slighted sore Patrick O'Connor,
 And was made Frederick Manning's wife.

At length they plann'd their friend to murder,
 And for his company did crave,
 The dreadful weapons they prepared,
 And in the kitchen dug his grave.
 And, as they fondly did caress him,
 They slew him—what a dreadful sight.
 First they mangled, after robbed him,
 Frederick Manning and his wife.

THE CONTINUING CRAZE FOR DICKENS

INTERVIEW WITH MR. WALTER T. SPENCER

THE New York "World" recently contained the following account of the sale of Dickens manuscripts and first editions in London :

"With regard to autographs and manuscripts, the chief interest in London sales has been in the extraordinary number of Dickens manuscripts that have passed through Sotheby's. Mr. Rosenbach gave \$16,650 for the holograph of Dickens's "Haunted Man," given by him to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and another American dealer gave over \$9,000 for some hundreds of unpublished letters which Dickens wrote to the Baroness. W. T. Spencer of New Oxford Street, whose shop is richer in Dickens treasures, and who knows as much as any one about the bibliographical side of Dickens, talked quite cheerfully on this subject to-day. He himself possesses a great collection of unpublished Dickens letters. The fact that the letters have gone to America does not mean, of course, that they will be exclusively published there, as the copyright belongs to the family.

"Mr. Spencer thinks that the eagerness to possess Dickens autographs—and most of the letters are chiefly valuable as autographs—is as great as ever and the prices given higher. He thinks that too much is made of the American buying. He notes a new market for first editions in the Dominions and says that he has sold more expensive books to Australians, Canadians and South Africans than to Americans.

"He recently sold some Dickens first editions to a sheep farmer who came from the wilds of New South Wales. He told the bookseller that he had a quarter of a million acres for which he paid a rent of three farthings an acre, and he owns half a million sheep. This sheep farmer is a passionate lover of Dickens, and took some of Mr. Spencer's treasures back with him to his lonely domain.

"He told the bookseller that his interest in Dickens was shared by one of his overseers. This man, it appears, loves two things—Dickens and solitude. He asked his master to move him to a still more lonely place up country. 'It is getting too much like Sydney here for me,' he said. 'I have seen four people this week.' Mr. Spencer's comment is that the world is getting more educated in its demand for books. People who made fortunes out of the war are not buying rare books, but what he calls old buyers, people from families which possess fine libraries, are continuing to add to their treasures."

“ROUND THE ‘HOUSES’”

By EDWIN PUGH

ALMOST every day I pass Jack Straw's Castle on the Spaniards Road. And I don't go in, not because I am afflicted with feline paws, but because it is no longer as Dickens knew it, as even I knew it not so many years ago, and as it is represented in the pages of this rekindling book.*

Yes, that's the word: Rekindling! That's the beauty and the magic of all such beatific books as this. They rekindle old fires, stir up old memories, warm the very cockles of the heart. It's the next best thing to sitting around a blazing hearth, with the rich aroma of freshly-compounded punch in our nostrils, a corpulent glass of the same at our elbow, a long pipe between our lips, the ruby bubbles sparkling in the nectar, a blue drifting haze of fragrant smoke weaving a fairyland of visions all about our heads, with the wine and the wit flowing free, and we in such a drowsy, cosy ecstasy of sheer delight as only Dickens himself knew how to transmute into words.

That's the wizardry of Matz. And having done this to us, like all wise wizards, he keeps the secret of how it's done, how he performs these stupendous miracles, to his jolly old self. Mind you, if we weren't Dickensians we wouldn't stand it. It's only because we have so often had to put up with this sort of thing before from the One and Only Inimitable that we forgive chaps like Matz—always on the understanding, of course, that he'll do it again and keep on doing it till the Great Host whispers gently in our ear: “Time, gentlemen, please!”

Then out we go into the cold night and but even so—dear heart o' me!—the spell is still upon us; we are still all aglow, and though we have to part and go our separate ways, we don't mind quite so much as we otherwise should, because we know as we toddle up to bed that we are going to revisit these scenes again in our dreams.

To the more prosaically-minded, to whom Dickens is merely a great genius in fiction, but not quite the spiritual essence of all that is best in humankind, as he is to the Elect, this book must also commend itself by its ripe appreciation of the true virtue of all literature: its irresistible appeal to the common bond of fellowship that finds its warmest welcome in an inn, its finest expression in innocent, hearty conviviality. For, look you, our author is not as one of those who have just read Dickens and left it at that. He has *lived* Dickens, absorbed Dickens, got Dickens properly into his blood, into his heart, and not only into his head.

I am sorry that so many of these inns have been modernised. That's my maudlin sentimentality, of course. It is so much better for them to be brought up to date, so much more sanitary and hygienic, and all that sort of thing. In a way, I suppose, I agree. And, anyway, no alterations can ever destroy the charm of these famous inns and

* Dickensian Inns and Taverns, by B. W. Matz. Illustrated. London Cecil Palmer. 10s. 6d. net.

taverns for those who have seen them with Dickens's eyes, as reflected, sometimes a little fantastically perhaps, as Mr. Matz points out, in the magic mirror of his imagination. If Jack Straw's Castle figured in any of his books, I should go in, and it wouldn't matter. It would then be still as it was when Dickens and Forster had a red-hot chop

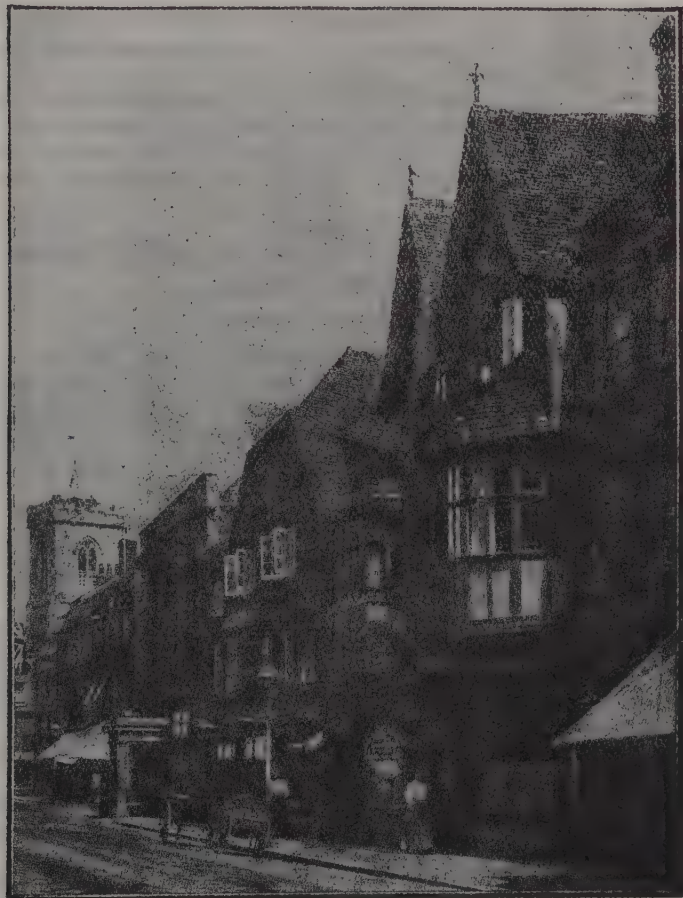


Photo by]

[T. W. Tyrrell

THE GEORGE INN, SALISBURY

and a glass of wine together there. As it is, I can carry in my mind's eye the old place as it lives in my memory when I too was in the lusty prime of my youth, as Dickens and Forster were, sixty years before my time.

And so I can, and so can you, with the aid of Mr. Matz, even unto this day. Incidentally, if you have so far fallen from grace as to have

forgotten the originals of these haunts of the immortal dead, you have only to take Mr. Matz for your guide and follow him faithfully, through chapter after chapter, from book to book, to be able to look and see once more the ancient glories of these hallowed shrines. If this book does nothing else—and it does everything else that it sets out to do—and more besides—it should send us all back to Dickens with renewed zest, there to refresh our jaded memories and rekindle—yes, rekindle; that's the word!—the embers of old fires which else might perish miserably of our neglect.

One word more: a book that isn't worth reading twice isn't worth reading at all. Therefore, you must buy this book, because there are winter nights ahead, and it's then you will want, for your soul and body's comfort, the concentrated essence of all the inns and taverns of Dickens by your own fireside.

CHRONOLOGY OF PICKWICK WITH SOME ANACHRONISMS

By ARCHIBALD S. BENNETT

[FOREWORD.—The writer of this paper was not aware when he wrote it that the subject had previously been treated by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald in his "History of Pickwick" (Chapman and Hall, 1891, at pages 182-188), and he has to thank the Editor of *The Dickensian* for calling his attention to the book, and allowing him to see his copy of it.

He finds he is not in entire agreement with Mr. Fitzgerald. He has, however, left his chronology as originally written, and has indicated where the two statements differ. Where they do not correspond, Mr. Fitzgerald's dates are enclosed in brackets. Each will doubtless find supporters among ardent Pickwickians, but the writer will perhaps be excused a preference for his own for the reasons given in the notes.

He is in hearty agreement with Mr. Fitzgerald in recognising how "the amazing spirit and genius of the author . . . seem to triumph over the technicalities of time and space."]

1827—

May 12

The Pickwickians are introduced at a Meeting of the Club, at which the Corresponding Society is constituted, and the members thereof authorised to travel at their own expense.

May 13

Mr. Pickwick leaves Goswell Street, and has "a bob's worth" to Golden Cross. There he meets Tupman, Snodgrass and Winkle, and, after a dispute and fight with the cabman, during which Jingle comes to their assistance, sets out with all four of them for Rochester.

NOTE.—During the journey Jingle refers to his exploits during the "Revolution of July," 1830.

They dine together at the "Bull" and, after dinner, Tupman and Jingle go to the Charity Ball.

- May 14** Winkle and Snodgrass go out to "meet" Dr. Slammer, but Winkle is "not the man," and Dr. Slammer withdraws, but agrees to "look in" with his friends in the evening. They do so, recognise Jingle and depart. Jingle exhorts "Dismal Jemmy" to "go on" with his story, "Like Black-eyed Susan—all in the Downs." But the play of that title was not produced until 1829.
- May 15** The Pickwickians attend the review and meet Wardle and his party.
- May 16** They set out for Manor Farm and arrive there after a trying journey.
- May 17** They shoot at rooks, and hit Tupman, and in the afternoon attend the Cricket Match, leaving Tupman in the care of the Spinster Aunt, and "do not go home till morning."
- May 18** Jingle lays siege to the Spinster Aunt—"cuts out"
to 21. {Tupman, and—
- May 22.** elopes with her.
- May 23.** They are discovered by Wardle, Mr. Pickwick and Perker at the White Hart, where Sam Weller appears, and on the following day—
- May 24.** Rachel is brought back to Manor Farm.
- May 25.** Tupman disappears, the other Pickwickians leave Manor Farm, and follow him to the Leather Bottle at Cobham, whence—
- May 26.** they return to town.

NOTE.—Mr. Fitzgerald bases his dates after May 26th on a remark by Mr. Pickwick at Cobham that "in a few days" an election was to take place at Eatanswill, and he suggests, "say, within three," but he ignores the later statement that "the next three or four days" after the return to town were occupied with preparations for the visit, and he allows one day only for the election.

- May 27** The "next three or four days" are occupied with
to preparations for the visit to Eatanswill.
- May 29.** Sam calls at Goswell Street and is engaged "to attend upon Mr. Pickwick and travel about with him and these gentlemen here."
- May 30.** The whole party set out for Eatanswill, and arrive there
(May 29) "late in the evening." Mr. Pickwick is entertained by Pott with extracts from the file of the "Gazette" for 1828.

NOTE.—Mr. Fitzgerald's somewhat cryptic comment on this date reads thus:—"The file was, of course, for the year preceding the one in which it was called for, which last must have been 1829." But is it not sufficient simply to note a like anachronism to Jingle's reference to the revolution of July?

- May 31. Nomination of candidates.
 (May 30)
 June 1 The election lasts some (say three) days, as "a small
 to 3. body of electors remained unpolled on the *very last day*."
 (June 2)
 June 6. "On the third morning *after* the election," Mr. Leo
 (June 5) Hunter calls on Mr. Pickwick.
 June 7. Mr. Leo Hunter's "fête champetre"—Jingle reappears
 (June 6) and departs.
 (June 8) Mr. Pickwick and Sam follow him by coach to the Angel
 at Bury, but the journey takes place in the month of *August*,
 than which "there is no month in which nature wears a
 more beautiful appearance." Here, therefore, the sequence
 of dates is interrupted, but the later reference to September
 1st enabled us to recover it by counting back from that
 date. The next morning, when Sam meets Job Trotter in
 the Angel Yard, and "the villainous design" of the proposed
 elopement is disclosed, becomes *August 27*.
 Aug. 27.
 (June 9) NOTE.—Mr. Fitzgerald, while recognising that here
 "our chronology grows confused," maintains a sequence
 of dates up to June 13th; but the "jump" occurs on
 the day of the journey to Bury, and it should be
 accepted as occurring then, as it is not reasonable to
 bring Wardle and Trundle to Bury in June for a
 "shoot" in September.
- Same Mr. Pickwick visits the Ladies' School, is detained and
 night. released by Wardle and Trundle.
 Aug. 28 Mr. Pickwick is confined to bed with rheumatism for two
 to 29. days.
 (June 10-11)
 Aug. 30. Tupman, Snodgrass and Winkle join him at Bury and,
 (June 13) during dinner, Dodson and Fogg's letter, which is *dated*
August 28th, 1830, is delivered. Mr. Pickwick declares his
 intention "to go to London to-morrow," but says Wardle,
 "You're too lame." "Well, then, next day." "No, the
 next day is the *1st of September*, and you're pledged to ride
 out as far as Sir Geoffrey Manning's grounds." "Well
 then, the day after, Thursday." (But note that September
 2nd, 1827, fell on a Sunday.)
- Sept. 1. Shooting party. Mr. Pickwick is wheeled to and released
 from the Pound.
 Sept. 2. Sam and Mr. Pickwick go to London and
 Sept. 3. call on Dodson and Fogg. They meet Tony Weller, get
 from him a clue as to Jingle's whereabouts, and decide to
 "work down to Ipswich" with him, "the day ar'ter
 to-morrow." They call at Perker's office and are directed
 to and find Lowton at the Magpie and Stump.
 Sept. 5. Their journey to Ipswich, in company with Mr. Peter
 Magnus, and put up at the Great White Horse. Mr.

Pickwick meets with a romantic adventure with "a middle-aged lady in yellow curlpapers."

- Sept. 6. Sam again meets Job Trotter as he "emerges" from the house with the green gate. The three Pickwickians rejoin their leader at the White Horse and witness the row with Mr. Peter Magnus. The whole party are brought before the Mayor, Jingle is exposed, and "in the morning after" they return to London, where "the friends for a short time separate to make preparations for their forthcoming (*Christmas*) visit to Dingley Dell." "Mr. Pickwick and Sam take up their present abode at the George and Vulture, George Yard, Lombard Street," and Mr. Pickwick sends Sam to interview Mrs. Bardell and pay the rent.

- Dec. 20/21. "There still remaining an interval of two days before (Sept. 8/9) the time agreed upon for the visit to Dingley Dell," Sam decides to "pay his duty to his mother-in-law" (so called throughout the book, though in fact his step-mother), and "journeys on" to Dorking. There he meets Mr. Stiggins and advises his father to "pison his rum and water."

NOTE.—Sam's visit was clearly made in December.

- Sat., The Pickwickians progress by the Muggleton Telegraph
Dec. 22. to Dingley Dell "and at three o'clock that afternoon they all stand safe and sound upon the steps of the Blue Lion, Muggleton."

- Sun., Wedding of Trundle and Bella, followed by the breakfast,
Dec. 23. a 25-mile walk (a fine performance if accomplished between, say, one o'clock and 5-30, the usual dinner hour), the dinner and the ball.

- Dec. 24. "Games in the kitchen."

- Dec. 25. "Severe weather." Water in the wash-hand basin a "mask o' ice." Bob Sawyer and Ben Allen turn up to Breakfast.

"An hour on the ice." Mr. Pickwick falls in and when "at length fairly extricated" runs home and goes to bed. He is not allowed to rise, but presides over a grand carouse and takes his share of three bowls of punch ordered in and consumed in honour of his safety.

NOTE.—Christmas Day, 1827, was on a *Tuesday*.

- Dec. 26. Mr. Pickwick awakes without a symptom of rheumatism, thereby proving "that there is nothing like hot punch in such cases."

The party breaks up, and, having accepted Bob Sawyer's invitation for "Thursday fortnight" (*i.e.*, January 10th,) the Pickwickians return to London and put up at the George and Vulture.

-1828—

(Say Jan. 8. (*i.e.*, "some ten days or a fortnight" later), Mr. Jackson (of Dodson and Fogg) calls and serves sub-poenas on Snodgrass, Tupman, Winkle and Sam.

Jan. 9. Mr. Pickwick calls on Perker and goes with him to a conference with Sergt. Snubbin.

Jan. 10. Bob Sawyer's party.

Feb. 13. Sam meets his father by appointment at the Blue Boar, Leadenhall Market, and, having composed andd espached his valentine, goes with him to the monthly meeting of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association, whence Stiggins is removed to strong lodgings for the night.

Feb. 14. The memorable trial of *Bardell v. Pickwick*.

Feb. 15. Mr. Pickwick is informed that execution for the damages and costs can be issued "just two months hence"—and decides to go to Bath.

Feb. 16. The whole party set out from the White Horse Cellar with Mr. and Mrs. Dowler, and arrive at the White Hart Hotel, Bath, at 7 o'clock.

Feb. 17. Mr. Angelo Cyrus Bantom is introduced and arranges for the attendance of the whole party at the Ball in the evening, and—

Feb. 20. "In three days' time" they are all located in the Royal Crescent for the remainder of a "contemplated stay of at least two months."

April "On the expiration of the first week of Trinity term"

(June 24) Mr. Pickwick and party return to London, and on the third morning after their arrival Mr. Pickwick is arrested
(June 27) by Namby, taken to Bell Alley, and thence, after the necessary formalities, to the Fleet—where he remains "for three long months" (*i.e.*, until about July 25th, as it was within a week of the close of that month that Mrs. Bardell was captured and taken there by Jackson).

NOTE.—The reference to "Trinity" term leads Mr. Fitzgerald to the conclusion that Mr. Pickwick spent four months at Bath, and was detained in the Fleet for one only. But it is impossible to ignore Sam's "three months and better," and the more reasonable conclusion is that "Trinity" is used in mistake for "Easter"; and, moreover, it is very unlikely that Dodson and Fogg, when entitled to issue execution, "just two months hence" (*i.e.*, from February 15th) would postpone doing so for a single day.

July 26. Mr. Pickwick and Sam set out for Bristol to inform Ben Allen of Arabella's marriage with Winkle. Sam wishes "them horses had been three months and better in the Fleet," for, if they had been, "How they would go."

- July 27. Mr. Pickwick calls at Sawyer's, late Nockemoffs, and finds that Ben Allen's Aunt has already brought the news. He declines to take tea with the old lady and returns to the Bush.
- July 28. Mr. Pickwick, Sam, Bob Sawyer and Ben Allen travel to Birmingham, put up at the Old Royal Hotel and call on Mr. Winkle, senior.
- July 29. They set out for London, are weather-bound, and stay the night at the Saracen's Head, Towcester, where they meet Pott and Slurk.
- July 30. They arrive safely in London and Sam gets leave to visit his father in response to a letter (from the latter) announcing the death of Sam's "mother-in-law."
- Mr. Pickwick decides to see Perker and confer as to the "distressing predicament" of Winkle and Arabella.
- Oct. He does so, but it is in the "healthy light of a fine October morning" that he waits for Perker and "beguiles the time by looking out of the staircase window." Wardle finds him there, and, after lamenting his own domestic difficulties, bids both Mr. Pickwick and Perker to dinner at Osborne's Hotel in the Adelphi.
- In the meantime, Pell has settled Mrs. Weller's affairs, and Sam returns with his father to ask Mr. Pickwick, whom they find sitting alone and musing, to accept the proceeds of her "reduced counsels" and other effects. The date, though not given, is clearly subsequent to the visit to Perker, and, on *the same day*, Winkle Senior arrives and makes his peace with his son and Mr. Pickwick.
- "For a whole week after" Mr. Pickwick and Sam are engaged in house-hunting and furnishing, and Wardle then invites the whole circle to dinner to hear Mr. Pickwick's "full explanation," and to learn that "the Pickwick Club exists no longer." "On the fourth day from that time" Snodgrass and Emily are married from Mr. Pickwick's new home at Dulwich, and "we take leave of our old friend."
- (Aug. 8)
- (Aug. 14)

NOTE.—Mr. Fitzgerald maintains his sequence of dates up to August 8th, and disregards the jump into October, and, if his view be correct, the book is brought to an end on August 12th, and the period covered by it is fifteen months.

If the "jump" is accepted, the period becomes eighteen months—May, 1827, to October, 1828—whereas, in his speech at the final dinner, Mr. Pickwick said he should "never regret having devoted the *greater part of two years* to mixing with different varieties and shades of human character"

CHARLES DICKENS—ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

By WALTER DEXTER

IT was in December, 1822, that Dickens—then not 11 years of age—left Chatham and came to London. The incident is thus recorded in "Dullborough Town," *The Uncommercial Traveller* :

"As I left Dullborough in the days when there were no railroads in the land, I left it in a stage coach. Through all the years that have since passed, have I ever lost the smell of the damp straw in which I was packed—like game—and forwarded, carriage paid, to the Cross Keys, Wood Street, Cheapside, London? There was no other inside passenger, and I consumed my sandwiches in solitude and dreariness, and it rained hard all the way, and I thought life sloppier than I had expected to find it."

No. 16 Bayham Street, Camden Town, was the first London House occupied by the Dickens family; it was demolished in 1910, and the Out-Patients Department of the Hampstead General Hospital stands on its site. Here the family lived about twelve months.

Forster has recorded for us Dickens's actual words explaining his feelings at this particular time.

"As I thought in the little back attic in Bayham Street of all I had lost in losing Chatham, what would I have given, if I had had anything to give, to have been sent back to any other school, to have been taught something, anywhere"

"I know my father to be as kind hearted and generous a man as ever lived but in the straitness of his means, he appeared to have utterly lost at this time the idea of educating me at all, and to have utterly put from him the notion that I had any claim upon him, in that regard, whatever. So I degenerated into cleaning his boots of a morning, and my own; and making myself useful in the work of the little house; and looking after my younger brothers and sisters (we were six in all) and going on such poor errands as arose out of our poor way of living."

The cousin James Lamert—who had lived with the family in the Chatham days and first introduced Dickens to the theatre—lived with them again for a while in 1823, and to amuse the solitary and uncared for lad, made for him a toy theatre. It was the only joy of his life at that time and he told Forster how keenly he felt about the preference given to his sister, Fanny, who was going regularly to the Royal Academy of Music for lessons. So far as we can ascertain Dickens did not attend a school of any kind during this period; but he was educating himself with the soul of London. At the end of Bayham Street are some Almshouses, and from this spot he used to delight "to look from it over the dust heaps and dock leaves and fields at the cupola of St. Paul's looming through the smoke a treat that served him for hours of vague reflections afterwards. To be taken out for a walk into the real town, especially if it were anywhere about Covent Garden or the Strand, perfectly entranced him with pleasure. But most of all he had a profound attraction of repulsion to St Giles's.

If he could only induce whomsoever took him, to take him through Seven Dials, he was supremely happy. "Good Heavens," he would exclaim, "what wild visions of prodigies of wickedness, want and beggary, arose in my mind out of that place." (Forster).

There were two family connections he visited from Bayham Street; one was Mr. Huffham, his godfather, at Limehouse; the other his Uncle Barrow, who lodged in Gerrard Street, Soho. To this latter he was particularly attracted and helped to bear him company during a long illness he had in this year. The tenant of the house was a bookseller named Manson, grandfather of the Manson of the well-known firm Christie and Manson, and books were lent young Charles, which he eagerly devoured.

By the end of the year things at home were assuming a very black complexion; the father was in monetary difficulties, which compelled a removal of residence, and an effort on the part of Mrs. Dickens to keep the home together. The new house was No. 4 Gower Street North (the site now occupied by Maples), and here they moved at about Christmas, 1823. Mrs. Dickens's effort to save the family was to open a school for young ladies, and a large brass plate was fixed to the door, announcing "Mrs. Dickens's Establishment." Let Dickens's own words tell of the disaster:

"I left, at a great many other doors, a great many circulars calling attention to the merits of the establishment. Yet nobody ever came to school, nor do I recollect that anybody ever proposed to come or that the least preparation was ever made to receive anybody. But I know that we got on very badly with the butcher and the baker; that very often we had not too much for dinner; and at last my father was arrested I really believed at the time that they had broken my heart."

We have now exceeded our limit of a hundred years ago. The arrest of the elder Dickens for debt and his life in the Marshalsea Prison belong to the year 1824.

CHARLES, KING UNCROWNED

WHOM do we read of the Victorian Age:

Those writers who were dear to childhood's heart—

George Eliot with an austere life apart

In virtuous crime? Or else the throbbing page

Of Charlotte Brontë, full of grief and rage?

Fain must we sometimes look on Becky's art

In Thackeray's masterpiece. Yet can we start

Far nobler puppets on an ampler stage!

Kingsley and Trollope, Collins and the rest

Are worthy one perusal. But we know

A teeming mind whose work in no way sickens:

Whene'er our souls, with care and sin oppress'd,

Desire relief to him alone we go—

Charles, king uncrown'd, the one and only Dickens!

J. M. STUART-YOUNG.

JOHN JASPER

By KATHARINE KELLY

A MAN is tossing in sleepless misery. A very lonely man, with no prospect but the tedious, unchanging round of this dull place. Only twenty-five, and already walled up alive in a small Cathedral town. To be sure, everybody in Cloisterham, from the Dean downwards, respects him for his beautiful voice and his power in training the choir. He is Lay Precentor of the Cathedral. But suppose he lost his voice. Some day, sooner or later, his voice must wear out, and what then? Nothing but a grave beside the Cathedral, which is slowly but surely pressing out his vitality, grinding him away by the grain.

They will send the news of his death to Ned out in Egypt, and Ned will remember the old days before he came of age, when Jasper was his guardian, and they were such good friends. But the boy will be a man then, with a life of stirring work and interest, of change and excitement, of domestic ease and love. His old friend is already only a memory. Death makes him a little more shadowy; that is all.

Those weary Cathedral bells have counted out the lives of so many generations of drudging, dying men. The great Tower has looked down on so many hopes, now dust and ashes at its feet; the lasting beauty of its stones is almost cruel.

If only he could sleep! The wakeful misery of these nights, after the distasteful work of the day, is more than he can bear. He must have some relief. His work used to be his pleasure; but now how tired he is of it all!

Perhaps he ought to see a doctor. But he hates doctors and doctors' stuff. People take opium for sleeplessness. He can't go to the chemist for that, though, not in chattering Cloisterham. He will *not* be bothered by sympathy and kind enquiries. He has never asked for sympathy yet.

Down by the London Docks there are places where sailors and foreigners go for opium. Not very respectable, it is true; but he is sick of respectability. A few rough clothes, and he can come and go unnoticed. It is not as though he proposed taking to drink. That would be ruin; but opium does not hurt to speak of. And he must have sleep, and change, any change, from his toilsome monotonous round. "When I could not bear my life, I came to get relief";—so he tells the opium woman afterwards.

He does not know that, as time goes on, opium is raising a sort of filmy barrier between him and other people. He feels as usual, but people are repelled by a certain exaggeration of himself, as though they saw him in a distorting mirror. He has always been accustomed to mother Ned since he was a little fellow, but now Ned finds him "moddley-coddley," though he may not say so as plainly as he does later. And the man who should have been his friend, Minor Canon Crisparkle, who arrives in Cloisterham about this time, is a little shy of him.

Then he falls in love with Rosa, who is betrothed to Ned ; an old arrangement made by their dead and gone fathers, and one of which the young couple have grown tired. They are always squabbling. It is a wonderful prospect for Ned, though ; it is amazing that he holds his prize so lightly.

He tries to make Ned more ardently devoted to Rosa, but makes no impression on the boy's light heart and giddy head ; and a steady resentment grows up in his own breast. Those old stone warriors in the Cathedral mock him. They would not have endured in silence while someone spoke lightly of their Lady. They would have taken the traducer by the throat, even if he were their own brother, and would have choked the lying words out of him.

But what nonsense this engagement is ?—the merest cobweb. There is no penalty should it be broken. It was only a pious wish on the part of the children's fathers, and they would be the first to brush it aside should it prove to be burdensome. It must be broken, by fair means or foul. If Ned knew the misery of a mistaken vocation, he would not expose himself or Rosa to it. One day Rosa will wake to find herself far away in a foreign land, openly slighted by a careless husband,—little Rosa, who has been petted all her life.

He tries fair means, but as his natural reserve, exaggerated by opium, forbids him to confess his love for Rosa, it is little wonder that Ned does not understand. He even stoops to ask for sympathy ; but Ned only notices that he is very unlike himself, and he has only uncomprehending affection to give.

Well ; if fair means fail, there are foul, if necessary. Ned must disappear, and Rosa must think that he has run away from his engagement.

Meanwhile he will teach Rosa what love is. He will show her that though Ned slights her, there is a man who worships her, to whom her love would be Paradise itself. He must part her from Ned, and the parting will cause her a little pain, but it shall be forgotten when his arms are round her and his kisses on her lips.

He does not know that though she sees his love, and feels the shadowy kisses, the distorting opium cloud is between them. It makes his love appear the basest passion, and she is ashamed and passionately hurt. He does not know, for it is when he is dazed with opium and emotion that he " threatens most."

Landless arrives in Cloisterham, and Jasper overhears high words between him and Ned. Who is this outsider who presumes to call Ned to account ? But his quick mind sees a way in which this stranger may be of use. He shall bear the blame of Ned's disappearance, and so spare Ned's character and Rosa's pride. There will be no proof of his guilt, for if Jasper has to dispose of Ned, he will do the thing thoroughly, and leave no trace.

Time passes, and at midnight on Christmas Eve, Ned disappears. On December 27th, Jasper learns from Grewgious the utter needlessness of his crime, and falls writhing in agony on the floor. He stifles his anguish, but who can doubt that afterwards in the long hours he must

pass alone with the torment of a guilty conscience, he lies there again and again in unspeakable misery?

He has lost everything but Rosa. His daily round in the Cathedral has to be got through somehow, though the iron enter his soul. Sometimes he can persuade himself, as well as the rest of Cloisterham, that Landless did it. Sometimes he can turn savagely upon his conscience, and cry, "It *was* pleasant to do!" But always the cold horror is waiting for him, and the white face of his dear boy looks accusingly into his. Rosa, Rosa, if you were to cast me off now,—but you will not!

He makes one desperate attempt to gain Rosa's sympathy and love, even her bare toleration; and only drives her from Cloisterham.

We know that the last chapters of the book were to be written in the condemned cell to which his wickedness had brought him. Who Datchery was, and how Landless perished, are questions that every Droodist decides for himself. Why a person of Jasper's intellect continued to pursue Landless and to threaten him with the gallows, if all trace of Edwin's body was destroyed, is another question still.

The "keynote" of the book—"When the wicked man"—seems to me to hold out hope of a death for Jasper more like that of Magwitch than Fagin. He seems to me nearer Bradley Headstone than Carker. Wicked he is, and I have no wish to minimise his crimes; but the "Monster," "Vampire" and "black-hearted villain," etc., of my fellow theorists hurt me as much as the opium woman's striking him in the face. When the opium devil is cast out, I see Jasper, deeply repentant, facing his death unshrinkingly, even eagerly, as "lawful and right," and looking across the ruin of his earthly hopes, to the Resurrection and the Life.

DICKENS LINKS WITH THE TOWN OF READING

By ARTHUR S. HEARN

IN the "Recollections of an Equestrian Manager," by Charles W. Montague, printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh, 1881, the writer mentions that, although born in London, and a Freeman, he passed his early life partly at Reading, and was there educated at the well-known school belonging to and conducted by the Misses Welch, the school still being carried on, though under different management. He goes on to say that, while he was there, one of the assistant tutors was a Miss Harper, whose father had formerly kept a school at Barnard Castle, Yorkshire. When Dickens's *Nicholas Nickleby* was published, with its description of Dotheboys Hall, of its owner, the immortal Mr. Squeers, and his daughter, Miss Squeers, of brimstone and treacle celebrity, it was at once perceived, or supposed, by those who were acquainted with Mr. Harper's school, that it was the veritable prototype of Dotheboys Hall, and that the proprietor and his accomplished daughter were the great originals of Mr. and Miss Squeers. Parents of the pupils made enquiries into matters, and withdrew their children, the school was ruined, and "Mr. Squeers" brought an action against

the publishers of the offending book. "Miss Squeers," finding her occupation gone—so far as Barnard Castle was concerned—had to find a suitable field for her labours elsewhere, and entered the establishment where Mr. Montague was a pupil at Reading.

Now while it appears to have been conclusively proved, *vide* article in *The Dickensian* for January, 1911, and letter of May 6th, 1911, by E. Hardy, articles for June, 1911, by R. J. Broughton, and October, 1915, by John Suddaby (although disputed by T. W. in his letter of January 11th, 1911), that the prototype of "Squeers" was one William Shaw, a further doubt is hereby implied. As there is no reference in either of these articles or in the correspondence as to what became of Miss "Squeers," beyond the fact that a grand-daughter, a Miss Bousfield, unveiled the stained-glass window in Bowes Church in 1896, forty-six years after Shaw's death, it would be interesting to know if there is any foundation for the statement. Neither does E. M. Tull, M.J.I., mention this school in his pamphlet, "Charles Dickens and Reading," reprinted from the "Berkshire Chronicle" in 1909, and referred to in *The Dickensian* in the May number of that year, nor, by the way, to "Greenleaf," where Esther Summerson (*Bleak House*) spent six happy years with the two Miss Donny's twins, although I am informed by one who lived there many years that he tried hard to discover it, but without success.

Further research on the part of Dickens enthusiasts with regard to the school originally conducted by the Misses Welch, if successful, would furnish another interesting link with Reading, strange to say—a Mr. Richard Welch was Editor of the "Berkshire Chronicle" when Dickens paid his first public visit to Reading in 1851.

THE ORIGINAL OF DICKENS'S "SLEARY."

Charles W. Montague also writes that "Old Jack Clarke, a notability in his way as a circus proprietor was, I have good cause to believe, the model who sat for "Sleary" in Charles Dickens's *Hard Times*."

Many of Clarke's personal characteristics are faithfully pictured in that character, and the physical defect of his gruff asthmatic voice, though not quite turning the *s* into *th*, so nearly produced that effect, that no combination of type could represent it better than that which the great novelist adopted. He instances that on one occasion he was riding in company with Clarke from Reading to Oxford, when he commenced speaking of a few of his misfortunes, finishing up with the direful results of his short stay in the town he had then left thus: "I've jutht given three performanthes in Reading, and lortht nearly two hundred poundth by them. It'th a fact, thir." He was not aware that Clarke ever had so much money as that to lose, and expressed his surprise by asking him how he had managed to do it. He replied: "Well, you thee, thir, when I came to the platyhe, I made my calculathouth that the firth eveningth performanth would produth a hundred poundth, and the nectht two nighth we thood take at leatht fifty poundth a night, that'th two huundred poundth in all, thir. Well, you'd thearthely believe it, thir, but we only took twenty-thickth.

DICKENS BAD FOR BOLSHES

THERE is the Dickens to pay in Moscow. The Bolsheviks have discovered that "The Cricket on the Hearth" has been playing to crowded houses in both Moscow and St. Petersburg, and the "Iz Vestia" draws attention to the poison.

In much the same tone that a Scottish Presbyterian elder would warn his congregation against attending a performance of "Sappho," our Moscow contemporary warns all the pure and good proletarians against having their minds sullied by "The Cricket on the Hearth," which is more dangerous than any Denikin.

We have often heard that "the pen is mightier than the sword," but this tribute to the greater strength of Dickens than of Denikin is a very gratifying one when one considers the past career and character of the gentlemen who offer the testimonial. The theatre has always been utilised as propaganda. After the Restoration the stage was full of Mawworms and Pound texts brought on to amuse the Cavaliers.

Napoleon, after the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, gave orders that plays ridiculing England and the English should be performed in the Paris theatres, while we know of our own recent experience that plays with German spies, wireless installations in the mantelpiece, had a great vogue during the war.

There is nothing remarkable, therefore, in the Bolsheviks using the theatre for propaganda, or watching it for reactionary tendencies. But what puzzles us is why "The Cricket on the Hearth" was selected for special anathema by these sea-green incorruptibles.

Surely, Mr. Tackleton, the toy merchant, a cold, exacting employer, a domestic ogre, is right in the Lenin and Trotsky vein—it is the typical capitalist of Communist melodrama. And the Blind Girl, who through the fond deception of her father, Caleb Plummer, never knew that they lived in a discoloured, cracked wooden hovel, and believed that this Tackleton was their Guardian Angel—surely she represents to the truly illuminated Third International mind the very climax of the sufferings of the proletariat.

It may be that Tilly Slowboy, the Peerybingles' nursery-maid, with her habit of holding the baby topsy-turvy, may have been regarded in the inner laboratories of Bolshevism as a dangerous example.

John Peerybingle was a working carrier, and yet he and his wife "Dot" were base and brutal enough to employ a nursemaid, to exploit this poor girl's labour by hiring her to hold their baby. This must be the meaning of the phrase which the "Times" quotes from Moscow complaining that "waves of petit-bourgeois poetry pour from the theatre."

It is true that Tackleton the Ogre is converted in Charles Dickens's immortal pages and becomes a pleasant, hearty and happy man. This we feel instinctively is another instance of "bourgeois ideology."

No "bourgeois" ought to be allowed to repent and to be happy. He is the villain of the Soviet piece, and he is expected to die raving, punctured by the daggers and bullets of a scientific democracy.

Hence the deplorable morality which Charles Dickens presents to shocked Bolshevism.

The Star, 5th October, 1922.

DICKENS FROM DAY TO DAY

Compiled by A. E. B. C.

It has been necessary to exclude from this compilation, for reasons of space, numerous references to "asking for more," "waiting for something to turn up," "Jarndyce v. Jarndyce," "Mark Tapley," "demd damp moist weather," and so forth, all of which are quoted with occurring frequency in the daily press.—A.E.B.C.

Men will speak of Oliver Twist as long as there breathes a man who "asks for more"; every thick-lipped hooligan will be called Bill Sikes while hooliganism exists; and the jovial, well-nourished humorists of comfortable age will ever be Pickwicks and fit game for the remaining Mrs. Bardell.—*Journal of Sheffield Chamber of Commerce.*

Dickens has been credited with the invention of this popular nickname ("Sandwichman"). The following sentence comes in *Sketches by Boz*: "So he stopped the unstamped advertisement—an animated sandwich, composed of a boy between two boards."—*Daily Mirror*, 7th September, 1922.

"I am happy that another opportunity has been given me to sacrifice myself once more for Greece."—King Constantine.

As Mr. Pecksniff observed in a somewhat similar position, "You have deceived me, sir. Thank you again. I am glad of it. To see you in the possession of your health and faculties on any terms is, in itself, a sufficient recommendation. There is hardly any person present, Mr. Chuzzlewit, by whom I have not been deceived. I have forgiven those persons on the spot."

What a familiar echo from Athens. *Daily Express*, September, 1922.

The House of Commons when Twemlow described it as the best club in London set a pattern. Now it shocks the tailor and cutter.—*British Weekly*, 21st September, 1922.

I had not intended to go to the play that afternoon. Passing the Kingway, the Wemmick-like thought came into my head: "Here's a theatre; let's go in."—*Saturday Review*, 23rd September, 1922.

The Mint assures us of a lessened demand for coppers. One, William Sikes, drops me a postcard expressing the hope that the Mint will see its way to abolish coppers altogether.—*Sunday Pictorial*, 24th September, 1922.

It is regrettable to have to record that the famous M. Coué, is an undoubted plagiarist.

Mr. Pickwick began to drink the waters (of Bath, of course) with the utmost assiduity. Mr. Pickwick took them systematically. He drank a quarter of a pint before breakfast and then walked up a hill; and another quarter of a pint after breakfast, and then walked down a hill, and after each fresh quarter of a pint Mr. Pickwick declared in the most solemn and emphatic terms that he felt a great deal better.

Mr. Pickwick was obviously the first accredited Couéist.—*Daily News*, 30th September, 1922.

I went for a few weeks to a school in Portsmouth, the master of which must have modelled himself on Creakle. He was a rough-faced, loud-voiced, stocky fellow, with a mop of grey hair, and I believe he had adopted the profession from sheer joy in the use of the cane.

I did, however, at the tender age of six, have a "sperience" at the

hands of Mrs. Joe Gargery. Mrs. Gargery was the strong-minded, strong-handed, impudent, witty, jolly wife of a Gravesend cab-driver.—R. BLATCHFORD, in *Sunday Chronicle*, 1st October, 1922.

One of the most enthusiastic of his (the Prince's) admirers was a little ex-soldier, who, like Sam Weller's father, was a Camberwell man, as the placard in his hat informed the world.—*Daily News*, 20th October, 1922.

Do not eat too much, Dr. Norman Foster exhorted his Sunday school; do not drink too much, do not work too much, do not play too much. But, as Captain Bunsby profoundly remarked, the bearings of such observations as these lie in the application thereof. Few of us think that we are intemperate.—*Daily Telegraph*, 12th October, 1922.

We may believe that those who are mulcted deserve in general little sympathy, though the leading case of *Bardell v. Pickwick* should remind us that the innocent are not exempt from the devices of the blackmailer.—*Daily Telegraph*, 21st October, 1922.

The pseudonym "Reginald Auberon" if he be the man I take him for, does not begin his name with an "A," I should spell it with a "we," Sammy, spell it with a "we."—*Illustrated London News*, 21st October, 1922.

Two small boys, sitting in front of a big fire, were reading the immortal Dickens. Said one: "Let's have a game of cricket on the hearth." "Righto!"—*Daily News*, 26th October, 1922.

In *Pickwick* we read, in the accounts of the Eatanswill election, of the rival Blues and Buffs. The two colours combined, however, have often been associated with the party of progress.—*Evening News*, 28th October, 1922.

"I am ruminating," said Mr. Pickwick to Jingle on the coach, "on the strange mutability of human affairs." These two brilliant and delightful volumes, Lord Birkenhead's *Essays*, are dated "Charlton, September, 1922," and their learned author is described on the title-page as Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. Not many days have passed, yet between print and publication the description has ceased to be accurate. "Strange mutability" !—*Sunday Times*, 29th Oct., 1922.

The apologists say that this expedition was not for plunder, but a "spirited Protestant demonstration in force." This sounds a Pickwickian, not to say Pecksniffian, apology An American historian, J. Fiske, puts it well: "As in Mrs. Gamp's case, a teapot became the occasion of a division between friends."

And one can picture the legionaries "a-opening oysters like steam," as Mr. Ben Allen did, and one can fancy their disgust at finding inside no pearls but simply "bivalva succulenta," as, no doubt, they called them.—*Army Quarterly*, October, 1922.

Mr. — is in danger of becoming what Mr. Well's friend "Kipps" called "a nactor." Pleasing as his personality is, his stage technique belongs to the period of Mr. Vincent Crummies.—*Evening Standard* 10th November, 1922.

"I'll eat my head, sir," repeated Mr. Grimwig, striking his stick upon the ground." One used to think the fulfilment of this oath an impossibility. However, it is not necessarily so. Mr. Bonar Law could use it to emphasise his moderate policy, for a baker's shop dis-

plays a model of his head, moulded in marzipan !—*Sheffield Telegraph*, 15th November, 1922.

THE PASSING OF EATANSWILL.—A writer in one of the weeklies recently suggested a comparison between the present election and that famous one in which the Hon. Samuel Slumkey, of Slumkey Hall, appealed to the voters of Eatanswill against Mr. Horatio Fizkin, of Fizkin Lodge. There are points of similarity, both accidental and real.

Remember the scene in Eatanswill. "There was a regular army of blue flags, some with one handle and some with two, exhibiting appropriate devices, in golden characters four feet high, and stout in proportion. There was a grand band of trumpets and bassoons and drums, marshalled four abreast, and earning their money, if ever men did, especially the drum-beaters, who were very muscular. There were bodies of constables with blue staves, 20 committee-men with blue scarves, and a mob of voters with blue cockades. There were electors on horseback, and electors afoot." Look upon that picture and—so far as the fog permitted—upon yesterday's. The glory is departed.

The average woman elector will not be impressed by drums and beer; it is felt instinctively that the way to win her vote is not by suggesting that the opposing candidate is a reptile. The spirit of Eatanswill is alien to her temper; and the votes of women are too important nowadays for any candidate to ignore them. There may—there almost certainly will—be elections in the future far more bitter and more exciting than the struggle which ended yesterday. But Eatanswill—or at least its outward manifestations—is gone, and will not return.—Extract from leading article in *Daily News*, 16th November, 1922.

The charmingly graceful dedication of Mrs. Pat Campbell's memoirs to an unknown girl who waited outside the theatre to see her after a tramp from Richmond is very attractive. Gratitude is rare in authors, or we should have had more acknowledgment of favours received. You will readily agree (for example) that a lady who writes a great many best sellers should have written this dedication long ago:—

To

WILLIAM SIKES, ESQ.

Whose Habit of Clubbing

Women, Flinging Them

About, and generally Handing Them

THE ROUGH STUFF

First Set the Author's Footsteps

in

THE WAY OF AN EAGLE

This Book is gratefully

Dedicated.

But there!—*Daily Express*, 20th November, 1922.

Mr. Sweedlepipe's pretty custom of keeping a choir of singing birds was perhaps an enterprise of individual genius. But before his time the barber was wont to offer a lute, viol, sackbut, shawm, or other musical instrument with which his waiting customers could beguile their leisure. "Something will come of it," as Mr. Tappetit said. "I hope it won't be human gore."—On Broadcasting and Barbers in *Daily Telegraph*, 28th November, 1922.

DICKENS AND THE THEATRE

"MR. DICKENS Goes to the Play" is the fanciful title given to a book compiled by Alexander Woolcott,* the dramatic critic of the "New York Times," in which, so runs the publisher's announcement, is assembled for the first time the record of Charles Dickens's adventures in the theatre which he haunted in all lands all his days. The author tells us in his preface that the idea for the book came to him when someone said to him, "Isn't it a cruel pity that all this Dickens talk and streeleen on the theatre is not caught up in one volume where a man could be finding it of a fine Christmas afternoon?" Some days later, he poked about in the library in quest of such a book, and there was none. "So here it is," he proudly announces. Well, that's hardly true, for *all* this Dickens "talk" is not here, even if the "Streeleen" (whatever that might be) is.

The volume comprises 239 pages, of which about forty are considered sufficient for the author's chapters on "The Immortals," "The Thwarted Actor" and "The Dramatizations of Dickens." The rest is occupied with quotations relating to the theatre from Dickens's letters to Macready, from his miscellaneous letters, from his novels generally, whilst the whole of the incidents concerning Vincent Crummles's company is given a separate section, occupying some ninety pages.

So far as Mr. Woolcott has gone, he is satisfactory. But such a book, if done at all, should be complete. In the section devoted to the stage in Dickens's novels we find only quotations from *Sketches by Boz*, *David Copperfield*, *Little Dorrit*, *Great Expectations*, *The Uncommercial Traveller* and *Nicholas Nickleby*. Readers could find others from the other novels, whilst in the volume of *Miscellaneous Papers* there are articles on Grimaldi, Fechter's Acting, King Lear and the Stage, Macready as Benedict, and scores of others relative to the theatre from which much on the subject could be drawn, and should have been for the volume to be considered as thoroughly done.

There are also certain incidents associated with Dickens's own amateur acting that are passed unnoticed, particularly in his early days. Nor have we discovered any references to his playing with the officers in Canada, or very much about his acting in aid of the Guild of Literature and Art, all of which, and much more, should have been included if the aim was to include "all this Dickens talk and streeleen on the theatre."

Mr. Woolcott's chapter on the thwarted actor is extremely interesting. There is no doubt that Dickens loved the footlights always—from his earliest years to the end. And in dealing with this phase of the novelist's life, how he revelled in the theatrical performances he took part in, how he stage-managed everything, how the theatre was a veritable lode-stone to him, and how this fascination revealed itself in his books, is admirably told in these pages. In the chapter on the

* Mr. Dickens Goes to the Play, by Alexander Woolcott. Illustrated. London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12s. 6d. net.

dramatization of Dickens's books, Mr. Woolcott acknowledges that Mr. S. J. Adair FitzGerald has treated the subject quite sufficiently for all time, and so his chapter is but cursorily done.

The illustrations include some very interesting and curious items from private collections in America ; but why is the reproduction of the famous painting by C. R. Leslie, of Dickens as Captain Bobadil in "Everyman in his Humour" merely labelled "Dickens in full Make-up," as though it were a press photograph, we wonder ?

By the way, Forster did not describe Dickens's outburst of amateur dramatics as "Splendid Stroking." That error may be ascribed to the printer's carelessness, but the sentence which credits Georgina Hogarth with being a daughter of Dickens on page 21 looks very like a lapse on the author's part. We wonder, too, if he is under the impression that our editor is dead ? In one place he speaks of a "discovery by Matz." Perhaps that is the customary way of writing in America. In England that distinction is not conferred upon a man in print during his lifetime. Mr. B. W. Matz is still very much alive.

S. W.

BLIMBER'S

FORSTER in the *Life* and Mary Boyle in her book, state that Blimber's was a school at Brighton, carried on by Rev. Dr. Everard, but neither gives the address ; nor does F. G. Kitton, in his later work, *The Dickens Country*. The writer has come across four different solutions, one quite recent, and would be glad of any information that would throw light upon the subject.

When I was about your age, my boy,
Cricket was sport indeed ;
Yet all the year round my greatest joy
Was some glorious book to read.

With Robinson Crusoe I went to sea ;
I fought with Ivanhoe ;
Tom Brown was at Rugby School with me ;
And I voyaged Westward Ho !

But what the bliss when grew my years,
And first I read—CHARLES DICKENS !
I thrilled—and laughed—and shed soft tears,
As hen broods o'er her chickens.

How real his folk ! that dear Tom Pinch ;
Mrs. Gamp with her umbrella ;
Pickwick and Wardle and Winkle bold ;
Immortal Samuel Weller !

David and Stearforth were my chums ;
 Poor Smike I knew too well ;
 I longed to pinch the Fat Boy's sides ;
 I wept o'er Little Nell.

But I was a Brighton lad like you,
 And the tale of tales to me
 Was how Paul Dombey, a schoolboy grew
 At Blimber's by the Sea—

Where erudite Doctor Blimber prosed,
 And Toots was friend familiar,
 And Feeder wooed—quite unopposed—
 That blue-stocking Cornelia.

And still I ask, as in the days
 When questions were the rule—
 Where in the old grey Sussex town
 Was Doctor Blimber's school ?

O CHESTERTON, MATZ, Dickensians All,
 O scholars, whoe'er ye be,
 O proud Brightonians, tell me—Where
 Was Blimber's Academy ?

'Twas near the Bedford, where Dickens stayed,
 Says genial E.V.L. ;
 Not so, says another, 'twas swallowed whole
 By the Metropole Hotel.

'Tis Chichester House in far Kemp Town,
 Roundly avers a third ;
 'Tis Chichester Terrace, Number One,
 Says a fourth, with the last word.

When doctors differ, the patient—well !
 What can poor patient say ?
 So I sit and croak, and my single joke
 Is this mild Gilbertian lay—

Oh, I am Paul Dombey, and Walter Gay,
 And Toots the Bold in my rich array,
 And Toodle of the Iron Way,
 And Captain Cuttle with my "Belay !"
 Avast there ! Shiver my timbers !"
 But I here declare, and I even swear—
 By—my grey, grey hair ! that I know not where
 In Brighton town is Blimber's.

T. B. POWELL.

MEMORIES OF DICKENS IN AMERICA

By MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS

THE diaries of Mrs. James T. Fields, wife of the famous American publisher, have just been published in this country under the title of "Memories of a Hostess," by M. A. De Wolfe Howe.* It gives a great many hitherto unpublished details of Dickens's second visit to the United States, when he made the Fields' house his headquarters. Mrs. Fields adored the "dear Chief" and bubbles with sentimentality and emotion as she writes of him, but it is a pleasant and vivid picture. She gave a dinner-party at which Holmes bored Dickens by "talking at him. I was sorry for this because Holmes is so simple and lovely, but Dickens is sensitive, very." She had the happiness of entertaining the "lover and new apostle of Christmas" in the festive month of December; and he played games, and brewed punch, and told stories, and "talked all the time, as he always will do, generously, when the moment comes that he sees it is expected."

Sixty pages are given to the recollections of Charles Dickens in America, and there can be no doubt that they help to vitalise the figure of the greatest of our literary magicians, whose first visit in 1842 had results which caused "all Yankeedoodledom to blaze up like one universal soda bottle," as Carlyle put it, while his second found him a popular idol, long since forgiven for all the satirical reflections in *Martin Chuzzlewit* and his *American Notes*.

With Mr. and Mrs. Fields, Dickens found "a second home." On the day of his arrival Mrs. Fields entered in her diary :

To-day the steamer is telegraphed with Dickens on board, and the tickets for his readings have been sold. Such a rush ! A long queue of people have been standing all day on the street—a good-humoured crowd, but a weary one.

They went to New York to hear one of his readings :

He was fatigued, of course, but we sat at table with him, and after a while he began to feel warmer as vigour returned. He brought out his jewels for us to see—a pearl Count d'Orsay once wore, set with diamonds, etc.—laughed and talked about the way we dress and other bits of nonsense suggested by the time, all turned towards the fine light of Charles Dickens's lovely soul and returning with a fresh gleam of beauty.

In a later entry Mrs. Fields said :

I have seldom sat at dinner with a gentleman more careful and fine in his choice and taste of food and drink than C. D. The idea of his ever passing the bounds of temperance is an absurdity not to be thought of for a moment. In this respect he is quite unlike Mr. Thackeray, who at times both ate and drank inordinately, and without doubt shortened his life by his carelessness in these particulars.

* London : T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d net.

DICKENS'S CHRISTMAS BOOKS

A VOLUME which is misleadingly called "The Christmas Stories of Charles Dickens" ** has just been published, with eleven illustrations in colour, by Spencer Baird Nichols. It is a reprint of that which has always been known as the "Christmas Books," and contains "A Christmas Carol" and the four other Christmas books, which always comprise that famous volume. That known as "Christmas Stories" is an entirely different collection of tales of the festive season. We cannot enthuse very much over Mr. Nichols' pictures. With but one or two exceptions, he does not seem to have caught the right spirit of the stories, not to have realized the characters very successfully. What is supposed to be Tiny Tim looks very like a girl; that of Dot and John Peerybingle would never be recognised without its title; whilst the costumes of Marion and Grace are not very like those of the period. The artist for some reason has omitted to supply pictures for "The Chimes." To make up this deficiency, the publisher has inserted one from the "Carol," and one from "The Cricket on the Hearth" to brighten up the pages of that story. The book, nevertheless, is very handsomely produced, both as regards the text and the printing of the pictures. By the way, on the title page and on the wrapper, the list of the contents reads as if there were six stories in the book, by setting out "The Ghost's Bargain"—the second title of "The Haunted Man"—as if it were another story, whereas the sub-titles of the other tales are omitted.—S. W.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I didn't know, and now I do know, and that shows the advantage of asking, don't it?—ROSA DARTLE.

DICKENS IN THE LAKE DISTRICT. In Baddeley's Guide to "The English Lake District" the following paragraph occurs: "The wooded hill which rises to the west at the outlet of the lake (Ullswater) is Dunmallet, which has obtained more than its fair share of notoriety from the fact of Charles Dickens having ascended it. For all that, it commands a fine prospect." Dunmallet is at the foot of the bridge over the River Eamont at Pooley Bridge, six miles from Penrith. Is it true that Dickens ascended the hill, and on what occasion?—T. P. COOPER, York.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DICKENSIAN AND THE SCHOOLS: A CORRECTION

SIR.—I hope my handwriting is not as bad as Mr. George Sampson alleges my English to be, but I can account for a mistake in my letter in your October issue in no other way. In the fifth line from the bottom of page 216, it is printed: "With the fullest possible regret, I think it is highly probable that I know the average elementary school

* The Christmas Stories of Charles Dickens. With eleven illustrations in Colour by Spencer Laird Nichols. London: Jonathan Cape. 12s. 6d. net.

teacher in his own circle as intimately as Mr. Sampson does." I do not feel quite as strongly as that. What I wrote was "*With the deepest possible respect*," etc.

Yours, etc.,

October 3rd, 1922.

CHARLES WHITCOMBE.

ALLUSIONS IN "OUR MUTUAL FRIEND"

SIR.—The answer to Mr. Leffman's first question will be found in the old "Limerick"—perhaps one of Edmund Lear's nonsense verses—on Tobago. It was something like this:—

"There was an old man of Tobago,
Who lived on rice pudding and sago,
Till at length, to his joy,
Said the doctor—"My boy,
To a leg, Sir, of mutton you may go."

The only place where I have seen it printed was (I think) the "Boy's Own Paper," some time about 1881 or 1882, so I must ask to be forgiven if my version is not quite accurate—although considerably nearer the mark than that of Eugene Wrayburn. The second problem is beyond me. Perhaps some Londoner can account for the association of wine with the manufacturers of blacking.

Yours faithfully,

St. Mary's Parsonage,
Coldstream.

HENRY STEEL.

[Mr. A. E. Brookes Cross thanked for a similar reply.—ED.]

SIR.—The obvious answer to Mr. Leffman's second query is that the country where they make the "Cape Wine" is Cape Colony, with, perhaps, a special reference to Constantia.

Yours faithfully,

DAVID MACRITCHIE.

[Mr. MacRitchie also answers the first query giving "Till at length to his bliss, His physician said this," as alternative reading of lines three and four.—ED.]

DICKENS AS A JOURNALIST

SIR.—We moderns, who delight in his genius, who read and re-read with such pleasure and unwearied satisfaction his novels, care perhaps but little about his journalistic career. Nevertheless, the same painstaking thoroughness of detail which characterizes his novels was shown as well in his work as a reporter, and made him one of the best in England. We appreciate this accuracy of detail, this peculiar clear-cutness in delineation of character and description of places as found in his novels, but we do not associate these with his early reportorial experience; yet that is where this kind of work began.

The following story, told me the other day, interested me. It may interest other Dickensians.

A well-known editor of a leading New York daily has come to manage a prominent daily in this state. Two young college graduates enlisted as reporters and future journalists under his leadership. Part of their training is this: every day for several months, these two young men are required to write—from Dickens's works, *Forty Lines* (just now from the *Pickwick Papers*).

Forty Lines every day, and in this study to so absorb the incomparable style, the fine yet simple English, that as a result, their work will be far above the average. This is not an experiment, as the Editor made a similar study, with good results, as his position proves.

This shows an appreciation of Dickens in a rather unusual way.

Yours faithfully,

Old Town, Maine, U.S.A.

MIRANDA STANHOPE WEBSTER.

A "BLEAK HOUSE" QUERY

SIR.—I read the subjoined on the editorial page of "The New York Herald" of October 23rd :

A "BLEAK HOUSE" ORIGINAL.

To "The New York Herald" : I would like to learn something of the famous—or infamous—Mrs. Manning, the English murderess ; the story of her crime and punishment. I am constantly seeing her name, but have not been able to find any detailed information concerning her.

H. B. Irving, in his work on famous criminals, speaks of her as having given Dickens the idea for Hortense in *Bleak House*. But that is only in the preface to his book.

New York, October 21st.

R. M. S. PUTNAM.

I am not so much concerned as to the fate of Mrs. Manning as I have been for many years over the fate of Hortense in *Bleak House*. Perhaps it was the great art of Dickens to surround the fate of Hortense with a deep and lasting mystery. You will recall that when Inspector Bucket arrests Hortense in the drawing room of Sir Leicester Dedlock and clamps the handcuffs on her, she replies something to this effect : "It is but death," and there Dickens leaves Hortense. What do you think of the thought of a Dickens reader like myself for nearly half a century, that the novelist should have made the ultimate fate of Hortense more clear ?

New York, October 23rd, 1922.

EDWARD G. RIGGS.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

BARRY.—On September 20th the President, Mr. John Davies, held a reception and delivered a very interesting address on the aims of the Fellowship, and Major Edgar Jones also spoke on the good work it was doing. Songs and recitals followed by Miss N. Williams, Miss Elsie Duke, Mr. H. M. Hooper and Mr. Cheland. On October 4th Miss L. Russell read a paper on "Mrs. Lirriper," and Miss G. M. Tuckett on "Betsey Trotwood," both very able and excellently delivered. On November 1st, a lantern talk on "The Pickwickians in the West Country" was given by the Hon. Secretary. All participated in the humours of the stage coach journey from the White Horse Cellar, and had a merry time with the Pickwickians in Bath and Bristol, culminating with the weddings of Mr. Winkle and Sam Weller. A well-attended meeting of this Branch was held on November 22nd, with Mr. B. Price Hughes in the chair. "Some of Dickens's Boys" was the subject of a highly interesting address by Mr. John Howell (National Secretary Y.M.C.A. Boys' Dept.). The fraternal half-hour, following the ordinary meeting, is an enjoyable "feast," which provides opportunities for welcoming new members.

CINDERFORD.—Mrs. Harding has been elected President, and Mr. W. C. G. Gardner re-elected Secretary. The book chosen for study is *Great Expectations*. On November 28th, Mr. Kendall Pearson, gave a lantern lecture on "Some Dickens Scenes and Characters." A large number of pupils from the local schools were present, and the lecture was greatly enjoyed by all.

EASTBOURNE.—The first entertainment of the new session was held in October, when Mr. Percy Merriman gave a delightful selection of recitals and character sketches, mainly from the works of Charles Dickens, and two lady members favoured with songs. In November a *Conversazione* was held. Songs and recitations were given, and there was a Dickens literary competition. A very successful and sociable evening concluded with all the company joining in Sir Roger de Coverley. The December meeting took the form of "An Evening with Dickens" when dramatic sketches from *Our Mutual Friend* and *Oliver Twist* were admirably rendered by members. A series of tableaux of characters from Dickens and songs formed part of a very excellent programme. A very important work has been undertaken, viz., the establishment of a "Tiny Tim Cripples' Parlour," where massage is given, a children's library established, and in various ways the welfare and amusement of afflicted children is studied.

GLASGOW.—The Glasgow Dickens Society opened its session on October 13th, when Sheriff Fyfe, the President, delivered the inaugural address, taking for his subject "Dickens and Thackeray," in which he said that their aims were the same; for the teaching of these two great preachers had the same purpose—to rid the world of cant and humbug, and to foster the spirit of universal brotherhood. The lecture was followed with keen attention. The prizes for the best essay on Dickens written by the scholars between the ages of 15 and 18 attending a Glasgow school were won by Margaret M. Reid and John Burnie, and each received a copy of the Memorial edition of Forster's *Life of Dickens*.

GLOUCESTER.—The first half of the session has witnessed considerable activity. The monthly meetings are again being held in the Guildhall Council Chamber, and excellent attendances have ruled throughout, under the graceful guidance of the Branch's first lady President, Mrs. F. H. Bretherton, whose election at the opening gathering in October gave genuine satisfaction. The annual report of the Hon. Secretary stated that the membership was between 300 and 350. Readings from and discussions on *Little Dorrit* are occupying attention at the periodical meetings. A collection was made at the December meeting for the Mayor's Fund for providing Christmas gifts for the unemployed, on behalf of which a remarkably fine recital of *A Christmas Carol* was given by Mr. Henry St. John, the eminent actor-elocutionist, who is now a Gloucestershire man.

HACKNEY AND STOKE NEWINGTON.—The opening meeting took the form of a Social on October 9th. Mr. J. H. Mahoney presided, and made a special appeal to members to send in essays on any Dickensian subject for the January meeting. These essays, for which three prizes are to be given, should reach Mr. Miller not later than January 7th. During the evening Mr. Miller referred to the General Appeal for funds for the Dickens House, 48 Doughty Street, recently acquired by

the Fellowship, and asked for the help and co-operation of all the members. Songs and recitations were rendered by Misses Marjorie O'Brien, Ivy Chater, E. Watts and Messrs. J. H. Mahoney, R. Parsons and Pilkington. Mr. Frank Chater ably presided at the piano. On November 13th, Mr. J. H. McNulty's discourse on "Some Dickens Opening Chapters," which was followed by a reading of the lecturer's "An Epilogue to the Christmas Carol," which appeared in the last issue of *The Dickensian*. On December 14th, Prof. William Miles paid us his annual visit, and gave his usual finished performance. His programme consisted of: "The Flight of Little Emily," "Mr. Winkle's Misadventure at Bath," and "Three Christmas Parties." Prof. Miles also recited the "Ivy Green," and accompanied himself on the zither. Considerably more than three hundred persons were present.

LEAMINGTON.—The first meeting of the session was held on October 24th under most promising conditions. After the election of officers, Mr. Frank Glover, the new President, read a most interesting paper on "Charles Dickens in Leamington." Mr. Glover is the fortunate possessor of two autograph letters of the novelist, and it was on one of these, which refers to a reading given by Dickens in Leamington, that he based his paper. Mr. Glover brought forward some very convincing proofs, in the form of quotations from the "Letters" and from the local paper that Charles Dickens gave only two readings in Leamington, and not, as has been thought, three. An animated discussion followed. A meeting was held on November 21st. The chair was taken by Sir John Keir, K.C.B. A programme consisting of readings from *David Copperfield*, the book chosen for study during the summer, was supplied by members.

LONDON.—After their quarterly meeting at Headquarters on Saturday, October 7th, the members of Council and a few friends dined together in the Dickens Room at Carr's Restaurant in the Strand. Some thirty odd sat down, and a most enjoyable evening was spent under the genial chairmanship of "the man from Sheffield," Mr. W. F. Bagnall. The impromptu concert which followed the dinner gave much pleasure to the audience, songs being delightfully rendered by the Misses Hill and Miss Matz, while Frank Johnson and Secretary Green provided the comic element with song and story. T. W. Hill was at the piano. The star turn, however, was provided by Mr. Stelling, new reciter to Fellowship Headquarters, who fairly took his hearers by storm. Though short in stature he rose to great heights of dramatic power. He has a fine voice, well under control, and showed mastery over lighter scenes also. On October 16th, at Caxton Hall, Sir Frederick Macmillan, the new President of the Fellowship, delivered his Presidential Address and outlined the scheme for the purchase of 48 Doughty Street. His speech is printed on another page. He was supported on the platform by several Vice-Presidents, and speeches were also made by Sir Walter Lawrence, Mr. B. W. Matz, Mr. Edwin Pugh, Mr. H. Saxe Wyndham and Mr. C. H. Green. Lincoln's Inn Old Hall was well filled on November 15th when Sir Walter Lawrence delivered his charming little lecture on "The Children of Dickens." The only criticism one could offer would be that it was all too short. It sparkled with happy allusions and apt quotations, and was much enjoyed by a most appreciative audience. The chair was occupied

Mr. F. T. Dalton, who also contributed some interesting sidelights

on the subject. On December 1st (Member's night), the Chair was occupied by Mr. E. H. Burden. The programme consisted of papers on various Dickensian subjects, written by members in competition, under pseudonyms. Nine such papers (selected from fourteen sent in) were read aloud by members of the Committee, and the audience was asked to vote for those they thought best. After the votes were taken, the sealed envelopes were opened and the names of the writers announced. The first prize was taken by Mr. Lowry, for his paper "In Praise of Pecksniff." The second prize went to Mr. S. J. Rust for "Was Dickens a Caricaturist?" and the third to Miss Ruth Whitaker for "Dickens's Greatest Hypocrite, and Why." The experiment was voted a complete success. The annual Dickensian Christmas Party was held on 15th December at the Caxton Hall. The company numbered over three hundred, all but a small percentage being in Dickensian costumes. It was a brilliant sight, the characters represented being varied, and included many of the lesser known ones. A happy and merry time was passed, not a dull moment was allowed from first to last, and every one entered into the spirit of convivial enjoyment with zest. The programme included games and old-fashioned dances. The re-union of the Pickwick Club, when Mr. Pickwick presided once more at the table, surrounded by his friends, who in turn sang songs of the period, the choruses of which the company took up with vigour, was a huge success; as was the family coach played to the story of the coach ride to Dingley Dell. Sir Roger de Coverley, energetically danced by eight separate groups, Revels, Carol Singing and, finally, Auld Lang Syne joined in by the whole company, made the evening one of the best held by the Fellowship.

MELBOURNE.—At the August meeting a very good paper was read by Mr. J. H. Crowther, "Dickens as a Reader," and was much appreciated. The President, Mr. Callaway, related incidents of his recent visit to Rochester and other places of interest to Dickensians, which were greatly enjoyed. A recitation was well given by Mr. W. G. Southwell, and an excellent musical programme by Mr. Lindsay, Miss Kate Hocking and Mr. W. H. Hocking. At the September meeting the Reverend Ernest Davies gave a lecture entitled "The Psychology of Dickens." The Rev. lecturer knows his Dickens well, and held the audience spellbound for more than an hour while innumerable characters flitted like a panorama before the mind's eye. Mr. Davies gave many concrete examples to show how well Dickens understood the science of the mind—particularly the child mind—though it was quite possible he had never heard the word psychology. The annual election of officers and committee took place at the October meeting. The same members were re-elected. Two interesting sketches were given by the newly formed Dickens Dramatic Club. "Rosa Dartle's interview with Little Emily" and "Betsey Trotwood Receives Visitors." Mr. Callaway gave a reading of Santayana's essay on Dickens, and music was excellently rendered by Mrs. Lindsey and Miss Gladys Smith.

NEW YORK.—On October 20th a most interesting lecture on Dickensian London, Rochester and other parts of England, specially prepared by Mr. A. A. Hopkins, was given and illustrated by sixty lantern slides. It was listened to with deep attention and displayed wide knowledge of Dickens's stories. On November 17th, Dr. Duffield gave a fine illuminative address on *David Copperfield*. It was a

splendid interpretation, displayed ripe knowledge of its characters and motif, and was delivered in the Doctor's well-known delightful style. To quote from it would merely do his exposition an injustice. Both lectures were presided over by Dr. Allen.

SHEFFIELD.—A series of Whist Drives were held on October 3rd, 18th, and November 2nd, and proved pleasant and enjoyable evenings. The first ordinary meeting took place at the new headquarters, the Albany Hotel, Fargate, on October 13th. The chairman was the new President, Mr. Thos. W. Padmore, who was one of the original members of the Branch and its first Secretary. Mr. Padmore expressed his delight at the honour tendered him. The entertainment included a two-act play, arranged by Mr. W. A. Brabner, of Manchester, taken from "Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy." This was admirably presented, and the part of the loquacious but kind hearted landlady was taken by Mrs. W. F. Bagnall, who made a fine character study of the part. The part of Major Jackman had an able exponent in Mr. J. F. Sykes. Mrs. Edson was played by Mrs. H. Monks, and Miss Wozenham by Miss Korya Gray and "Buffles" by Mr. E. Morton. Further dramatic fare was provided by the evergreen "The Runaway Couple." "Boots" was ably delineated by Mr. H. Robinson. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior, were taken respectively by Master Leslie and Miss Irene Kirk, who acted their parts naturally. In the sketch entitled "The Unexpected Proposal," from *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Pecksniff was admirably portrayed by Mr. G. H. Jackson, and Mr. E. Morton was responsible for a good rendering of Jonas Chuzzlewit. Charity was successfully presented by Miss Mustill, and her sister Mercy by Miss Nellie Cooper. Songs were rendered by Mr. Roadhouse and Mrs. Wilfred Bagnall. Mr. Addis was at the piano. On November 10th, the monthly meeting took the form of a discussion, and an attempt to solve the problem of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." The Secretary opened the proceedings by a paper giving the views expressed by R. A. Proctor and the author's "John Jasper's Secret." Miss North followed with a paper which suggested the impossibility of finding a solution, owing to the absence of all memoranda. Mr. G. H. Jackson read an article by J. Cuming Walters referring to the sequence of the chapters, etc., and disputed the conclusions drawn therein. Mr. W. Leggett then took the lead in a keen and animated discussion. On November 13th, at St. Paul's Church of England Schools, before a crowded and enthusiastic audience, Mr. W. F. Bagnall presented a paper on "The Christmas Books," with particular reference to *A Christmas Carol* and *The Chimes*. A selection of first and rare editions and various pictures, etc., illustrating the subject was shewn. Mrs. W. F. Bagnall read the lecture and also gave a recital from "Boots at the Holly Tree Inn." The programme was repeated on November 27th, at the Ebenezer Wesleyan Chapel. On November 16th, at the Albany Hotel, the newly formed Dickens Club celebrated its inauguration by a "Steak and Kidney Pie Supper," followed by an impromptu Concert under the presidency of Mr. B. Maskill.

SOUTHAMPTON.—The winter session opened in Freemantle Parish Hall, on October 9th, with a social gathering, and a most enjoyable evening was spent. At a well attended meeting on November 13th, a most interesting lantern lecture on "The Pickwickian Pilgrimages" was given by Mr. A. C. Hallett. The routes of the different journeys

were clearly shown. The many incidents which befell the Pickwickians and the various places of interest visited by them were depicted and described by the lecturer, to whom a hearty vote of thanks was accorded. The Lantern slides and lecture were kindly loaned by Headquarters.

ST. PANCRAS.—The new session found the branch helping forward very enthusiastically the Dickens Pageant. Under Mr. Rust's supervision the branch provided five cars and took part in several others; it was also well represented at the Ball held in connection with the Pageant, the six prizes awarded for the best Dickens costumes going to members. At the annual business meeting on October 9th, Mr. Winbolt was elected President. Two rambles have been taken, on November 18th to the Roman Bath in Strand Lane, the Law Courts and the Headquarters offices; and on December 9th, in the neighbourhood of Soho, visiting the Pantheon and the House of Charity. Mr. Warren took the chair at the November 13th meeting, and gave the necessary impetus to our debate—"The women of Dickens's novels are typical of the women of to-day." At the Members' Evening on December 11th the programme included a reading from *The Cricket on the Hearth* by Miss Nickless, a recital of "Gabriel Grubb" by Miss Laura Godfree, three sketches by the Dramatic Section, and papers by Miss Cooke, Miss Whittaker, Mr. Rust, Mr. Roffey and Mr. Walker. Mr. Dexter was in the chair, and gave us a very interesting account of the Dickens Memorial scheme. The Dramatic Section is making good progress under Miss Godfree's guidance, and has given two very successful performances, at Westbourne Park on November 24th and 25th, and at Herne Hill on December 18th. A large number of toys given by members was presented to the St. Pancras Borough Council for distribution amongst the poorest children at Christmas.

TEWKESBURY.—The present session promises to be a very successful one under the Presidency of Mrs. F. W. Godfrey. At the November meeting Mr. D. F. Palser, late Secretary of Cheltenham Branch, read an interesting paper on *Nicholas Nickleby*, the book chosen for this session. The attendance was very gratifying, over one hundred members being present. The December meeting was honoured by the presence of about one hundred guests from the Gloucester and Cheltenham branches, with their respective Presidents and Secretaries. On this evening the Vicar of Tewkesbury, the Rev. Ernest F. Smith, M.A., delighted his large audience with an exceptionally good paper on "Dickens and Christmas," supplemented with several well-chosen readings. Mr. Smith's fare never falls short of our expectations, and everyone thoroughly enjoyed what he provided on this occasion. After the paper, refreshments were served, to the accompaniment of music, and before departing, the Presidents of Gloucester and Cheltenham branches expressed their thanks for the hospitality afforded them. A collection in aid of the Mayor's Unemployment Fund amounted to £8. A recital from *The Pickwick Papers* by Mr. Frank Speaight, arranged for November, was a great success. The Watson Hall was filled, and Mr. Speaight's clever performance was greatly appreciated by the representative audience. The Branch continues to flourish numerically. The present membership being 173.

WINNIPEG.—The opening meeting was held at the Science Building, Broadway, on October 12th, President Elect, Isaac F. Brooks in the chair. Mr. Brooks dwelt on the importance of Dickens in English

literature, and told something of what the Dickens Fellowship had accomplished in carrying out the purpose of its founding some twenty years ago. The retiring President, Prof. A. J. Perry, carries with him the good wishes of every member of the Fellowship. The interest he had always taken in the fellowship was mirrored in the fact that the membership almost doubled during his term of office.

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

BOOKS.

Dickensian Inns and Taverns, by B. W. Matz. With 39 illustrations. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net. London: Cecil Palmer.

Stories of the Victorian Writers, by Mrs. Hugh Walker. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 5s. net. Cambridge University Press.

The Christmas Stories of Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Spencer Baird Nichols. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. net. London: Jonathan Cape.

Mr. Dickens Goes to the Play, by Alexander Woolcott. Illustrated. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. net. London: G. P. Putnam and Sons.

MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES.

"Dickens and Meredith," by the Rev. Professor James Moffatt, D.D. *Hibbert Journal*, October.

"Masters of our Literature: IV., Charles Dickens, by Walter Haydon. Illustrated. *Millgate Monthly*, October.

"Dickens Bad for Bolshies." *The Star*, 5th October.

"Charles Dickens in Cumberland." *Carlisle Journal*, 6th and 13th October.

"The Dickens Amateurs," by E. A. G. Stuart. *Notes and Queries*, 14th October.

"Charles Dickens and the Clergy," by Stephen Procter. *Millgate Monthly*, November.

"Following Dickens Through London by Shadowing the Footsteps of his Characters." Illustrated. *Christian Science Monitor*, 2nd Nov.

"The Doctors of Dickens," by T. H. G. Shore, M.D. *City Press*, 18th November.

"Jack Straw's Castle," "The Black Bull, Holborn," and "Wood's Hotel," by B. W. Matz. Illustrated. *Mine Host*, Oct., Nov. and Dec.

"Charles Dickens's First Love," by B. W. Matz. Illustrated. *Strand Magazine Christmas No.*

"Damming Dora." *Daily Express*, 1st December.

"A Newly Discovered Dickens Manuscript" (The Lighthouse), illustrated. *John o' London's Weekly*, 9th December.

"A Dickens Zoo," by L. R. Brightwell. *The Quiver*, December.

"A Dismal Dickens" (George Gissing), by E. B. Osborn. *Morning Post*, 6th October.

"Mr. Pickwick's Inns," by C. G. Harper (Illustrated). *Wine and Spirit Trades Record*, December.

"Bob Cratchit and Tiny Tim." Picture by Jessie Willcox Smith. *Good Housekeeping*, December.

"Dickens and Coventry," by City Librarian. *Coventry Herald*, 15 Dec.

DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

(At 8 o'clock unless otherwise stated.)

BARRY—

Jan. 3—Address by Mr. John Davies (President).

„ 24—"The Man, Charles Dickens," by Mr. J. W. T. Ley.

- Feb. 7—Annual Birthday Dinner.
 „ 21—“Dickens's Schoolmasters,” by Mr. F. Biss; “The Gospel of Mark Tapley,” by Mr. E. W. Lugg.
 Mar. 7—“The Poet in Dickens,” by Miss G. M. Tuckett; “Victorian Girls,” by Miss W. Crates.
 „ 21—“The Master Novelist,” by Mr. A. E. J. Baker; “The Dover Road,” by Mr. J. L. Woodcock; “Charles Dickens: our Friend,” by Mr. L. E. Forrest.
 All Meetings at Y.M.C.A.

BATH—

- Jan. 9—Opening Meeting.
 „ 23—Paper by Miss Singers-Bigger.
 Feb. 7—Dickens Commemoration Dinner.
 „ 27—Paper: “Some Boy Characters of Dickens.”
 Mar. 13—Paper: “Some Girl Characters of Dickens.”
 „ 27—Annual Meeting.

BIRMINGHAM—

- Jan. 10—Lecture: “The Psychology of Dickens Humour,” by Mr. J. Cuming Walters.
 Feb. 6—Birthday Conversazione, The Hall, Y.W.C.A., Corporation Street.
 Mar. 7—Illustrated Lecture: “A Tour in Dickensland,” by Mr. Edward J. Timings.
 „ 28—Annual Meeting.
Meetings at Chamber of Commerce.

HACKNEY AND STOKE NEWINGTON—

- Jan. 15—Members' Evening, Short Papers, etc.
 Feb. 15—Dickens Recital, “The Haunted Man,” by Rev. Joseph Gay. Admission, 6d.
 Mar. 19—Lecture: “The Land of the Pharaohs,” by Mr. J. W. Sparkes.
All meetings at West Hackney Lecture Hall, at 7-45.

HULL—

- Jan. 5—New Year's Party.
 „ 19—Concert by the Red Ruffs Concert Party.
 Feb. 2—Lecture: “The Grotesque in Dickens,” by Rev. J. G. Patton.
 „ 16—Birthday Celebrations. Special Programme.
 Mar. 2—Illustrative Sketches, by Ern. Shaw. Characters from *A Tale of Two Cities*, with representative readings by Members, arranged by Mr. W. S. Blakeney.
 „ 16—Discussion on the problems contained in *A Tale of Two Cities*. Prelude by Mr. J. H. Noble.
 „ 30—Annual Meeting.
All meetings at the Metropole at 7-45.

LEAMINGTON—

- Jan. 23—Paper: “Dickens and his Women Characters,” by Mrs. Vause.
 Feb. 13—Social Evening. Birthday Celebrations.
 Mar. 13—Lantern Lecture, by Mr. C. H. Green.
All meetings at Leamington College.

LIVERPOOL—

- Jan. 10—Paper: “Keats,” by Mr. Wm. J. B. Ashley.
 „ 24—Costume Recital: “Bardell v. Pickwick,” by Members (arranged by Mr. D. A. Elwes).

- Feb. 7—Paper: "The Poetry of Dickens," by Members of the Y.M.C.A. Literary and Debating Society.
 „ 21—Members' Evening. Papers on *Nicholas Nickleby*.
 Mar. 7—General Meeting. Social Evening.
All meetings at Royal Institution.

LONDON—

- Jan. 17—Lincoln's Inn Hall. Lantern Lecture by Mr. A. W. Goodman, Barrister-at-Law: "The Temple and Inns of Court," at 7-30.
 Feb. 7—Connaught Rooms. Annual Birthday Commemoration Dinner, 7 for 7-30. Tickets 12/6 each. *Chairman*: Sir Frederick Macmillan, President of the Fellowship.
 „ 9—Guildhall School of Music. Annual Birthday Recital by Mr. John A. Stelling, at 7-30. A Collection will be made for the Fellowship's charitable work.
 Mar. 12—Caxton Hall, Westminster. Whist Drive, 7 for 7-30.

MANCHESTER—

- Jan. 5—Discussion of and Recital from "Christmas Stories," by Miss N. Curry, Messrs. Bagot, Dean and others.
 „ 12—"Dingley Dell" New Year Party. Tickets, 1/6 each.
 Feb. 2 and 3.—Dickens Birthday Celebration. Dramatic Performance.
 Mar. 2—Miscellaneous Short Papers and Recitals, by Misses Mills and Ingall, Mr. S. Sutton and others.
All meetings at Milton Buildings at 7-15.

SOUTHAMPTON—

- Jan. 8—Opinions of Members and selections from *Hard Times*.
 Feb. 12—Dickens Costume Supper and Dance.
 Mar. 12—Performance by The Dickens Dramatic Society.
All meetings at Freemantle Parish Hall at 7-30 p.m.

ST. PANCRAS—

- Jan. 15—Lantern Lecture by Rev. T. P. Stevens on "Southwark Cathedral," at the Orphanage, Hampstead Road, 8 p.m.
 „ 20—Ramble: The Honourable Artillery Company. Meet outside Old Street Station, City Road, 2-30.
 „ 26—Christmas Party at the Orphanage, Hampstead Road.
 Feb. 12—Lecture Recital, "A Christmas Carol," by Mr. F. S. Johnson, at the Orphanage, Hampstead Road, 8 p.m.
 „ 17—Ramble: Shoreditch and Geffrye's Museum. Meet outside Old Street Station at 2-30.
 Mar. 19—Illustrated Lecture: "Stained Glass," by Mr. J. Winbolt, at the Orphanage, Hampstead Road, 8 p.m.
 „ 17—Ramble: Grays Inn and Doughty Street. Meet in South Square, Grays Inn, at 2-30.

WINNIPEG—

- Jan. 11—*David Copperfield*. Programme in charge of Miss Kelty, Mr. Grant, Mr. Ness and Mr. McLauchlan.
 Feb. 8—Birthday Celebration Dinner.
 Mar. 8—Members' Evening.
 April 12—Annual Meeting and Election of Officers. Address: "Dickens in America," Prof. A. J. Perry.
All meetings at Science Building, Broadway, at 8-15.



From "With Dickens in Yorkshire"

See page 96

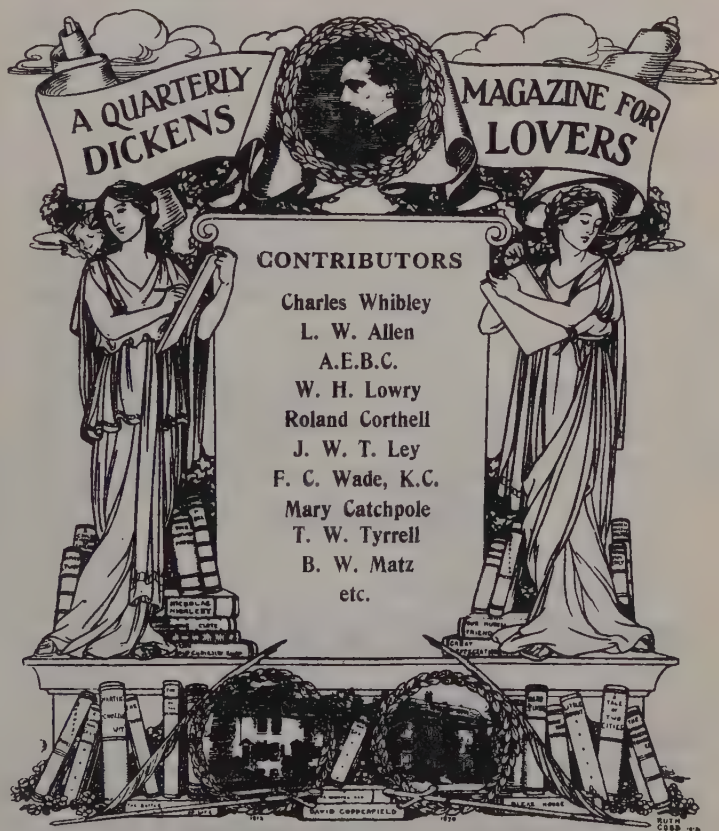
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APRIL 1923

No. 2

THE DICKENSIAN

EDITED BY B. W. MATZ



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THE DICKENSIAN

APRIL 1923

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THE DICKENSIAN

A Quarterly Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and the Official Record of the Dickens Fellowship

VOL. XIX.

APRIL 1923

No. 2

WHEN FOUND—

THE scheme for the purchase and endowment of the Dickens House in Doughty Street is meeting with support from all quarters, and we are able to publish elsewhere the first list of subscribers. Speeches have been made on behalf of the fund at many of the branch meetings during the last month or two, and at most of the anniversary dinners held in this country and America. In New York, Boston, and Winnipeg, further attention was called to the scheme on the menu or programme by reproducing a picture of the house.

* * * * *

The Annual Conference of the Branches of the Dickens Fellowship is to be held this year at Liverpool, from 15th to 17th June. Every effort is being made by the Executive of the Liverpool Branch to make the occasion worthy of the Fellowship, and of their great city, and to ensure a successful and enjoyable gathering. The arrangements at present are not sufficiently advanced to permit of their announcement, but full particulars will be sent to all branch secretaries in due course. All who were present at the Cheltenham Conference last year will, we are sure, endeavour to renew the pleasant recollections of that friendly gathering, whilst those who were unable to attend on that occasion should make a point of being in Liverpool this year, to assist in making these Conferences still more representative and acquaint themselves with the pleasant nature of the meetings.

* * * * *

The Annual Convention of the American Branches is to be held in Montreal on May 28th at Hart House, the Students' Theatre of the University of Toronto. Sermons on Dickens will be preached in a number of the leading churches on Sunday, the 27th. Delegates will transact business from 10 till 12 on Monday; papers and addresses 2 till 5; dinner at 6; "The Pickwick Trial" in Hart House Theatre by the Dickens Players at 8-30. Tuesday a drive around the Queen City in the morning and luncheon at the Sunnyside Pavilion at 1.

* * * * *

When the Bishop of Birmingham made his speech at the Authors' Dinner a month or two ago, complaining of the lack of quality of present day novels compared with those of the Victorian period as represented by Scott, Thackeray and Dickens, it was only natural that much controversy would arise. In Dickens's day, his successful brother writers were not only glad and anxious to admit each other's ability, but were

not ashamed of lauding the greatness of their predecessors. And further, they were not afraid of each other's company. They visited each other's homes, rode and drove about the country for pleasure together, had house parties, and were, in effect, friends in a profession and not rivals in a trade. And none of them, so far as we are aware, was known to sneer at the writers of their previous epoch, as it seems the fashion for writers to do to-day. They were proud of each other's success and sought their friendship. There seems no such camaraderie among the writers of to-day. One never hears of them meeting at each other's houses, or going for trips, to have red-hot chops together, or for a jaunt into Cornwall. The only places where they seem to meet are at Club or "literary" dinners, where their wives and families are not invited. But this is a digression.

* * * * *

The Bishop in his honesty has tempted others to be unfair and illogical. Many have written to the press extolling his opinions, a few have done the reverse. The latter, in most cases, misunderstood the Bishop, notably Mr. Gilbert Frankau, when he assumed that the modern writer was abjured to imitate the books of the past. He was not. But he *was* asked to attempt to imitate the quality of them. Nor do we agree with Mr. Frankau when he says that the novelists of to-day write better than the Victorian, but the Victorians told better stories. In our opinion the absolute reverse is the case. And when he infers that Dickens appealed only to the mid-Victorians, he is merely making a statement that is untrue, in the same way as it would be untrue to say it of Shakespeare or other Elizabethans for instance.

* * * * *

Mr. W. L. George, a present day novelist, whose most "successful" novel is called "A Bed of Roses," went so far as to name thirteen of his contemporaries who wrote novels, which he declared to be "better than those of Thackeray and Walter Scott, to say nothing of Dickens." We do not propose to give the list, because those that comprise it are all utterly dissimilar in the quality and nature of their work, and none of them could be said to be better than the other, or than the three Victorians, any more than one could say an oak tree is better than an elm tree, or a primrose is better than a violet. Such comparisons are utterly futile, and it was pleasant to see one of our younger men, Mr. St. John Ervine, putting Mr. George in his place. "In what respect," he says, "are *all* these authors better than Scott, Thackeray and Dickens? Observe that Mr. George does not say that some of them are better than these three men, nor does he content himself with saying that all of them are as good. Definitely and audaciously, he declares that *all* of them, male and female, beginners and veterans, are better novelists than Scott, Thackeray and Dickens."

* * * * *

The only reason Mr. George gives for his astonishing statement is that his thirteen have general ideas on the state and on ethics, they have honesty of outlook and a mission, which makes us wonder if Mr. George has really read his Scott and Thackeray and Dickens

Being rather prejudiced on the subject, let us quote again from Mr. Ervine, because he, like Mr. George, is a present day novelist. "Each generation," Mr. Ervine goes on, "produces its own men of genius, and it is a waste of time to discuss whether this one or that lot are 'better' than that one or this lot. Mr. George admits as much when he pleads with us not to make comparisons between individuals (which is what he began by doing), but to ask ourselves whether the general level of novels is better to-day than it was a hundred years ago. I think it is, but I could not swear to it, and even if I could, that would not prove that *all* Mr. George's thirteen are 'better' than Scott and Thackeray and Dickens."

* * * * *

A correspondent in "The Times" recently, contributed an article in which he set out to prove that certain passages in Dickens were 'borrowed straight from the pages of Sheridan,' and proceeds to quote parallel cases. His first extract is from "The Rivals" where Fag uses the expression "But I was sly, Sir—devilish sly." That seemed to be a hit, until someone wrote to "The Times" to say the same expression appeared in a book by Smollet, published before "The Rivals." So it may be that Sheridan cribbed from Smollet, or that all three thought the same thought "all by themselves." Other quotations are made from Sheridan, with similar sounding ones from Dickens, none of which convince us that Dickens cribbed from Sheridan. He also quotes the lines whispered by Feeder to Miss Blimber

"Had I a heart for falsehood framed
I ne'er could injure you!"

with the comment that they are not Dickens's own. Well, we suppose few readers assume they are, any more than they assume the many little bits quoted from Moore's Irish Melodies and from Shakespeare, which are scattered rather profusely through Dickens's books, are his own.

* * * * *

In the "Glasgow Herald" some weeks ago, Sir George Douglas, Bt., had a well reasoned article on Dickens as a master of the sinister, and although lack of space prevented him from dealing with the subject exhaustively, he justified his contention that there are delineations in Dickens as astringent as anything in Thackeray, and as sombre as anything in literature. He cites many instances, picking out Jonas Chuzzlewit as standing ahead of the rest as the soul of the sinister in art. Among the few others he mentions—Rigaud, Magwitch, Riderhood, Headstone, Flintwinch, Jasper,—he doubts if Jonas has any superior. He considers the whole episode of the journey preceeding the murder to be masterly, and to embody the very essence of the sinister. We have no space to deal further with the article, which is thoroughly worth studying, beyond quoting the anecdote which ends it. "I lately enquired of an engaging flapper, who had a novel under her arm, if she liked Dickens; to which she replied, with a shake of her pretty head, that she did not find him 'fierce' enough.

This use of the word fierce was new to me, but highly expressive, and I tumbled to it. 'My dear young lady,' I rejoined, 'believe me that if you only knew where to find it there is a lot in Dickens that is fierce enough even for you.' "

* * * * *

The fact that a well known blacking business is likely to change hands is not an event in the history of our times which in ordinary circumstances would be deemed by newspapers to be a subject to make a great fuss about. And we doubt if even so famous a business as that of Messrs. Day and Martin would even warrant it, but for the fact that Sam Weller is reported to have cleaned Mr. Alfred Jingle's boots with this particular brand of blacking. That, of course, makes a difference, and consequently no self-respecting newspaper has failed to chronicle the news, and lament the passing of the firm, chiefly on the score that Sam Weller used its wares. Thus an ordinary every-day event becomes a real tragedy.

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"Rainbowland," a fairy play for children, written by Mrs. H. C. Dickens, a relative of the novelist, with music by Mrs. Rosen, was performed at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, in January last, in aid of St. Joseph's Home, Clapham. The cast, composed almost entirely of boys and girls, contained nine great-grandchildren of Charles Dickens, while two of his granddaughters, Mrs. Ernest Hawksley and Mrs. Robert Shuckburgh, daughters of Sir Henry F. Dickens, were responsible for the production.

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The new film of *Oliver Twist*, which has recently been exhibited in this country, has received a good deal of attention in the newspapers because of two things. First, it was heralded everywhere as of great importance on account of the fact that Jackie Coogan was to play the title rôle. Secondly, it secured publicity because it was reported that the censor had cut out scenes which he thought were immoral. These two circumstances may be good business, but it remains to say that from a Dickensian point of view the film is not a good film. We have seen better ones of *Oliver Twist* before. The characters generally are not sufficiently well portrayed or accurately dressed, which is rather surprising, because there exists no lack of material by way of pictures, to say nothing of Dickens's minute descriptions, to justify any producer in going wrong on these points. Of Jackie Coogan as a comic little actor we can find no words adequately to praise him. But *Oliver Twist* was never comic, certainly he was not funny when he "asked for more." Again, he was a thin, half starved youth, and although in the course of the story he grew in stature, he still remained on the thin side. No, Jackie Coogan is a very clever actor, but he is not cut out to play *Oliver Twist* as Dickens created him. Of the censor's act in cutting out a scene, we understand it was not so terrible a deed on his part as to warrant the righteous indignation expended on it, or justified the question "Is Dickens Immoral?" to form suspicious titles in the catch penny press.

The long promised Dickens Atlas is now definitely announced for publication early in April. As is generally the case in such matters, the accumulation of much additional interesting material has caused a general revision and enlargement of the original scheme, which naturally entails further cost in the production; in connection with which we beg to refer our readers to the publisher's advertisement facing the frontispiece.

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Two other new books on Dickens will be published this month. One is Mr. T. P. Cooper's, entitled "With Dickens in Yorkshire," illustrated by the late E. Ribsdale Tate, at Two Shillings net, which, through the privilege of receiving an advance set of proofs we are able to publish a review in our present issue by Mr. T. W. Tyrrell. The other is entitled Dickens the Immortal, by Mr. E. Basil Lupton, who, although his book appears in America, is an Englishman who claims more than forty years acquaintance with his subject. He is a retired lawyer, familiar with London and country practice, a devoted admirer of the master's writings, and one who has from time to time visited most of the places described in the novels. Mr. Lupton's essays are both appreciative and provocative, and are written throughout in an interesting and readable style.

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Mr. Walter Dexter, the Treasurer of the Fellowship, has just completed a new book on Dickens and London, which he calls "The London of Charles Dickens." It is to be published by Mr. Cecil Palmer in a few weeks' time. It is the most comprehensive book on the subject that has yet been published, and will prove to be indispensable to the student of the novelist. It is divided into fifteen chapters, each arranged in routes which can be easily followed. The descriptions of each place to be seen are in Dickens's own words, and at the end of each route is a list of all spots mentioned, with chapter references to the various books in which they occur.

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A new branch of the Fellowship has been formed at Newport (Mon.), the first President of which is that erudite Dickens scholar, Mr. J. W. T. Ley. We congratulate Newport on its choice, and are confident that a branch receiving his ready and able co-operation will thrive and prosper in all directions. We have no need to enlarge here on Mr. Ley's qualifications for such a post. Both he and his work as a Dickensian are fully known by our readers.

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The illustrated Souvenir presented to each guest at the Dickens Commemoration Dinner, held at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, London, on the 7th February last, at which Sir Frederick Macmillan presided, was this year devoted to *Oliver Twist*. In addition to a reproduction of a page of the manuscript, the illustrations included a facsimile of the cover design for the original monthly parts, a scene from the novel, a reproduction of the drawing submitted to Dickens for the plate substituted for that known as the "Fireside" plate,

and a portrait of Charles Dickens in 1836 from a pencil sketch—all of which were by George Cruikshank, the artist who illustrated the novel; together with a portrait of that artist. By way of contrast there was also included a drawing by "Phiz" of *Oliver Twist* for the cover of the first cheap edition of the story. There are a few copies remaining of this very handsome Souvenir, and those who wish to acquire a set of these interesting annuals as issued, should apply for copies without delay to the Hon. Secretary, 14 Clifford's Inn. The price including postage is 2s.

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Rotarian E. Kendall Pearson, Hon. Secretary of the Gloucester Branch of the Dickens Fellowship, has been in request with his address on "Dickens and the Spirit of Rotary," at Rotary Club luncheons this winter. After the address had been given to his fellow-Rotarians at Gloucester, he was invited to repeat it at Newport (Mon.), where, as an immediate result, it was decided to form a Branch of the Fellowship. On March 6th, Mr. Pearson responded to an invitation to address the Cheltenham Rotary Club, where, judging from the remarks made in support of a vote of thanks, "Dickens and the Spirit of Rotary" made another excellent impression.

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The Boston branch of the Fellowship has made a wise choice in selecting Mr. Roland Corthell as its new President. Our readers are familiar with Mr. Corthell's name as an occasional contributor to our pages, and a further article from his pen appears in our present issue.

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Mr. George Embrey, F.I.C., F.C.S., Public Analyst for Gloucestershire and the City of Gloucester, and the immediate Past-President of the Gloucester Branch of the Dickens Fellowship, died on March 10th, in his 83rd year. Despite his great age, Mr. Embrey had retained his remarkable intellectual alertness throughout a long and painful illness. He was proud of the fact that he was associated with Charles Dickens in connection with the Birmingham and Midland Institute, of which the novelist was President in 1869. (An account of Mr. Embrey's reminiscences appeared in *The Dickensian* of May, 1918.) He was the immediate successor of the late Mr. H. W. Bruton in the chair of the Gloucester Branch.

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We desire to draw the special attention of Secretaries of Branches to the notice at the head of the Branch Reports on another page. We also wish to notify our readers that the editorial and publishing offices of *The Dickensian* have been removed to 49 Chandos Street, Covent Gardens, W.C.2, where all communications should in future be addressed.

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For the convenience of Members of the Dickens Fellowship, the telephone has been installed at Headquarters in Clifford's Inn. The number is Holborn 1120.

THE EDITOR.

A STUDY OF CHARLES DICKENS*

By CHARLES WHIBLEY

I.

CHARLES DICKENS was acclaimed by his contemporaries, and is still recognised by us, as the greatest of the Victorians. He dominated his time, he made it illustrious, and, as Shakespeare gave his name to the heroic age of Elizabeth, so I believe will Dickens give his name to the age of Victoria, an age of equal curiosity and of almost equal grandeur.

But there is this essential difference between the two, that while Shakespeare suffered not a jot from the close contact of his time, Dickens so far submitted to the constraining influence as to be charged by indiscreet admirers—and the charge is not wholly unjust—with the prevailing vice of his age, the passion for “doing good.” We have been told very often that he gave us a brighter Christmas, that he helped to put an end to imprisonment for debt, that he loved the poor. When he revealed his love too openly, as in *Hard Times*, he wrote the least amiable of his works. Between rich and poor there is no natural difference. Poverty is not an order of rank. It is merely an unfortunate state from which all men would emerge if they could. It may not then be accounted to Dickens’s credit that he loved this accident of poverty; it is very much to his credit that he understood those upon whom this accident befel.

As little should we esteem his work because he denounced the cruelty of imprisonment for debt. The walls of the Marshalsea and the King’s Bench were already crumbling when he laid upon them his enlivening hand and made them immortal. The truth is that, as in the poor, so in the debtor’s prisons he found admirable material for his art. Do my readers remember Mr. Micawber’s enthusiasm for the place of his early incarceration? When he appointed the south wall of the King’s Bench prison as a meeting place, he thought of it as a haven of domestic tranquillity and peace of mind. And Copperfield and Traddles discovered their friend standing, with his arms folded, over against the wall, looking at the spikes on the top, with a sentimental expression, as if they were the interlacing boughs of trees that had shaded him in his youth. In the same spirit, the spirit of the artist, not of the reformer, Dickens, I think, looked upon that quiet retreat, where there was no knocker on the door for any creditor to appeal to; where personal service of process was not required, and detainers were merely lodged at the gate. Even if there were anything more swiftly evanescent than the habit of reform we should still prefer not to see the dull uniform of the philanthropist under the gay coat of a master of the revels, and we rejoice to know that the mortal part of his age, with its sermons and its theses, is fading rapidly away, and leaving the image of

* Speech delivered in proposing the toast to the Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens at the Dickens Fellowship Commemoration Banquet at the Connaught Rooms on 7th February last.

Charles Dickens, one of the greatest writers that ever lived, clear and untarnished.

Whence came he? How was his genius fashioned? We know, of course, that Landport in Portsea gave him birth, that he was one of those divine accidents, which the champions of birth control would, if they could, make for ever impossible, that he worked in a blacking factory, and visited his father in prison. These are matters of curiosity. What is really interesting is the ancestry of his mind. Never was a writer less obviously influenced by his surroundings than Dickens. He began to write when Landor and Leigh Hunt, Carlyle and De Quincey, Disraeli and Bulwer Lytton were eminent among English men of letters, and he owed nothing to any one of them. As he has told us in *David Copperfield* he went back into the past for his models and his inspiration. "My father," he wrote in a memorable passage, "had left a small collection of books in a little room upstairs to which I had access (for it adjoined my own) and which nobody else in our house ever troubled. From that blessed little room, 'Roderick Random,' 'Peregrine Pickle,' 'Humphrey Clinker,' 'Tom Jones,' 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' 'Don Quixote,' 'Gil Blas' and 'Robinson Crusoe' came out, a glorious host, to keep me company. They kept alive my fancy and my hope of something beyond the place and time, and they did me no harm." It was, indeed, a glorious company. How should a boy's fancy die, when he found such gallant comrades as these? Though he met in a garret with these heroes for his friends he might happily transcend the limits of time and place.

And they were not his friends merely; they were his instructors as well. They taught him the secrets of their art, and made of him, in an age which had lost the craft, a finished master of the picaresque. He revived the romance of the road in such a high spirit of adventure as had not been known since the time of Smollett. He came into his kingdom from the very first. After the publication of *Pickwick*, a piece of improvisation done to order, his fame and success were never in doubt. There were Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, or Roderick Random and Strap in various guises, and journeying to various ends. Now you may recognise the great examples in Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller, now in Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley, now in Nicholas Nickleby and Smike, taking the road in the right spirit of travellers, and not knowing where night will overtake them. The pursuit of the picaresque, indeed, gave Dickens precisely the chance he wanted. He knew the roads of England as he knew the streets of London, and the life of the country inns, then dying before the approach of the railways, held no secret from him. And how should the journey be dull, which he asked his readers to take with him, when he could invent whatever travelling companions he chose? One day you encounter Mr. Jingle at the "Bull" at Rochester; another you share a beefsteak pudding with Mr. and Mrs. Crummles. And you know as little as did Dickens himself, when he sat down to write, who is waiting for you round the corner.

II.

It is Shakespeare, said Dumas, who after *le bon Dieu* has created the most. And after Shakespeare comes Dickens. The act of creation was normal with him. He invented a world and filled it with men and women, who, before he took his pen in hand, were not. He knew not himself whither they would hurry him. They were at once his creatures and his masters. Real as they seemed to him, and as they seem to us, they were external from the author of their being. One day he cannot ride with Forster, because he has not disposed of Fagin, the Jew, "who is such an out and outer that I don't know what to make of him." And when he is out with a Chuzzlewit, he thus expresses his astonishment: "As to the way in which these characters have opened out," says he, "that is to me one of the most surprising processes of the mind in this sort of invention. Given what one knows, what one does not know springs up; and I am absolutely certain of its being true, as I am of the law of gravitation." Thus Mr. Mould and Mrs. Gamp, Sweedlepipe and Bailey junior, attained their life and immortality.

To Dickens, indeed, it was easier to invent than to observe. He was content if he were true to his own fancy. The men and women of his invention transcended the men and women familiar to his readers, so far as his world transcended theirs. It was not his business to write with his eye upon the object. When he drew his characters after the life, he embroidered them so lavishly that they were seldom recognisable. His mother sat for the portrait of Mrs. Nickleby. Mr. Micawber is a glorified reflection of his father. And they reach us so fantastically transmuted by their son's imagination that we cannot believe in the verisimilitude of their portraits. So it comes about the men and women of Dickens's invention do not grow. Their characters remain unchanged by the impact of others. They seem as though they were struck off at a blow. They resume each one in himself the qualities which have belonged to their profession or their station from the beginning of time. Mrs. Gamp is the eternal midwife as Mr. Mould is the immemorial undertaker. Old Weller is the type and exemplar of all the weather-beaten men who ever sat on a box and loved their jest and their glass. Crummles still lives in our midst, and will perish only with the death of the stage. Podsnap, as he was never young, will never grow old. Pecksniff resumes in his single person the hypocrisies of all the ages. And all these will be remembered for ever as perfect archetypes or models of vice or virtue.

Thus it is that if you compare Dickens with his great contemporaries, Balzac and Stendhal, you might think that he writes with the simplicity of a child, but always of a child of genius. So simple was he that the delicate mysteries and harmonies of human life sometimes escaped him. There are many subjects wherewith Balzac and Stendhal are familiar, of which Dickens has no word to say. Where they plant their feet upon the rock of reality, he is in fairyland. If you compare Todgers's with the *pension* described by Balzac in "Le Pere Goriot," you are sure that Dickens's boarding-house is a

fantasy of his own than that the *pension* of Balzac is painted meticulously from life.

Dickens, then, was a creator, and he brought to this work of creation a passionate and a tireless intensity. Nothing could subdue his force and energy. Mrs. Carlyle said of his face that it was as if made of steel. And when Leigh Hunt first saw him, "what a face is his to meet in a drawing-room," said he, "it has the life and soul in it of fifty human beings." And the brain behind the face did the work of fifty human beings. His prodigality of invention is amazing. He will sketch you a character in such terms as separate it from all others, let it live for a page or two, and then toss it aside for ever. No other writer ever peopled his world with so many diverse beings, exaggerated to the verge of caricature, and thus made more easily memorable. Take a few at random: Flora and Mr. F's aunt; Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness, Jiggers and Wemmick, Micawber and Betsey Trotwood.

Where shall you match them, save with others, created by the same hand and brain?

III.

With an equal intensity Dickens forces inanimate objects into the humour or the tragedy of life. He will endow a house with a soul, or turn it, as he turns Mr. Venus's shop, into force or melodrama at will; and the intensity of his invention is matched by the intensity of his style. In the matter of style, he was no self-tormentor. He knew not the misery which Flaubert willingly endured in his quest for the right word. He let his pen travel as it would across the paper, and wrote as he invented with a kind of passion. The result is that in passages of description his prose is often overcharged and rhetorical, and its rhythm is disturbed by passages of undiscerned blank verse. For all that he has written English with a colour and movement which few have attained to. He was a true master of the English phrase, the English epithet, the English word. When he is at his happiest, what Poe said of Tennyson may be said of him: "So perfect is his rhythmical sense that he seems to see with his ear." In easy narrative he is the apt pupil of Defoe, Smollett, and the others, whose works he was fortunate enough to find in the little room upstairs. He could adapt his style to tragedy, to comedy, or to farce, and the true beat of his genius is shown by the fact that, while in passages of caution, he sometimes loses control of his words, in humour he is never at fault. His style rises always with the occasion. He moves most easily in the midst of his heroic creations. Whenever Mrs. Gamp comes upon the scene, you know that you will hear a prose which is firm, compact, sinewy and sonorous. In her noble speech no syllable is awry. Its syntax has an unimpeachably classical severity; assuredly when Mrs. Gamp guided the pen of Dickens she sternly forbade him the use of rhetoric. The first long speech which she makes is a masterpiece of diction and cadence. "'Mrs. Gamp,' Mrs. Harris says in answer, 'if ever there was a sober creetur to be got at eighteen pence a day for

working people, and three-an-six for gentlefolks'—“‘night watching,’ said Mrs. Gamp, with emphasis, ‘being an extra charge—you are that invaluable person, Mrs. Harris,’ I says to her, ‘don’t name the charge, for if I could afford to lay all my feller creeturs out for nothink, I would gladly do it; sich is the love I bears ’em. But what I always says to them as has the management of matter, Mrs. Harris, be they gents, or be they ladies, is, don’t ask me whether I won’t take none, or whether I will, but leave the bottle on the chimley-piece, and let me put my lips to it when I am so disposed.’”

And if you would catch her off her guard, recall her apostrophe to the little Moulds: “The sweet creeturs! playing at berryin’ down in the shop, and follerin’ the order book to its long home in the safe.” To find a match for Mrs. Gamp, you must look to the highest. It is only in Falstaff himself that you will find her fitting companion. She and the Fat Knight both exceed the normal scale of human life. The prose of Dickens reaches its highest point in the reflections of Mrs. Gamp. The prose of Falstaff is perhaps the noblest prose ever written by an English hand. In portliness of person, in vigour of thought, in splendour of speech, Mrs. Gamp and Falstaff are entitled to the same crown of glory, and they suffer no rivals near their thrones.

IV.

Charles Dickens was a fortunate man. He knocked but once at the door of the Temple of Fame, and it was instantly opened to him. It was not for him to hang about its portals, clamouring for admission. The public which should appreciate his books was ready to his hand. He rose out of the rut of journalism to be the foremost novelist of his time in a few brief months. Even those who, like Sydney Smith, stood out as long as possible were compelled to give in at last. From the first he appealed with equal force to the wise and the simple. While plain people, who confused life with literature went into mourning when Paul Dombey died, austere and learned critics, such as Edgar Allan Poe, Jeffrey and Matthew Arnold, were loud and sincere in praise of his works. “What measures of gaiety, invention, life,” wrote Matthew Arnold of David Copperfield, “what alertness and resource! What a soul of good nature and kindness, governing the whole”! and Poe himself was among the first to bid him welcome on the other side of the Atlantic.

And as Dickens was fortunate in winning a general appreciation, so he was fortunate in speedily acquiring by the only method of hard toil a mastery of his craft. Only six years separate *Martin Chuzzlewit* from *Pickwick*, and what a marvellous advance is there in artistry! His letters show that he was seldom satisfied. To the very end of his life he was testing new methods and discovering fresh secrets. With *Great Expectations* he had discarded the picaresque of his youth, and had learned how to construct an ingenious and a logical plot. Nor did he ever know the misery of decaying powers. Death overtook him with pen in hand, and with the mystery of *Edwin Drood* unrevealed.

He has been dead for fifty years, and he keeps his hold upon the

admiration of the world. Your Dickens Fellowship is of itself evidence of his popularity. Yet there are some who remain without the fold. Not long since a highly distinguished man of letters admitted to me in an after-dinner confidence, that he had never read a line of Dickens. He asked me which of his books I would recommend him for a beginning. I advised him—I hope my advice was sound—to choose *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *Great Expectations*. I know not how he fared in his quest, as little as I knew then whether to congratulate him or to deplore his sad ignorance. On the one hand I reflected that he had lost for many years the companionship of a master. On the other hand, what would not the most of us give to come to-day fresh to the contemplation of Mrs. Gamp and Jefferson Brick, of Miss Havisham and Joe Gargery.

My friend, I hope, is no longer living in outer darkness. And as for Charles Dickens, it was his fate, rare among the fates of men, to be recognised a master in his own age, to remain illustrious in the age that succeeded his, and to go gaily down the ages unquestioned and admired.

DICKENS'S BIRTHDAY

FEBRUARY THE SEVENTH

THE Star of his Nativity
Returns into our sky to-night ;
While all about us seems to be
His presence, bringing joy and light.

The children of his genius—lo
They pass, more real than history's shades ;
Long since we loved them, and they grow
Dearer as fleshly friendship fades.
With us they dwell, so sweetly dim,—
These creatures of Dickensian art ;
From "Sammy" on to "Tiny Tim,"
They daily sing within the heart.

Full-schooled in hardship's academe ;
Sore-chastened as the loved of God ;
He came at last to dream the dream,
And see the glory in the clod.

We are his celebrants—and theirs,
His soul's Immortals. Fervors break
The twelve-month seals, and Memory wears
The red geranium for his sake.

LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN,
President, New York Branch.

CHARLES DICKENS'S BIRTHDAY

COMMEMORATIVE DINNER IN LONDON

THE annual dinner in commemoration of the 111th anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens was held on the 7th February last at the Connaught Rooms, under the auspices of the Dickens Fellowship, with its President, Sir Frederick Macmillan, in the chair, near to whom was Mrs. Alec Waley (*née* Elaine Dickens), grand-daughter of the novelist.

There were over two hundred guests, amongst whom were Lady Macmillan, Earl Beauchamp, Countess Russell, Dowager Lady Hastings, Lady St. Helier, Sir Walter and Lady Lawrence, Sir C. Kinloch Cooke, M.P., Lady Cooke, Mr. Allan Aynesworth, Major Waley, Mr. F. C. Wade, K.C., Mrs. Madge Kendal, Mr. Charles Whibley, Major-General H. S. Neville White, Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Matz, Mr. and Mrs. James MacLehose, Miss MacLehose, Professor W. P. Ker, Mr. H. A. de Colyer, K.C., Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Courtney, Mr. Edward Bell and Miss Bell, Mrs. Stuart Bevan, Sir Chartres Biron, Major-General Sir H. A. Bushman, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dexter, and Mr. (Hon. Secretary) and Mrs. C. H. Green, and other members of the Council of the Fellowship.

The toast of the Immortal Memory of Dickens was proposed by Mr. Charles Whibley, M.A., Hon. Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, whose speech is printed elsewhere in this issue. Of the other tributes made, Sir Chartres Biron, the London magistrate, who spoke of Dickens's plots, drew a comparison between the author and Balzac, whom he thought most closely resembled Dickens in treatment and method. In speaking of the characters, he signalled out Pecksniff for special praise, and incidentally remarked that he did not think Dickens had any particular love for magistrates. The only passage he could find in favour of them was "a vague and obviously despairing hope that some day even magistrates might be taught to shake hands with common sense and justice."

Professor W. P. Ker, of All Souls, Oxford, in a brief speech, incidentally mentioned a grievance against Dickens in that *Edwin Drood* was left unfinished. He thought that Sam Weller must have spent some time in Oxford, on the ground that he was so well acquainted with logic; that the Germans had done a good deal for the study of Dickens. He also expressed the opinion that Mr. Micawber represents a Scottish genius, and told the following anecdote from R. L. Stevenson in support of it: A friend was talking to Stevenson about Shakespeare, and about the casual ways of John Shakespeare, William's father. "That proves to me," Stevenson said, "what I always suspected—that Shakespeare belonged to the clan of the MacMicawber."

Sir Walter Lawrence, Bart., G.C.V.O., C.B., in proposing the toast of the Chairman, referred to the speech made at the cricket dinner at Dingley Dell. I will not take you through the speech, he said, but I would ask you to remember the peroration Have you never heard of Dumkins and determination? Have you never been taught to associate the name of Podder with property? Well, I should like

to associate the honoured name of Macmillan with Memorials. He has got plenty of determination, as Dumkins had, and I hope he has got plenty of property as Podder had !

It seems to me a scandal that the great genius, our great master, of whom Mr. Whibley has given us so wonderful an analysis, here in this town which always meant so much to him, is without a local habitation. May I ask you to consider this point ? Hundreds and hundreds of thousands of people come to London. Do you suppose they come here on business ? Many people will tell you that they do not come here on business. They come here simply to see the land of Charles Dickens. Think of what we owe to Charles Dickens. We are going to pay our debt to America, but we shall never be able to pay our debt to Charles Dickens. And so, I implore you, talk to your friends, talk and talk, and bring them in to swell our subscription towards the noble idea that our President has taken in hand for us and has started.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, again reverting to dear Dingley Dell, I will ask you to surround with a halo of enthusiastic cheering, not the united names of Dumkins and Podder, but the united names of Sir Frederick Macmillan and Lady Macmillan.

Sir Frederick Macmillan, in his reply, said : Sir Walter Lawrence, I thank you very heartily, you, Sir Walter, for the very kind terms in which you have proposed my health, and you, ladies and gentlemen, for the musical and very enthusiastic manner in which you have drunk it. I need not say that I am very proud to be the President for the year of the Dickens Fellowship, and it has given me the very greatest pleasure to preside at this dinner to-night. I won't keep you long, but I would just like to say how greatly I have enjoyed being here, and that I think we may congratulate ourselves upon having a most satisfactory and agreeable dinner.

As you know, this dinner is to celebrate the 111th anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens, and it is given by the Dickens Fellowship, which exists to keep alive the memory of Dickens and to encourage the study of his works. The Dickens Fellowship is a very large body, consisting of many thousands of persons in all parts of the world, not only in London, which is our Headquarters, but there are over fifty different branches in America, and in the Colonies of the Dominions, and some very important ones in England, all of which are devoted to the study of the works of Charles Dickens and keeping alive his memory.

Sir Walter Lawrence has alluded briefly to the great scheme that we have on hand, which he said I have taken up. But, really, it was no scheme of mine ; I came into it. The scheme was taken up by the Committee of the Dickens Fellowship, and I merely rolled in just about the right moment. I do not want to take any credit to myself for which I am not entitled. But I was very glad indeed to be able to give my assistance towards starting the scheme for taking a house in London as the Headquarters of this great Organisation. It did seem rather absurd that the Dickens Fellowship, which has been in

existence for over twenty years, should have the name, but no local habitation. And it so happened that there came into the market a house closely associated with Charles Dickens, Number 48 Doughty Street, the very first house that Dickens took after his marriage, where he lived for several years, and in which he wrote many of his early and important works. It seemed, therefore, most appropriate that this house, which is so closely connected with his early life and his work, should be the site fixed upon for the Headquarters of the Dickens Fellowship. And some active members of our body were able to secure the freehold of this house, and thus prevented its being demolished.

We have, therefore, started a scheme which will involve the expenditure of several thousand pounds for purchasing this Dickens house, which will be the Headquarters and centre of the Dickens Fellowship in the world. This, I am very happy to say, is not one of those dinners where you are asked to subscribe afterwards, and I am only talking about it because this is an excellent opportunity of letting people know what is going on. We have made, so far, very little public appeal for funds, though certainly we have written to our Vice-Presidents and a few well-known friends of the Society, and have made a very fair start. But we feel sure that when, as it will be immediately, the appeal is made to all the members of the Dickens Fellowship in the different branches in all parts of the world, that the few thousand pounds necessary for the purchase of the house and setting it in order, will be obtained without very much difficulty; because a very small subscription from each member of the Fellowship all over the world would put the scheme on its legs without any difficulty at all. Up to the present time, I believe, we have received something like £500, and so far no very widespread appeal has been made.

We have another connection with the great man whose memory we honour. I should like to thank, very heartily, Mrs. Waley, his grand-daughter, for the very charming musical performance she gave just now. And I will finish by reading a letter, a poetical epistle, which I have received from another member of the Dickens family—my very old friend, Mrs. Perugini. Mrs. Perugini, as you know, is the Life President of this Association, and she wishes very much that her health would allow her to be here to-night, but that is out of the question. Therefore, she has sent a letter. I do not know what the elder Mr. Weller would have said if he read it, because it is in poetry.

To Sir FREDERICK MACMILLAN, *President*,
And the Members of The Dickens Fellowship.

All those who dine with you to-night,
Whether they play, speak, or recite,
Will doubtless raise a glass of wine
To memory—we all hold fine;
When by my fire I sit and drink
To him,—in cheerless toast and water,
You may be sure that I shall think
Of mirth, that flows from your glad quarter:
And dearly would I like to stand

And shake each kind guest by the hand ;
 For love is theirs, who love that one,—
 Whose mem'ry means : great work well done.

I beg to sign myself sincerely
 Your grateful friend,

KATE PERUGINI.

February 7th, 1923.

Later in the evening, Sir Frederick proposed a special toast to Mrs. Perugini. He said : Before we go any further, there is one thing I should like to ask you to do. I did not like to do it at the end of my speech, because I was thanking you for drinking my own health. But I should like, before the evening goes any further, to ask you to drink to the health of Mrs. Perugini, our Life President, and the gracious lady whose letter I had the pleasure of reading just now. I am aware that many of you know her well, and all know her by reputation as a gracious, charming woman, who is the daughter of Charles Dickens, and one who has taken the greatest interest in this Fellowship from the start, and who so kindly wished us a happy evening to-night. Therefore, I should like to ask you, ladies and gentlemen, to raise your glasses and drink to the good health and continued happiness of Mrs. Perugini.

During the evening, in addition to Mrs. Alec Waley's charming solos on the violin, songs were sung by Miss Ida Moriarty and Mr. Murray Ashford, a solo was given by Mr. T. W. Hill on the piano, and a recital of "Bob Sawyer's Party" by Mr. John A. Stelling.

The whole arrangements for the dinner were excellent, and carried out without a hitch, reflecting great credit on the Hon. Secretary, Mr. C. H. Green.

A very handsome souvenir programme was presented to each guest. It comprised twenty pages of pictures associated with *Oliver Twist*, and included Cruikshank's portrait of the novelist (1836) ; a facsimile page of the manuscript ; a reproduction of the cover of the original parts ; illustrations of 48 Doughty Street, of pictures by Cruikshank and Phiz, and a portrait of Cruikshank. Printed on 4to paper with a geranium-coloured cover, it formed a unique memento of the event. We understand a few copies remain for sale, and can be secured from the Hon. Secretary, post free for 2s.

DICKENS FROM DAY TO DAY

Compiled by A. E. B. C.

"Nothing could be more appropriate than a Dickens Museum in the very house where *Pickwick* was written."—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

"London has already memorials of Carlyle and of Johnson. . . . It was time that Dickens should be given a like honour." *Daily Telegraph*.

We do not think that Ideal Wives can be "turned out" by any fixed curriculum, or that foolish "little women," of the type of the

very lovable Dora of *David Copperfield*, will be less foolish if they think themselves very learned.

They *might* only add conceit to foolishness. The uneducated Dora, though silly, was at least charming and modest.—*Sunday Pictorial*, 3rd December, 1922.

The Town Clerk of Hartlepool is compiling a list of householders willing to "take in visitors." *Pickwick* might not have been so badly taken in if Mrs. Bardell's lodgings had been under municipal supervision.—*North Eastern Gazette*, 16th December, 1922.

"My note is not infallible," said the Common Serjeant, yesterday, "although I have the authority of the notable judge who tried 'Bardell v. *Pickwick*' for saying that you cannot get over a judge's note."—*Evening News*, 25th November, 1922.

Described as "a modern Fagin with a modern Fagin's kitchen," Percy Brown, aged 25, a cripple, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment at Birkenhead yesterday for theft and receiving.—*Daily News*, 8th December, 1922.

..... since the fun of a discovery lies in the making of it I shall remain happy and unashamed even if I turn out to be in no better case than was Mr. *Pickwick* in the historic instance of "Bill Stumps—his mark."—*Country Life*, 30th December, 1922.

Dr. Marjorie Harcourt appeared at Bloomsbury County Court yesterday and insisted on reading a long passage of *Martin Chuzzlewit* to the judge. She was applying for the judge to strike out the defence entered by a tenant in an action she had brought to recover £100 rent.

Dr. Harcourt: I will read a passage from *Martin Chuzzlewit* to you.

Judge Bray: You will not.

Dr. Harcourt: Why cannot I read it?

Judge: Because it is absolutely irrelevant.

Dr. Harcourt: I am going to read it.

Registrar: You will not read it if the Judge says you will not be allowed to do so.

Judge: I don't want to listen to a speech by Martin Chuzzlewit.

Dr. Harcourt: The language is more expressive than any I can lay claim to.

Judge: Oh, very well. Perhaps if it will shorten your remarks you had better read it.

Dr. Harcourt proceeded to read a long passage from Dickens' novel.—*Daily News*, 8th January, 1923.

What is the simplest passage in any standard English author? A correspondent claims that he has found it in Dickens (*Christmas Stories*, Gadshill Edition, page 382). It is made up of 24 consecutive words of not more than three letters:

..... but you can not. Or you may go as far as to say you do, but you do not. Nor yet can you lay (down)—*Daily News*, 9th January, 1923.

The annoyance of restrictions and unexpected charges on his belongings will keep many a man at home who would otherwise set out on travel with all the exuberance of a *Pickwick* party.—*Pall Mall Gazette*, 11th January, 1923.

The tramp of *Oliver Twist* to London is recalled by the adventures of Stanley Farmer, aged 15, an orphan, who is now in Peterborough Workhouse. He walked from Liverpool to London and then to Peterborough, and was found sleeping by the roadside outside that city.—*Daily News*, 13th January, 1923.

It is curious that another well-established relic of the Vikings, the pronouncing of W as V, as in *Sam Veller*, dropped out suddenly about fifty years ago, though the h's are still dropped as much as ever.—*Daily News*, 25th January, 1923.

Everything changes—even that granite-like institution, the Bar. Now an Indian woman is called. Serjeant Ballantyne would not have liked it; and what Mr. Wemmick would have heard from Mr. Jagers about women practising in the courts can be imagined.—*Evening News*, 27th January, 1923.

There may be no Quilps smoking and singing hoarsely to themselves in desolate London outhouses to-day. The whole Weller and Micawber families may be extinct—though who believes it? It may be impossible for mortal eye to catch any more the glimmer of Mr. Pickwick's white gaiters hurrying along the Strand, or to hear in any law court the thundering of Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz. There may be no horrible old man to burst out on any forlornly wandering boy with an "Oh, my liver and lights. Oh, goroo, goroo." But the stuff out of which these were made remains. There is no reasonable doubt that modern life is as infinitely various as ever life was.—From a Leading Article in *Daily News*, 27th February, 1923.

"It was the rule," added the Judge, "which kept Mr. Pickwick out of the witness-box in Mrs. Bardell's action against him."—*Daily Mirror*, 2nd March, 1923.

"But for the rest, Our Road might be called "Nirvana, S.W.," and say as Mr. Pecksniff seemed to do—"a holy calm pervades me."—*The Nation*, 3rd March, 1923.

"At first he (Lord Osborne) seems to be a trial sketch for Darcy; later on he shows affinities with Lord Frederick Verisopht."—*The Nation*, 3rd March, 1923.

Arles, if it were in England, would be called Micawber Town, for it is the town where everyone is waiting for something to turn up.—*Among French Folk*, by W. BRANCH JOHNSON.

IN PRAISE OF PECKSNIFF*

By W. H. LOWRY

THE charges against Mr. Pecksniff may be briefly formulated under three heads:

- (1) That he was addicted to drunkenness.
- (2) That he was incompetent in his profession.
- (3) That he was a hypocrite.

As regards the first charge, he lived in the day of three-bottle men, who had very few of the creature comforts that are ours to-day. We have only to reflect on the amenities of civilization, which are the product of the time since when the book was written, to realize for instance that ginger pop would be a poor substitute for "dog's nose" after a night in a coach with its jolts and jars and its downy carpet of wet straw. What Mr. Pecksniff drank, he drank in fellowship, and when he drank to excess, as he did at Todgers's, it was because he was a man who soon became popular, and as a fond father overjoyed at

* Paper read at the Dickens Fellowship Meeting in the Old Hall, Lincoln's Inn, on 1st December, 1922. It was awarded first prize by the audience.

the attentions paid to his daughters in the sphere to which he had introduced them. We may well leave it at that.

We now consider the charge of incompetence in his profession. The first witness is the Author himself :—

“ There were cases on record in which the masterly introduction of a back window had made the design of a pupil Mr. Pecksniff's own work and had brought substantial rewards into that gentleman's pocket.”

One may emphasize the words “ substantial rewards,” from which it may be inferred that the designs in question were very successful indeed, and if we are to believe that the merit was in the original ideas and not in the finished work, we can only reply that there must have been an extraordinary portion of genius in the pupils who came to study architecture with Mr. Pecksniff, or they had profited rapidly as a result of the instruction given by their mentor !

The other witness against him is Young Martin, and his evidence is as follows :—

“ My grammar school—I invented it. I did it all. He has only put four windows in, the villain, and spoilt it.”

Now this prize that Mr. Pecksniff had gained was in open competition with the foremost architects of the day, and we can only assume that he was awarded it by a competent body of experts, and if the design had been spoilt by the addition of four windows, is it not most probable that their practised eyes would have detected the defect ?

So that in this charge we have in Mr. Pecksniff's favour the sound considered opinion of a body of experts, while against him we have the querulous complaint of a disappointed, disgruntled youth who had made a failure of everything he put his hand to, who borrowed money from his servant, paying him ill-temper instead of ha'pence for interest, who never practised as an architect, and whose ability in that profession rests only on his own unsubstantiated assertion.

By every rule of evidence, then, we cannot give credence to this youth, but must accept the encomiums that had been lavished on Mr. Pecksniff, this man of a master mind, who, with his magic touch, transformed the crude efforts of his pupils into works of genius. We must feel that the member for the Gentlemanly Interest was indeed honoured in his company and endorse the popular estimate of him as an ornament to his profession and the worthy recipient of the high honours bestowed upon him.

The charge of hypocrisy must depend upon two things : the nature of the man himself and the nature of those who bring such a charge. Mr. Pecksniff himself was a typically solid, fairly substantial, middle-class man, somewhat florid in his speech, of studied formalism, and a determination to do all things decently and in order, a pillar of piety in the religious community, a man who had acquired a comfortable competence by his industry and ability. Just the man, and just the qualities calculated to engender envy among those people with whom he came into contact !

And who were his traducers? His relatives in the early part of the book, a lot of most unpleasant wolves among whom Pecksniff shines by comparison, and stands four square as a tower of virtue. With young Martin we have already dealt; but we may instance as further light on his character Tom Pinch's uncomfortable trap ride and the small share of the fire he got; also Martin's selfish petulance when Mark wanted to help fellow travellers on the boat. These show the boorish snob whose testimony is discounted before it is uttered. Of the others, old Martin was a self-confessed hypocrite; Jonas was a murderer, Montague Tigg a swindler. In short, we may say that those of Pecksniff's traducers who were not criminals were snobs and hypocrites. A fine body of evidence this! One would not hang a dog on it.

Pecksniff did not love money for its own sake, but rather for the power it gave him to further the interests of his beloved daughters. To poor Mercy he gave a dowry of £4000. Would many fathers do as much? For the black ingratitude shown by his other daughter after she had seen this evidence of his generosity, we can only say that the acidulated abbreviation of her name more aptly described her nature than did her baptismal cognomen.

Against all this jaundiced testimony, we may place the most reliable evidence of all in this connection—a woman's intuition! To the fair sex—God bless them—it is granted to see through the shams and tangled motives with which men surround themselves, as many of us know to our cost. And when that angel of avoirdupois, Mrs. Lupin, found herself in difficulty, with an unerring instinct she turned to Mr. Pecksniff, and she did not appeal in vain. She knew that his presence radiated comfort and confidence, and she was right in her judgment of him, for he responded at once to her call; without considering his personal comfort, he came to give what help he could to one who, as far as he knew, was a complete stranger. Again we see him undertaking a message from Tom Pinch to his sister, and we admire his equanimity under the studied insolence of the brassfounder's family. We know these "nouveaux riches," their lineal descendants are with us in the war profiteers of to-day.

And so we take leave of Seth Pecksniff, this fine type of a good old English gentleman, and not the least lovable of the creations of the master novelist. He was a man with his faults and foibles, a man with his little human weaknesses and failures, which were, after all, virtues carried to excess. Here was a kind, loving father, respected by his neighbours, honoured by those in his chosen profession who were competent to judge him. He stands a giant among the pygmies that surrounded him. Taking him all in all we feel that, as our considered judgment upon him, we can, with our hands upon our hearts echo the sentiments of the literary gentleman of Todgers's:

"All hail to the vessel of Pecksniff the sire!

And favouring breezes to fan;

While Tritons flock round it and proudly admire

The architect, artist and Man!"

THE DICKENS HOUSE

THE NATION'S TRIBUTE TO DICKENS'S MEMORY

THE scheme for the purchase and endowment of Dickens's house at 48 Doughty Street, referred to in our last issue, has now taken definite form, and a general appeal is being made to lovers of Dickens the world over to contribute to the fund inaugurated by Sir Frederick Macmillan, in order that the Council's object may be speedily realised.

That object may again be briefly stated.

Dickens was born at Portsmouth, and the house he was born in was acquired by the Corporation of that town, and is now a Dickens Museum, preserved to his memory. He loved and wrote about Rochester, and the authorities of that city have acquired a house which he immortalized there, and have preserved it in his name as a public museum. Other cities and places have done similar things in honour of England's great novelist.

Although not a Londoner by birth, Dickens made London his home for the greater part of his life, and made the city the pivot of all his stories, and chose most of his characters from its streets. London, the city he loved most of all, the city from which his name is so inseparable, and which still possesses imperishable associations with his life and work, has done no such honour to him. The Dickens Fellowship has determined to remove this slight on the name and person of the greatest of Victorians, who also was one of the greatest Londoners. It has therefore secured the freehold of the house he lived in at 48 Doughty Street, and now appeals to all Dickensians, whether members of the Fellowship or not, to come forward and assist it to raise the necessary funds to complete the purchase, to equip it as a Dickens Library, Picture Gallery and Museum, and to establish it as a centre for all lovers of Dickens throughout the world, in a manner worthy of his universal popularity.

The sum immediately required is £4,500. When that is raised, a further sum of five or six thousand pounds will be necessary to endow the premises.

The first appeal for funds was made by Sir Frederick Macmillan to Past and Vice-Presidents of the Fellowship, and to Presidents of Branches. The result of his efforts, which he announced at the Birthday Dinner, amounted to close upon £500. Other sums have been received from readers of *The Dickensian*, bringing the amount to time of going to press to £723 2s. 3d. independent of Branches.

The Dickens Fellowship now makes its universal appeal to everybody. It would much rather say to future generations that the sum was subscribed by 100,000 lovers of Dickens, than that only 500 found the money. Therefore, whatever sum is given, it will be welcome. If you cannot afford to pay in full money value for all the pleasure and profit you have derived from reading Dickens's books, give what you can afford.

Think of what Scotland has done in this way for her national poet, Burns !

Shall not England do a similarly honourable service for her national novelist, Dickens?

Those of our readers who belong to Branches should send their donations to their own Secretary, in order to swell the Branch's fund. There is nothing like competition. Let every Branch of the Fellowship strive to outdo the others. That is not only a healthy and an exciting task, but one that will have good results for the general fund. The Fellowship has more than one scheme in hand for raising the money, and if any reader is willing to help, will he or she send to the Hon. Secretary, The Dickens Fellowship, 14 Clifford's Inn, E.C.4, for particulars?

THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE FELLOWSHIP FALLS ON THE 6TH OF OCTOBER, 1923.

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Mr. C. Barton-Smith ...	1	0	0	Miss D. J. Johnson ...	1	1	0
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Miss E. Oliver ...	0	10	0				
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Mrs. J. Buckingham ...	1	10	0				
Miss R. S. Tidswell ...	0	2	6				
Mrs. A. Nevill ...	1	1	0				
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Mrs. B. Strong ...	1	0	0				
Major Walter Rowley ...	1	0	0				
Mrs. R. M. Mitchell and Friend ...	0	7	6				
Mrs. Jane D'Ammann ...	0	10	6				
Miss D. J. Jaffe ...	1	1	0				
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Mr. and Mrs. J. Swift			
(Vice-President)	3	3	0
Mr. John Harwood			
(Past-President)	0	10	0
Mr. Ben H. Mullen			
(Past-President)	2	0	0
Mr. J. D. Dickens			
(Vice-President)	2	2	0
Mrs. Laurence Clay ...	1	0	0
	23	15	0

Hackney (1st Instalment)—

Mr. W. Miller	1	1	0
Mrs. Wynne	1	1	0
Miss K. Benjamin	0	10	6
Mrs. and Miss Baker	0	10	6
Miss M. Catchpole	0	10	0
Miss Atkinson	0	10	0
Mr. and Miss Hannard	0	10	0
Anon. ...	0	5	0
Miss E. Child	0	5	0
Mr. J. H. McNulty	0	5	0
Miss Pepper	0	5	0
Miss Shepherd	0	5	0
Miss Richardson	0	2	6
Mrs. Turner	0	2	6
Mr. H. C. Michell	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. E. McNulty	0	1	0
Anon. ...	0	0	6
	6	7	0

Rochester (1st instalment) ...

Hull (1st instalment) ...

Portsmouth (1st instalment) ...

St. Pancras (first Instalment)—

Mr. J. Winbolt	1	0	0
Mr. W. J. Roffey	1	0	0
Miss R. Whittaker	1	0	0
Miss L. Godfree	1	0	0
Mr. A. W. Wickens	0	14	0
Miss D. L. Minards	0	7	6
Mr. S. J. Rust	2	2	0
Miss L. E. Parker	1	1	0
Miss M. E. Theweneti	1	1	0
Miss V. Hunt	0	10	6
Miss Froud	0	10	6
Nat. Union of Women			
Teachers ...	3	3	0
	13	9	

READ WHAT OTHERS THINK.

"All Dickens lovers will be interested to learn of the fund which has just been started to purchase and endow the Dickens House at No. 48 Doughty Street. The President of the Fund, it is fitting to mention, is Sir Frederick Macmillan, the eminent publisher, who is also President of the Dickens Fellowship for the present season. The close connection between the great firm, of which Sir Frederick is the head, and Charles Dickens makes his appeal the more weighty and interesting."—*The Sphere*.

"The Dickens Fellowship, amid general applause, has announced its purchase of the house at 48 Doughty Street, which it intends to restore, endow and equip as a museum."—*Christian Science Monitor*.

"If we don't do something about it we may wake up one morning to find an American has arranged to take it, brick by brick, to New York—and we shall deserve it."—*Gentlewoman*.

"I confess that the idea appeals to me. I hope Sir Frederick Macmillan may drop across a millionaire with an enthusiasm for Dickens who will feel sufficiently rewarded by having his name associated with so good a project."—CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

"'Breathes there a man (or woman) with soul so dead,' whose heart does not leap at the thought that he, or she, may play a part in this wonderful plan? I am sure, throughout the length and breadth of my land are many who will gladly grasp the chance—I had almost said *grab*!"—Mrs. NEWCOMER of New York.

"This is not only a privilege, but a duty, a bounden duty. How can you ever again take down one of the master's books if you have not made some contribution to this cause? . . . Let New York go over the top with flying colours and enthusiasm for the august memory of the greatest writer of fiction of all times."—*American Dickensian*.

"I sincerely hope that the scheme proposed will be able to be carried out in its entirety, as it must tend to still greater appreciation of the great qualities of Charles Dickens, and will be the means of bringing together lovers of his works. I hope subscriptions will come in abundantly."—E. T. WARD.

"I enclose £5 with great pleasure, and hope your appeal will have a great success. But it surely must."—ROBERT HICHENS.

"I am fully in accord with the scheme, and it will receive my hearty co-operation. . . . I am adding my donation to the list of the City Pickwick Club."—ALDERMAN SIR JAMES ROLL.

"I yield to no one in my admiration of the great author, to whom I had the honour and privilege of being introduced when I was a boy, and I cordially hope that you will be able to carry out your excellent scheme to a successful conclusion. I wish that the enclosed cheque could be for a larger amount."—SIR GEORGE ANDERSON CRITCHELL, Bt.

"I have pleasure in enclosing a cheque for seventy guineas from some of the members of the City Pickwick Club. I sincerely hope that ultimately you will secure the necessary funds to enable you to place our master's old home on a sound financial basis so that it will remain an everlasting London Memorial."—C. S. GOODWIN, *Hon. Secretary*.

THE LITTLE WOODEN MIDSHIPMAN

By ROLAND CORTHELL

GREAT novelists breathe the breath of life into their characters. They live; they move; they have their being before the reader. They join the company of one's personal friends or enemies, and it becomes difficult to discriminate between the two. They are not imaginary. They are real. Not so the men and women that the commonplace writer summons from the storehouse of his fancy. They *look* like human beings, but they prove to be painted on the canvas of the fancy, or they are automaton, or, at the best, shadowy beings on the border land between real life and dream life.

Has any author surpassed Charles Dickens in this creative power, this power to conceive of a man, a woman or child and clothe this new-born spirit with flesh, to really add thus to the number of the reader's acquaintances and make him forget that he is reading fiction and not biography? In fact, are not David Copperfield, Mr. Micawber, James Steerforth, Peggotty, Lizzie Hexam, Jenny Wren, Captain Cuttle, Sidney Carton, Barnaby Rudge, Oliver Twist and many, many more, indeed, more substantial, more vital, more alive than many people we know?

But what shall we say of the novelist that not only has this creative power in the realm of humanity, but can even take a block of senseless wood and so saturate and vivify it with his genius that it becomes to us as real as any of the human beings who live in the writer's story? He has accomplished the miraculous, and Pygmalion and Galatea have been equalled, if not surpassed. This Dickens does when, in *Dombey and Son*, he breathes upon the little wooden midshipman over the door of old Uncle Sol's nautical store, and he becomes a MAN.

Do you remember how, before you hardly knew it, you were pitying the little fellow, exposed to cold winds, wintry storms, blazing heat and long nights of darkness? Did you not admire his courage and fidelity as every day in the long years found him at the post of duty, never flinching, and never sleeping? He really becomes a character in the story, and somehow one would miss him from the *dramatis personae* as one would Captain Cuttle, Cleopatra, Carker, Edith, Miss Nipper, Mr. Toots, Walter Gay or Florence Dombey herself. There are sixty-five allusions to the little wooden midshipman in *Dombey and Son*, as follows: one in the preface, five in the titles of chapters and fifty-nine in the story itself. He is characterized once as a *little timber midshipman*, once as *the woodenest of midshipmen*, once as *the unfortunate midshipman*, once as *the insensible midshipman*, once as *the hard-hearted midshipman*, twelve times as *the little midshipman*, twenty times as *the wooden midshipman*, and twenty-two times as simply *the midshipman*. In chapter four, Solomon Gills, the owner of the hero of this paper, is spoken of as "the sole master and proprietor of one of these effigies, of that which might be called familiarly the woodenest of that which thrust itself out above the pavement, right leg foremost, with a suavity the least endurable, and had the shoe buckles and flapped waistcoat

the least reconcilable to human reason, and bore at its right eye the most offensively disproportionate piece of machinery" (which we are told later was a quadrant).

In Chapter XIX. we read :—



J. W. NORIE'S NAVAL ACADEMY, LEADENHALL STREET, SHOWING
THE LITTLE WOODEN MIDSHIPMAN AS HE WAS IN 1825

From an engraving of the time

The Wooden Midshipman at the Instrument-maker's door, like the hard-hearted little midshipman he was, remained supremely indifferent to Walter's going away, even when the very last day of his sojourn in the back parlour was on the decline. With his quadrant at his round black knob of an eye, and his figure in its old attitude of indomitable alacrity, the midshipman displayed his elfin small-clothes

to the best advantage, and absorbed in scientific pursuits, had no sympathy with worldly concerns. He was so far the creature of circumstances, that a dry day covered him with dust, and a misty day peppered him with little bits of soot, and a wet day brightened up his tarnished uniform for the moment, and a very hot day blistered him; but otherwise he was a callous, obdurate, conceited midshipman, intent of his own discoveries, and caring as little for what went on about him, terrestrially, as Archimedes at the taking of Syracuse.

Such a midshipman he seemed to be, at least, in the then position of domestic affairs. Walter eyed him kindly many a time in passing in and out; and poor old Sol, when Walter was not there, would come and lean against the door-post, resting his weary wig as near the shoe-buckles of the guardian genius of his trade and shop as he could. But no fierce idol with a mouth from ear to ear, and a murderous visage made of parrot's feathers, was ever more indifferent to the appeals of its savage votaries, than was the midshipman to these marks of attachment.

In the last chapter we read, "And how goes the wooden midshipman in these changed days. Why, here he still is, right leg foremost, hard at work upon the hackney coaches, and more on the alert than ever, being newly painted from his cocked hat to his buckled shoes, and up above him, in golden characters, these names shine refulgent, GILLS AND CUTTLE. The captain is as satisfied of the midshipman's importance to the commerce and navigation of the country as he could possibly be if no ship left the Port of London without the midshipman's assistance."

There is a reference to this same wooden midshipman in *The Uncommercial Traveller*, where Dickens says: "My day's no-business beckoning me to the east-end of London I had turned my face to that point of the Metropolitan compass on leaving Covent Garden, and had got past my Little Wooden Midshipman, after affectionately patting him on one leg of his knee-shorts, for old acquaintance sake"

This woodenest of effigies used to take his observations from over the door of J. W. Norie's Naval Academy which originally was located in Leadenhall Street, a picture of which is here presented. It still exists and has its habitation in the shop of Messrs. Norie and Wilson, 156 Minories, E., sacredly protected from the atmosphere of London's smoke and fog.

VICTORIAN WRITERS

AMONG the authors included in "Stories of the Victorian Writers," by Mrs. Hugh Walker,* Dickens naturally finds a place. As the volume comprises only one hundred pages, and eleven distinguished Victorians are dealt with, the treatment of each obviously is very brief. Mrs. Walker does not seem to have succeeded, so far as Dickens is concerned, at any rate, in her aim "to induce those readers who are not already familiar with the great Victorians to seek at least a bowing acquaintance with them and their works." Indeed, we cannot conceive anyone doing so in nine small pages. S. W.

* Cambridge University Press. 5s. net.

"A SLEDGE-HAMMER BLOW"

HOW "THE CHIMES" CAME TO BE WRITTEN THE SOURCE OF DICKENS'S INSPIRATION

By J. W. T. LEY

I.

RECENTLY Lord Riddell had a very interesting article in "John o'London's Weekly" entitled "Problems of the Future." His lordship was dealing with social conditions and the work of the late Mr. George Cadbury, the founder of the famous garden city at Bournville. He recalled what led to Mr. Cadbury's scheme, and pointed to the General Report on the Sanitary Conditions of the Labouring Population of Great Britain, presented to Parliament in 1842, which he described as "a remarkable document written by a remarkable man—Sir Edwin Chadwick." "In 1843," Lord Riddell recalled: "Chadwick wrote another report dealing with the practice of interment in towns, in which he showed the evils of burial-grounds situated in thick populated areas, and of the national customs regarding funerals." And then we read: "Charles Dickens was horrified, and wrote (March 6, 1843) to Dr. Southwood Smith, Chadwick's chief coadjutor, of whom more hereafter:—

"I am so perfectly stricken down by the Blue Book you have sent me that I think of writing and bringing out a very cheap pamphlet called 'An Appeal to the People of England on behalf of the Poor Man's Child,' with my name attached of course. I should be very glad to take counsel with you in the matter and to receive any suggestions from you in reference to it."

On March 10th, 1843, he again wrote:

"Don't be frightened when I tell you that reasons have presented themselves for deferring the production of that pamphlet. I am not at liberty to explain them further just now; but rest assured that when you know them, and see what I do, and where and how, you will certainly feel that a sledge-hammer has come down with twenty times the force—twenty thousand times the force—which I could exert by following out my first idea. Even so recently as when I wrote to you the other day I had not contemplated the means I shall now, please God, use. But they have been suggested to me; and I have girded myself for their seizure—as you shall see in due time."

Lord Riddell added: "What the sledge-hammer was I do not know."

II.

It is quite an interesting question, and though it may be impossible to be quite positive, one feels that here is the conception of a famous book. It happens, of course, that Southwood Smith was a great friend of Dickens's for years. In those days there were few Dickens liked better. So, early as 1841 we find the novelist writing with

reference to an official paper on child-labour, and saying, "As I hear from Southwood Smith that the report cannot be printed until the new Parliament has sat at the least six weeks, it will be impossible to produce it before the January number." He was referring to *Master Humphrey's Clock*, which did not survive until January, 1842, so that that report never appeared therein.

But Dickens's interest in all questions of social reform is well known. How he helped the great Lord Shaftesbury, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and others in their efforts to ameliorate the lot of the poor is well known. We may be sure that his regard for Southwood Smith was at least partially engendered by this fellow-feeling.

So we come to 1843. At first sight the dates of the letters quoted by Lord Riddell may not seem to agree with my theory, but I think that is really a small point, and at any rate they scarcely contradict it. What was that "sledge-hammer"? The expression is suggestive. To anyone who has studied Dickens's life two words occur to the mind instantly—*The Chimes*. But *The Chimes* was not published until Christmas, 1844. How then? Let us look at the history of those two or three years. In 1842 Dickens paid his memorable visit to America. Upon his return he commenced *Martin Chuzzlewit*, which was published in monthly parts. He was amazed, and considerably disturbed by the fact that the sale of the parts fell short of his previous experience. His biographer (John Forster) says:—

Active as he had been in the now ending year, and great as were its varieties of employment, his genius in its highest mood, his energy unwearied in good work, and his capacity for enjoyment without limit, he was able to signalise its closing months by an achievement supremely fortunate, which but for disappointments the year had also brought might never have been thought of.

Then Forster tells the well-known story of how, finding in the late autumn that the *Chuzzlewit* sales were disappointing, he commenced and finished before the end of November *A Christmas Carol*.

That masterpiece was written in the leisure from writing two numbers of *Chuzzlewit*. The common idea is that, inspired by the success of that first Christmas book, he followed it with *The Chimes* in the following year, and that in turn with others. Suppose that be but a half truth? First, let his interest in questions of social reform be emphasised. Everybody knows it, but let the point be borne particularly in mind for the moment. He had shown it in *Pickwick*, in *Oliver Twist*, in *Nicholas Nickleby*. On the comparatively minor point of the absurdity of the then prevalent funeral trappings he had revealed his feelings in *Pickwick*, *Oliver Twist* and *Chuzzlewit*. Busy with *Chuzzlewit*, he received early in 1843 Southwood Smith's report. He made up his mind spontaneously to deal with the subject. His first thought was a pamphlet, but he was busy with *Chuzzlewit*. Then came the notion that he might deal more effectively with the subject in a novel—as he had dealt with the Poor-law, the Yorkshire schools, etc. *Chuzzlewit* had to be finished first, however, and suddenly he was faced by the comparative failure of that book, and the urgent

need—so to speak—of balancing the year's accounts. So he wrote the *Carol*. Why did he not write *The Chimes*? asks someone. The answer is easy. He found the subject difficult to shape out. We shall see in a moment that, when he did come to write *The Chimes*, he found it the most difficult of all his books on which to "get going." Something had to be done at once. The matter was urgent. He had an inspiration, and he wrote the *Carol* at fever heat.

III.

Dickens abandoned the idea of a pamphlet in favour of a novel. He was busy with *Chuzzlewit*; he rushed off the *Carol* in a month or so. The year was gone and *Chuzzlewit* still had to complete its course. That finished, the Christmas of 1844 was looming ahead. The success of that first Christmas book called for a successor. What should be the subject? Why, there was the subject waiting! But how to "get at it" was a puzzle. Never was he bothered so much by any work; never was he so baffled at the start. He knew clearly enough what he wanted to do. Forster says:—

He was bent on striking a blow for the poor. They had always been his clients, they had never been forgotten in any of his books; but here nothing else was to be remembered. He had become, in short, terribly earnest in the matter. Several months before he left England (the book was written in Genoa) I had noticed in him the habit of more gravely regarding many things before passed lightly enough; the hopelessness of any true solution of either political or social problems by the ordinary Downing-Street methods had been startlingly impressed on him by Carlyle's writings; and in the Parliamentary talk of that day he had come to have as little faith for the putting down of any serious evil as in a then notorious city alderman's gabble for the putting down of suicide When he came, therefore, to think of his new story for Christmas-time, he resolved to make it a plea for the poor He was to try and convert society by showing that its happiness rested on the same foundations as those of the individual, which are mercy and charity, not less than justice.

After a visit to Venice he said, "Ah! when I saw those places, how I thought that to leave one's hand upon the time, lastingly upon the time, with one tender touch for the mass of toiling people that nothing could obliterate, would be to lift oneself above the dust of all the Doges in their graves, and stand upon a giants' staircase that Sampson couldn't overthrow!"

Of Southwood Smith's report was *The Chimes* born. But never in all his life was he so bothered at the start of a book. He knew what he wanted to do, but he could not get off the mark. He was away from London, whose streets never failed to inspire him. "Never," he wrote, "did I stagger so upon a threshold before," and Forster adds, "The subject he had chosen, but he had not found a title for it, or the machinery to work it with." It is pretty certain that that subject had been clearly enough in his mind for more than a year. Suddenly that which he wanted came to him, says Forster:—

Sitting down one morning resolute for work, though against the grain such a peal of chimes arose from the city as he found to be maddening. All Genoa lay beneath him, and up from it, with some sudden set of the wind, came in one fell sound the clang and clash of all its steeples, pouring into his ears, again and again, in a tuneless, grating, discordant, jerking, hideous vibration that made his ideas "spin round and round, till they lost themselves in a whirl of vexation and giddiness, and dropped down dead."

Two days later came a letter: "We have heard THE CHIMES at midnight, Master Shallow!" and Forster knew he had discovered what he wanted. Thus was delivered that "sledge-hammer" blow as to which Lord Riddell asks for information. "It's a great thing," wrote Dickens later, "to have my title, and see my way how to work the bells. Let them clash upon me now from all the churches and convents in Genoa. I see nothing but the old London belfry I have set them in. *In my mind's eye, Horatio, I like more and more my notion of making, in this little boook, a great blow for the poor.* Something powerful I think I can do, but I want to be tender, too, and cheerful."

And so *The Chimes* was published at Christmas, 1844, and the sledge-hammer blow was struck which he had promised Southwood Smith in March, 1843. I think this answers the question that Lord Riddell asks.

Cardiff Western Mail.

AN AUSTRIAN'S VIEW OF DICKENS

"THE DIAL" (published by Cecil Palmer) for January contains an illuminating article on Charles Dickens translated from an essay by Stefan Zweig of Vienna. Dr. Zweig has an intimate acquaintance with, and love of, Dickens's writings, and after giving expression to his feeling in the respects, he attempts to analyse the reasons for Dickens's appeal, and although his opinions may not run in parallel with those usually held by Englishmen, the development of his thesis is extremely interesting. He says: "Dickens is the only great writer of the century whose deepest attitudes correspond completely with the spiritual needs of his time his work is the materialization of English tradition—the strongest, the richest, most distinct tradition of all modern culture, and for this reason the most dangerous. To cut away (its subtle roots) is to disrupt the entire organism and make it bleed to death of its wound. The English tradition is the most powerful in the world, but it is also the most inimical to art it is so insidious in its appeal; it is not barren nor chilling, it lures with warm fire and mild comfort: that of a modest dwelling with stuffy air. Dickens made himself at home in the English tradition; he set up housekeeping within its four walls he never once overstepped the artistic, moral, or æsthetic limitations of his country.

Dickens was born in 1812, three years before Waterloo, when "the great flame which threatened to consume the rickety structure of European states went out," and so his youth and early manhood were passed during the turmoil, unsettlement, and resettlement that followed

the comet-like career of Napoleon. The English, "wanting peace flee for romance to the secret corners of themselves the age has no use for adventures. The world is ashen grey. England is feeding comfortably on her prey. . . . England is digesting. Art to please it has to be easily assimilated."

"Dickens is the extrinsication of contemporary England's artistic requirements. He became famous because he had appeared at the proper moment; it is his tragedy that he was overwhelmed by his country's requirements It so happens that there is an extraordinary poetic power behind his works and that his glittering golden humour stands out above the general mediocrity of his emotions. . . . It is only when one hates from the depths of his being the hypocrisy and the confined vision of Victorian culture that one can fully measure the astounding genius of a man who could take this repulsive world with its smug complacency and make us feel it as interesting or almost lovable. Dickens was the victim of his times; and his fate always reminds one of Gulliver's adventures among the Lilliputians. While the giant sleeps the dwarfs bind him down with thousands of tiny threads English tradition bound Dickens fast during the sleep of his security; with his successes they held him to the English soil, pushed him into fame, and at the same time bound his hands finally he capitulated, inwardly pledged to the æsthetic and moral laws of his country. His remarkable imagination, which could have soared like an eagle above this narrow world, was caught in the shackles of his success."

"His one great memorable accomplishment lay in discovering the romance of the bourgeois, the poetry of the prosaic. He took numerous minute and neglected feelings from the breasts of simple people, tinkered with them and assembled their wheels and cogs until they ticked again with life. Suddenly they began to whirl like little toy clocks, began to hum, and finally to sing; the melody was soft and old-fashioned, and lovelier than the heavy ballads of knights from legendry or than cantos from *The Lady of the Lake* In his story the chirping of the cricket on the hearth becomes music, the chimes speak with human tongues, the charm of Christmas reconciles poetry with piety."

"Dickens's genius is to be found not in the somewhat overly bourgeois complexion of his work. Like the English philosophers he begins with particulars rather than with presuppositions. . . . His characters are really nothing more than several peculiarities added together; but these peculiarities are so clear-cut and fit into one another so perfectly that they form an excellent picture in mosaic work. For this reason their effect is almost wholly external; their ocular appeal to our memory is intense, but the emotional content is vague. If we name a figure in Balzac or Dostoevsky, this brings up an emotion. But if we say Pickwick, a picture emerges: a jovial gentleman with a rich embonpoint and gold buttons on his waistcoat. We remember Dickens's characters as we might remember a painting, but we remember those of Balzac or Dostoevsky as we would a piece of music."

Dickens "was continually attempting a tragedy, but he always arrived simply at melodrama he piles danger upon danger, but we do not fear them somehow we always feel safe with him, as though there was sure to be a railing at hand we know that he will never let us fall. We know that his hero will never perish Dickens lacks the brutality, the boldness of real tragedy. The sentimental tradition of the English novel defeats his desire for the powerful. For in England the contents of a novel are expected to serve simply as an illustration of her prevalent moral maxims."

Dr. Zweig recognizes the charm of Dickens's children. "In this province, where Dickens could function independent of his bourgeois conscience, his accomplishments are immortal. The years of childhood in his novels are of a unique beauty, and I feel that these figures will never disappear from the world's literature. . . . Here he overcomes the English, the earthy; here Dickens is unqualifiedly great and incomparable. . . . He is reluctant to turn his favourite heroes over to the steady course of life. He never follows them up to the age when they become banal, when they become draymen and shopkeepers.

Finally this closely-developed essay touches on Dickens's humour "which" Dr. Zweig says, "lifts his work out of his times and into all times. It delivers him from the boredom of everything English. . . . Through this humour the exaggerated is redeemed by its own shadow, the grotesque. Like all of Dickens, it is English by nature, genuinely English. But even this humour lacks sensuousness; it can never quite forget itself, can never tinkle to its heart's content, can never transgress. . . . It always remains upright and cool. He has nothing of Sterne's destructive irony, nothing of the broad spirited merriment of Fielding. Nor does he corrode painfully into men, like Thackeray. He is always kindly, never offensive. . . . Somehow the whole world must smile while Dickens is observing it. The yearning for sunlight in a land beset with fog seems to have been definitely satisfied."

"Dickens has preserved the jollity of his own times, and passed on to later generations a record of that merry old England which prevailed between the Napoleonic wars and the rise of imperialism. After many years people will still look back on these times—even if they were old-fashioned—with their strange vocations which have long since been crushed in the mortar of industrialism, and perhaps people shall yearn for this innocent life with its plentitude of plain harmless enjoyments. Dickens gave us, in writing, the idylls of England; that is his attainment."

"Charles Dickens has turned into poetry a period of the world in repose. To-day life has become high-pitched again. But the idyll is immortal because it is the joy of living. Thus, Dickens will regain prominence every time that people hunger after jollity, and, wearied by the tragic strenuousness of passion, want to hear for a while what delicate music and poetry can be extracted from the simple things of life."

T. W. H.

IN HONOUR OF DICKENS

By F. C. WADE, K.C.

Agent General for British Columbia

TO enter Dickens-land in London is as easy as to step into one's garden. It is everywhere. To parody that passage which describes Mr. Pickwick's outlook into Goswell Street—Dickens-land is at our feet; Dickens-land is on our right hand as far as the eye can reach; Dickens-land extends on our left, and the opposite side of Dickens-land is over the way. So wrote Gerald Brenan twenty years ago, and what was true then, is true to-day, except that the house wrecker has removed much that was fascinating, leaving only the written page, old prints, and one's individual imagination to reconstruct what has been swept away.

But it is quite as easy—much less difficult, in fact—to enter an unsavoury lane, a noisome mews, or repulsive slums, as to step into a garden in Dickens-land; and his life was spent in both.

The most glorious and satisfying period of his youth was lived at Chatham. When not much over nine, his father was recalled to Somerset House. This was his first calamity. "He was never to watch the boys any more, or see them sham over again the sham-sieges and defences," says Forster. "He was to be taken away to London inside the stage-coach 'Commodore'; and Kentish woods and fields, Cobham Park and Hall, Rochester Cathedral and Castle, and all the wonderful romance together, including a red-cheek baby he had been wildly in love with, were to vanish like a dream." Cast out from the garden, the shadow of the Marshalsea had already begun to lower, and for some years misfortune, drudgery and heart-break were to be the fate of a "very small and not over particularly taken-care-of boy."

A small house in Bayham Street was his first London home. The fortunes of the family had reached a low ebb. The condition of the elder Dickens is best described in Mr. Micawber's advice to David Copperfield:—

"Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery. The blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the God of Day goes down upon the dreary scene, and—in short you are forever floored. As I am!"

Bayham Street was in time deserted for No. 4 Gower Street, where Mrs. Dickens, hoping to secure an East Indian clientele of young lady pupils, placed a brass plate on the door announcing "Mrs. Dickens establishment." But no pupils came; no enquiries even were made. Dickens wrote to Forster in after life: "I know that we got on very badly with the butcher and the baker; that very often we had not much for dinner; and that at last my father was arrested." Sir Algernon West, in his "Recollections," tells us that years afterwards, in 1837, "4000 debtors were lying in common cells with damp brick walls, with no bedding and herded with murderers and common

malefactors." The experiences of the elder Dickens at the Marshalsea were by no means so severe, and can be passed over. They will be found in *Little Dorrit*. Everything from No. 4 Gower Street was pawned, with the exception of a few chairs, a kitchen table and some beds. All the books that had been brought from Chatham—"Roderick Random," "Peregrine Pickle," "Humphrey Clinker," "Tom Jones," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," "Robinson Crusoe," "The Arabian Nights"—were sold to the keeper of a book-stall in the Hampstead Road, who "used to get tipsy every night, and to be violently scolded by his wife every morning." Thus disappeared the library from "that blessed little room" at Chatham, which had awakened the imagination and inspired the genius of the immortal author of *Copperfield*.

But time has its revenges, though often long delayed, and, strange to say, the next dwelling of the family, that in Johnson Street, is now a child's library, packed with children's books, children's prints and pictures, and numberless mementos of the great protagonist of the poor children of the slums of London.

Of this small house Forster says but little. After leaving the Marshalsea, and lodging for a short time with a lady in Little College Street (afterwards immortalized as Mrs. Pipchin) he says they occupied "a small house in Somers town, a very small house in a street leading out of Seymour Street, north of Mr. Judkin's chapel."

There was in those days an expanse of open farm land with trees in the rear of No. 13 Johnson Street, and there many a time the lad Dickens wandered and tasted the sweets of country life. Near by is the Seymour Street Chapel, where, with his school fellow, afterwards Doctor Danson, he "behaved in such a manner that it is lucky for us we were not ejected from the chapel," and it was on these streets that he and his juvenile school companions addressed bystanders in an uncouth and incomprehensible jargon of their own invention, and in this neighbourhood it was that they erected a small theatre, and organized a small club for lending and circulating small tales, the first products of his pen. Is it not a striking and delightful coincidence that this Dickens children's library should bless the mean habitation where first his imagination preened its wings, and should keep alight the lamp of knowledge in the same slum districts, and among the successors of the children who eagerly passed from hand to hand his childish literary efforts nearly a hundred years ago.

The Bayham Street house, and No. 4 Gower Street have disappeared long ago, but No. 13 Johnson Street, little and dirty-faced, like so many of the children in its slum neighbourhood, survives in memory of the children's friend. "I conjure my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial or testimonial whatever," the invocation contained in his will, was not intended to preclude such a practical application of human sympathy. It was the "storied urn" and "animated bust," the boasting that flaunts itself after death, that Dickens condemned.

All lovers of Dickens and of humanity—they are one and the same—

will be glad to know that the Dickens Fellowship, under the Presidency of Sir Frederick MacMillan, has just launched a project for the preservation of 48 Doughty Street, the home in which he completed the *Pickwick Papers*, wrote *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Oliver Twist*, *Sketches of Young Gentlemen* and the *Mudfog Papers*, and edited *Bentley's Miscellany*. The intention is to convert it into a Dickens library, museum, picture gallery and the Fellowship Headquarters. This has been the ambition of the Fellowship for twenty years. The freehold has now been secured, and there can hardly be any question that the financial campaign will be a success. To no one does London owe so much as to Dickens. No one understood this greatest of all cities as did Dickens. No one ever loved London with a greater passion than he. No writer ever bestowed on Londoners in general, and in the mass, and, particularly, upon the poor so much affection. Beyond all others he was London's safe and true interpreter. We have a Carlyle house at Chelsea and a Johnson house up Gough Court, Fleet Street. There is Shakespeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon, Scott's at Abbotsford, and a Burns College at Ayr. We have even a Dickens's house in Portsmouth, where he was born. At last we are to have a Dickens house in London, and it will become the most popular and useful of all the city's shrines to her famous citizens.

THE WONDERFUL MRS. GRUDDEN

By MARY CATCHPOLE

I FANCY that I hear some one exclaim, "And who may she be?" To such, if any, I reply, "Overhaul your *Nickleby*."

And, again, why "wonderful?" Well, I am not careful to answer in this matter. Mrs. Grudden—domestic help, money taker at the box office, dresser, theatre sweeper, prompter; Mrs. Grudden, figuring in the play-bills under any name with which the Crummles's fancy chose to label her; Mrs. Grudden, actress, ("Nurse—old Grudden," says Crummles when foreshadowing the cast of *Romeo and Juliet*;) and a unique actress too, for she played any kind of part on any emergency without learning it, an application seemingly of the "vamping" process to the drama.

But a greater achievement stands to her credit. On a certain occasion, Mrs. Grudden remained behind in the box office to take a meal of cold *Irish stew and a pint of porter*. Allow the fancy to play over that repast. Visualise it. Cold stew and porter! You that have an indigestion, latent or otherwise, stirring within you, lay your hand upon your — heart and endorse my adjective "wonderful." Her all-round adaptability clearly extended to her digestive apparatus, and it follows that, so equipped, she was the soul of good nature and good temper.

But stay! Did she idealise the fare? Little Cavalletto, in the Marseilles dungeon, cut his hard bread into various shapes—a melon, an omelette, a Lyons sausage—his knife was his sauce; but he was

Italian, and his name was Cavalletto. We are dealing with a "Grudden," and the names may well suggest the differing mental attitudes.

Again, Dick Swiveller would have been intoxicated by the environment. In Sally Brass's dreary sloppy kitchen, he conjured up baronial halls and obsequious servitors. Here, in the box office of the Theatre Royal, Portsmouth, the cold stew and the prosaic porter would have become a choice banquet for a noble company, and orders to "scurvy knaves" and "base scullions" to "Ho ! fill high the goblets" would have resounded round the dingy walls.

Not so with Mrs. Grudden. She was absolutely literal. The cold stew *was* cold stew ; the porter *was* porter, and down it went.

"Nurse—old Grudden." Very well ; why not ? Certain words to say, certain things to do, and down *that* went. (By the by—one wonders about *Mr.* Grudden. Was he dead ? And did he die of Mrs. G's catering ? Or was there "no sich a person ?")

There is one recorded lapse from virtue. It occurred at the festivities following the Lillyvick-Petowker nuptials, and was entirely the fault of Mr. Crummles who, as, of course, he would do, insisted on "keeping it up" till everything to drink was disposed of. Mrs. Grudden developed *unexpected*, but strong symptoms of inebriety. Note the qualifying word "*unexpected*." It is a certificate of character in itself ; but doubtless she mixed her drinks. I suspect gin !

But there is a set-off, and more than a set-off to this lapse, the occasion being the farewell supper given to the Crummleses on the eve of their departure for foreign parts, Nicholas being present. Now note. Mrs. Grudden had declined to attend—*declined*—so that she might rise early in the morning !!! There's moral fibre for you !

Of course she would have loved to be there. Wouldn't all the members of the Dickens Fellowship—past, present and to come—have loved to be there ? But, I repeat it, she declined so that she might rise early in the morning !!!

However, she was determined to take farewell of Nicholas. So, though evidently far advanced in preparations for bed, she—strangely attired (what did that matter to literal Mrs. Grudden ?)—burst out her bedroom, threw her arms round his neck and hugged him.

"Are you going too ?" says Nicholas. "Going !" she exclaims. "Lord ha' mercy ; what do you think they'd do without me ?"

Quite so. She belonged to the "indispensables"—the humble indispensables—so often, unrecognised, unappreciated, till they leave a gap ; and it yawns. And then the cry is : "Whatever shall we do without — Mrs. Grudden ?"

On re-reading the little scene with Nicholas, one thinks that Crummles was not so far out when he cast old Grudden for the nurse.

Now I am hopeful that my "wonderful" may stand.

And in the words of the immortal Sairey, I ask : "Who deniges of it ?"

WITH DICKENS IN YORKSHIRE*

By T. W. TYRRELL

TO the innumerable books devoted to Charles Dickens, and Dickensian topography, this volume is a very welcome addition. Mr. Cooper is an acknowledged authority on Yorkshire lore, and his latest work will be read by all lovers of the novelist with the greatest pleasure and interest.

There is not much that Mr. Cooper does not know about the Yorkshire of Dickens, and in this book he gives his readers the full benefit of his knowledge and research.

We accompany Nicholas Nickleby and Squeers to Greta Bridge, where the "George," at which Dickens and his artist, Phiz, stopped when exploring for "local colour" for Nickleby, still stands; to Barnard Castle, with its "King's Head," recommended for its ale by Newman Noggs to Nicholas; and thence to Bowes and Dotheboys Hall. Mr. Cooper quotes some typical advertisements of the Yorkshire "Academies," one, that of an establishment at Stairforth, seems to suggest the possibility of Dickens having derived his "Steerforth" from the name of that hamlet. The history of Master Humphrey of Barnard Castle and his clock is very fully dealt with, and Mr. Cooper has obtained much interesting information about the clock-maker, and gives many details of his life not generally known.

We travel with Dickens and Phiz on their return journey, by the "Wellington" Coach, to London, from Darlington to York, where we learn something about the old coaching inn, the "Black Swan," and a chapter is devoted to the history of the "Five Sisters" window in the Minister.

Dickens's association with Easthorpe Hall, the picturesque residence of Charles Smithson, Old Whitby, and Lord Normanby's romantically situated seat, Mulgrave Castle, are described with much interesting detail.

The paper recalling the adventures of the "Two Idle Apprentices" (Dickens and Wilkie Collins) in their expedition to Carrick Fell, Wigton, Carlisle and Doncaster races, are full of really interesting and valuable information.

It is only those who have had experience in compiling a book of this description who can fully appreciate the amount of work Mr. Cooper has accomplished; but it was worth doing, and the author must be very heartily congratulated on his success in producing a volume which, while appealing to the general reader, will prove exceedingly helpful to those more particularly devoted to the study of Dickensian topography.

The volume is delightfully illustrated by the late E. Ridsdale Tate, and contains, as Mr. Matz says in his pleasant introduction, many new, curious, and significant facts, not hitherto published, which will be welcomed and valued by every student of the novelist.

* With Dickens in Yorkshire, by T. P. Cooper. With an introduction by B. W. Matz, and illustrated by E. Ridsdale Tate. Crown 8vo. 2s. net.

E. P. HASLAM

DEATH OF ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE FELLOWSHIP

By B. W. MATZ

IT is with great sorrow that I have to record the death of Mr. E. P. Haslam, which took place at Hove on the 19th February last, in his 62nd year.

The news will be received with great grief by those members of the Fellowship in London and in the provinces who had the pleasure of working with him as a member of the Council during the many years he helped to steer the society towards the goal it has reached.

His unfailing good nature, amicable and courteous disposition, his straightforward and honest policy, his sincerity and unabated interest in the Fellowship, were attributes which made him an ideal worker in its cause. He claimed no credit for all he accomplished, and sought no office as a reward.

Those, and there are many, who held him in such high regard will join me in extending to Mrs. E. P. Haslam, and to his brother and sister, the expressions of deepest sorrow and sympathy in their sad bereavement.

About four years ago Mr. Haslam had a breakdown in health, and retiring from business, he took up his residence at Hove, benefiting very considerably from the sea air. On the day of his death he was seized with a sudden attack of his old complaint and died within an hour.

The funeral took place in St. Marylebone Cemetery, London, on the 23rd February.

Mr. E. P. Haslam was one of the actual founders of the Dickens Fellowship, and took an active part in its administration up to the time of the breakdown in his health. He was a member of the Council for many years, and the work and energy he devoted to the society in its early days and subsequently was tremendous, and the immediate success of it was due largely to his unselfish labours.

Perhaps the phase of the Fellowship's work which demanded most of his attention was the charitable. In it he found his chief interest and devoted much of his time to its activities, working assiduously on its behalf. He was for many years the moving spirit in all it accomplished, and acted as chairman to the committee for a very long period. He also formed one of the original committee for the establishment of *The Dickensian*, and it was not a little due to his enthusiasm and journalistic knowledge that eventually brought into being the Fellowship's magazine.

How the Fellowship came to be formed has been told more than once,



E. P. HASLAM

but with the passing of the man chiefly responsible for its inauguration, it may be fitting to refer to it again.

In 1902, "Household Words" was resuscitated, and arising out of editorial notes in its columns, it was suggested that a Dickens Society should be formed. Promises were made that such an idea would be acted upon, and that a meeting would be called for the purpose. These promises seemed unlikely to mature, until Mr. Haslam, who was a member of the staff, was asked to take the matter in hand, and approached me to help him in his task. I drew up a scheme for preliminary operations, formulated some rules, and drafted the few lines which set out the objects and aims. Whilst the rules and by-laws have undergone many changes since then, the simple words stating the aims and objects have remained unchanged.

Together we laid plans for a meeting, notified the press that it would take place at Anderton's Hotel on 6th October, 1902, and waited the result.

The room was packed and the society launched, to grow to the world-wide organisation it is to-day. Those early days were strenuous ones, and without a man such as Mr. Haslam was, full of energy, and of ideas, of far seeing vision, and one not only willing to work for something he believed in, but able to entice others to do the same—the Fellowship might not have thrived.

It did thrive, as members to-day know, and when I recall those days of doubt that sometimes came to us, I also am reminded of the optimism of the one man who feared no stumbling block.

Many changes have been made in the Fellowship since those days. Yet, fundamentally, it is the same Fellowship which he helped me to found, and my sore regret is that he will not share in the joy of its coming of age next October.

Mr. Haslam was for over forty years one of the best known and highly esteemed men in Fleet Street, during which time he was in turn London Manager of the "Scottish Leader," "The Scots Observer," (afterwards re-christened "The National Observer"), held a post on "Household Words," and other newspapers. Later he became a partner in the firm of John Allan and Co., the owners of "The Gas World," and when about seven years ago the business was bought by Messrs. Benn Bros., he was appointed one of the directors. Whilst there he started "The Chemical Age," and it was entirely due to his personal efforts that this successful journal was produced, of which he had entire charge until the breakdown in his health referred to above.

ESSAY COMPETITION IN LONDON SCHOOLS

THE Dickens Fellowship Essay Competition among the scholars of the London County Council Schools was held as usual in February. Fifty schools competed, and a prize and three Certificates have been awarded to each school.

The Council of the Fellowship thank most warmly the Officers of the County Council and Teachers of the Schools for their kindly help, without which it would be impossible to so successfully carry on this annual competition.

CAMEO FROM DICKENS

H.M.S. "ACHILLES"

[We are reminded by Mr. J. Ardagh, that H.M.S. "Achilles," which is about to be demolished after sixty years service, has a Dickensian interest in so far that Dickens witnessed its construction, and described the process in "*The Uncommercial Traveller*," in the chapter devoted to Chatham Dockyard. We print the extract below.—Ed.]

DING, Clash, Dong, BANG, Boom, Rattle, Clash, BANG, Clink, BANG, Dong, BANG, Clatter, BANG, BANG BANG! What on earth is this! This is, or soon will be, the Achilles, iron armour-plated ship. Twelve hundred men are working at her now; twelve hundred men working on stages over her sides, over her bows, over her stern, under her keel, between her decks, down in her hold, within her and without, crawling and creeping into the finest curves of her lines wherever it is possible for men to twist. Twelve hundred hammerers, measurers, caulkers, armourers, forgers, smiths, shipwrights; twelve hundred dingers, clashers, dongers, rattlers, clinkers, bangers bangers bangers! Yet all this stupendous uproar around the rising Achilles is as nothing to the reverberations with which the perfected Achilles shall resound upon the dreadful day when the full work is in hand for which this is but note of preparation—the day when the scuppers that are now fitting like great dry thirsty conduit-pipes, shall run red. All these busy figures between decks, dimly seen bending at their work in smoke and fire, are as nothing to the figures that shall do work here of another kind in smoke and fire, that day. These steam-worked engines alongside, helping the ship by travelling to and fro, and wafting tons of iron plates about, as though they were so many leaves of trees, would be rent limb from limb if they stood by her for a minute then. To think that this Achilles, monstrous compound of iron tank and oaken chest, can ever swim or roll! To think that any force of wind and wave could ever break her! To think that wherever I see a glowing red-hot iron point thrust out of her side from within—as I do now, there, and there, and there!—and two watching men on a stage without, with bared arms and sledge-hammers, strike at it fiercely, and repeat their blows until it is black and flat, I see a rivet being driven home, of which there are many in every iron plate, and thousands upon thousands in the ship! To think that the difficulty I experience in appreciating the ship's size when I am on board, arises from her being a series of iron tanks and oaken chests, so that internally she is ever finishing and ever beginning, and half of her might be smashed, and yet the remaining half suffice and be sound. Then, to go over the side again and down among the ooze and wet to the bottom of the dock, in the depths of the subterranean forest of dog-shores and stays that hold her up, and to see the immense mass bulging out against the upper light, and tapering down towards me, is, with great pains and much clambering, to arrive at an impossibility of realising that this is a ship at all, and to become possessed by the fancy that it is an enormous immovable edifice set up in an ancient amphitheatre (say, that at Verona), and almost filling

it ! Yet what would even these things be, without the tributary workshops and the mechanical powers for piercing the iron plates—four inches and a half thick—for rivets, shaping them under hydraulic pressure to the finest tapering turns of the ship's lines, and paring them away, with knives shaped like the beaks of strong and cruel birds, to the nicest requirements of the design ! These machines of tremendous force, so easily directed by one attentive face and presiding hand, seem to me to have in them something of the retiring character of the Yard. "Obedient monster, please to bite this mass of iron through and through, at equal distances, where these regular chalk-marks are, all round." Monster looks at its work, and lifting its ponderous head, replies, "I don't particularly want to do it ; but if it must be done—— !" The solid metal wriggles out, hot from the monster's crunching tooth, and it is done. "Dutiful monster, observe this other mass of iron. It is required to be pared away, according to this delicately lessening and arbitrary line, which please to look at." Monster (who has been in a reverie) brings down its blunt head, and, much in the manner of Doctor Johnson, closely looks along the line—very closely, being somewhat near-sighted. "I don't particularly want to do it ; but if it must be done—— !" Monster takes another near-sighted look, takes aim, and the tortured piece writhes off, and falls, a hot tight-twisted snake, among the ashes. The making of the rivets is merely a pretty round game, played by a man and a boy, who put red-hot barley sugar in a Pope Joan board, and immediately rivets fall out of window ; but the tone of the great machines is the tone of the great Yard and the great country : "We don't particularly want to do it ; but if it must be done—— !" "

How such a prodigious mass as the Achilles can ever be held by such comparatively little anchors as those intended for her and lying near her here, is a mystery of seamanship which I will refer to the wise boy. For my own part, I should as soon have thought of tethering an elephant to a tent peg, or the larger hippopotamus in the Zoological Gardens to my shirt-pin. Yonder in the river, alongside a hulk, lie two of this ship's hollow iron masts. *They* are large enough for the eye, I find, and so are all her other appliances. I wonder why only her anchors look small.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DICKENS AND MEREDITH

SIR.—In the January number of *The Dickensian* comment is made on an essay in the "Hibbert Journal" entitled "Dickens and Meredith." The idea of comparing these two great novelists is by no means a new one. In November, 1917, an article, written by me, called "Dickens and Meredith—a contrast and comparison," appeared in *The Dickensian*. This article was copied by the American paper, *The Living Age*, and criticised in *The Boston Transcript*. It is pleasant to find our own magazine in this, as in all matters relating to Dickens, a pioneer.

22 Kenninghall Road,

Clapton, E.5., 9th January, 1923.

Yours faithfully,

J. H. McNULTY.

DICKENS AND HUNTER STREET ACADEMY

SIR.—Some few years ago I read a very interesting book, I believe, published by your Society on the life of Charles Dickens. I noticed particularly that at one period of his youth nothing was known of his life. I should like to bring to your notice the following facts.

In the year 1870 I went to "The Hunter Street Academy." I was then 12 years old. The Head Master was Benjamin Dawson, brother of George Dawson, the celebrated lecturer, who was a very great friend of Charles Dickens. The school had previously been under the father of the two brothers, and was divided into upper and lower. It had long desks sloping on either side; these desks were very old and covered with names and initials cut out with penknives. On one of them was Chas. Dickens, which the masters, including Mr. Dawson, knew were carved by the celebrated writer.

I had really forgotten the circumstances until a short time ago when I happened to notice in a Home paper that it was the wish that a house in Somers Town, where Dickens had been, should be preserved.

The two circumstances, friendship with George Dawson and being in the neighbourhood of Hunter Street Academy, seem to me to point conclusively to the fact that he went to school there.

In Dickens days there were only private schools, and Dawson's would have been easy distance for him, especially taking into consideration that Somers Town would not be a desirable place to school.

It seems strange that George Dawson never mentioned the fact, but candidly speaking, the school itself, apart from the Head Master, who was a gentlemen in every sense of the word, was not one that could be boasted of. I remember distinctly that Mrs. B. Dawson was very dissatisfied at having to live in the neighbourhood, and when her parents died and she came into money her husband immediately gave up the school and lived somewhere in the neighbourhood of St. John's Wood. I paid him a visit there just before I left England in 1879.

There should be some of my school mates still alive. I particularly remember a Sherrard, his father had a tailor's shop on the right hand side of, I think, Red Lion Street, leading from the Foundling to Holborn.

Mr. Benjamin Dawson also had a son Richard, who was at school with me.

I visited England in 1895, and went to see the place, it was then being used for Mission work.

It will be interesting for me to hear if this throws any light on this period of his life.

Yours faithfully,

E. BENTHIN.

17 Green's Buildings,
Johannesburg,
South Africa.

"BLIMBER'S"

SIR.—In the January part of *The Dickensian*, Mr. T. B. Powell asks whereabouts in Brighton Dr. Blimber's school was situated, and says he has come across four solutions to the problems. They are really suggestions, not solutions, and of the four, three may be disposed of at once.

"Near the Bedford," and "Swallowed whole by the Metropole

Hotel," are too indefinite to be worth consideration. No. 1 Chichester Terrace and Chichester House are one and the same place, and on the authority of Harrison Ainsworth, that house was the original of Blimber's. It seems quite possible that Ainsworth received the information from Dickens himself.

They met in Lausanne in 1847, while *Dombey* was being written, and Ainsworth resided in Brighton for fifteen years, 1852-1867.

He was godfather to Dickens's sixth son, Henry Fielding, so the two novelists were at that time on intimate terms.

Dr. Everard seems to be as elusive as Mrs. Harris, though we must not go to the length of endorsing Betsy Prig's opinion "I don't believe there's no such a person." his name does not appear in the Brighton directories for some years before, during and after the writing of *Dombey and Son*, 1846-8.

In 1845 and 1846, Chichester House was an "Acadamy" conducted by a Rev. Dr. Proctor, and if Dr. Everard ever occupied the house it must have been prior to 1845.

I have not been able to consult the directories for any year before that date.

Mr. Powell says that Forster mentions Dr. Everard, I am unable to trace the reference in the "Life," perhaps Mr. Powell will be kind enough to give it.

Mary Boyle and Mr. F. G. Kitton both gave Dr. Everard as the original of Dr. Blimber, but I suspect Kitton only followed Miss Boyle's statement.

It is quite possible that a search in the Brighton directories for, say, 1836-1844 might locate Dr. Everard, and show whether his school was ever at Chichester House.

T. W. TYRRELL.

St. Elmo, Sidmouth.

DICKENS LINKS WITH THE TOWN OF READING

SIR.—As further research is invited with regard to the School originally conducted by Miss Welch and Mrs. Binfield, *not* the Misses Welch, and known as Marlborough House School, I can give a little more information, as I am a niece of those ladies. After their death, the school was carried on by the Misses Binfield and Matthews, their nieces, during which period, I learn, that the boys were called "Binny-birds." On the death of Miss Binfield and the retirement of Miss Matthews, the school passed into the possession of Mr. Fletcher, who removed it into a larger house, but kept the same name—I believe it is still in existence. It is interesting to think that "Miss Squeers" was a governess in the school—she must have been a rather more accomplished person than originally described, although she may have been responsible for a certain pill inflicted upon the young gentleman of that establishment; only last year a white-haired, elderly Vicar told me that in a certain chimney a goodly pile of these pills might have been discovered, shewing that Mrs. Squeers' method of personal administration of her medicine was not adopted at Marlbro' House. Burton Barber, the artist, had his early education there, also one of the Grossmiths, and the sons of the Palmers, Suttons, Simonds, well known reading families, kept the school flourishing, Miss Welch, the daughter of Mr. Richard Welch, mentioned by Mr. Hearn, remembers hearing Dickens read *A Christmas Carol* in 1851

in the Literary and Scientific Institute, which is now a Methodist Chapel. She saw Miss Hogarth in the Gallery. It may interest Mr. Hearn to know that many relatives of Miss Welch, being imbued with the love of teaching, have had successful schools in London, Croydon, Great Yarmouth and Beckenham.

Yours faithfully,

ALICE M. WELCH.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

¶The Editor appeals to Secretaries of Branches to keep their reports of meetings as brief as possible, bearing in mind the old truism "You can say it in a paragraph." Several Secretaries send columns from the local newspapers. It is not practicable to use these in that form, whilst to condense them into a paragraph can be more effectually done by someone present at the meeting than by an overworked Editor often many miles away.

These newspaper reports are welcomed by the Hon. Secretary of the Fellowship, and should be sent direct to him at 14 Clifford's Inn, E.C.4., where they are preserved as records.

Reports for insertion in *The Dickensian* should be specially written for the purpose, on one side of the paper only, and sent direct to the Editor. His new address is 49 Chandos Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2. Reports for the July issue should reach him not later than 12th June next.

BARRY.—On December 20th, two thoughtful papers on "Dickens's Working Man" and "Dickens as a Social Reformer" were read by Mr. W. Gale and Mr. W. M. Harris. On December 29th, the Annual Character Costume Party brought together a large number of members and friends. Sir William and Lady Graham were host and hostess, the former delivering an inspiring address. On January 1st, all the crippled children in the town were entertained at the Y.M.C.A. (New Year's Day). The party was so successful, and gave such pleasure to all concerned, that it has been decided to make this an annual effort. On January 3rd, the President (Mr. John Davies) gave an address on "The Spirit of Dickens." Both speaker and subject were intensely interesting. On January 24th, Mr. J. W. T. Ley, President of the Newport Branch, paid a welcome visit, and spoke eloquently upon "The Man, Charles Dickens." On February 7th, the Annual Birthday Dinner was well attended. The evening was one of profit and enjoyment. The toast to "The Immortal Memory" was proposed in an excellent speech by Mr. J. W. T. Ley. The President occupied the chair. On February 21st, Mr. Frank Biss read an excellent paper on "Dickens's Schoolmasters," and Mr. E. W. Lugg preached "The Gospel of Mark Tapley." Both subjects glowed with interest and scintillated with humour.

BEDFORD.—This re-organised Branch has had a successful quarter following upon the presentation of Tableaux from *Pickwick*, in the Corn Exchange and the reading of the *Christmas Carol* by the President during Christmas week, when the funds of the R.S.P.C.C. were helped. On 8th January, Mr. R. Conisbee lectured on "Dickens as a Humorist," provoking considerable discussion; on the 11th a successful Social

Evening took place, Dickensian games and competitions being interesting features. On 5th February, Mr. Edmund Minney gave a delightful paper on "Dickens as an Educationist" and on the 5th March, the Headquarters' lecture on "The London that Dickens saw and described" was given, Mr. K. Gammell, A.R.I.B.A., reading the lecture. The Local Press have given excellent and lengthy reports of all the meetings.

BIRMINGHAM.—On February 6th, the members assembled at the Young Women's Christian Association Rooms, to celebrate the Birthday of Charles Dickens. The evening, arranged by Mrs. F. Aubrey Wood, and conducted by the Secretary, Mr. F. Aubrey Wood, was very successful. Songs, music, old dances, and games, interlaced with the more modern dances, made up the programme. Quite in accordance with the Dickens atmosphere that filled the room, the dancing concluded with the almost forgotten "Sir Roger de Coverley." During the Refreshment Interval, a moment of complete silence was observed in remembrances of the "Master of Humour and Pathos."

BOSTON (U.S.A.).—Our December meeting was a success in every particular, full of the Christmas spirit of good-will. Miss Caroline Ticknor read extracts from her recent book, "Glimpses of Authors," which dealt with Dickens, his friendship with members of her family. Rev. Christopher R. Eliot gave a description of Dickens's first view of an American prairie, taken from Forster's "Life," and in it the writer speaks of the pleasant comradeship of "a young Unitarian minister," who was Mr. Eliot's father, then settled in St. Louis, Mo. Mr. Vernon B. Field read an amusing paper by our Vermont member, Rev. W. G. Macfarlane, which had to do with musical instruments and singers mentioned in Dickens's books, and Mr. Corthell spoke the concluding word in his search for cats, announcing that there are 57 varieties mentioned in the stories. The January meeting was held at the Appalachian Mountain Club, when Mr. Sherwin L. Cook gave an intimate, informal talk on "Dickens, the born dramatist." Mr. Cook presented a side of Dickens's character rarely dwelt upon, viz.: his dramatic talent, shown as an amateur actor, stage manager and playwright. He loved the stage; was never happier than when preparing an amateur performance. His associates instinctively put the whole matter in his hands, and even professional actors were glad to do the same.

BRIGHTON.—On January 9th, Mr. C. H. Green gave a brilliant and most diverting lecture on "The Pickwickian Pilgrimage." The slides were admirable, showing most interesting places and curious episodes. There was a pleasant flavour about the lecture that was keenly relished by all. At the February meeting, recitals were given by Mr. F. J. Gauntlett, Miss Barbara Sievier, Miss M. Russell Davies, and music rendered by Mrs. Spanswick and Miss Margery F. Harmer. Madame Withy read her short biography of Charles Dickens in verse. At the March meeting, Mr. George Wigglesworth gave a lecture on "Dickens and History," which proved deeply interesting and stimulating to the members.

CHELTENHAM.—The meetings this season have been marked by large attendances and enthusiasm, but the outstanding feature has been the interchange of visits between the neighbouring branches. In

the early part of December last the Tewkesbury Branches acted as host, and a large company from Cheltenham accepted the invitation and were right royally entertained. In February the Cheltenham Branch was "At Home" to the Gloucester and Tewkesbury members, and a gathering of upwards of three hundred Dickensians resulted in a most happy and convivial evening. On this occasion a very interesting chat was given by Mr. T. Lyon (Past-President), who took for his subject "The Literary Stimulus of London." The speaker, who was thoroughly acquainted with the city as it existed half a century ago, recalled to the minds of his audience many of the well-known spots mentioned in the various books, and deduced the effect they must have played on such a vivid imagination as that possessed by Charles Dickens. The Birthday was celebrated by a Supper Party in the good old Dickensian way. Over 120 sat down. After the meal a capital programme of Songs and Toasts kept the party occupied until rather a late hour. During the proceedings a presentation of a number of books on Dickensian subjects was made to the Rev. R. H. M. Bouth, M.A., J.P., in commemoration of his Presidency of the branch during the years 1920-21-22; which period covered the Cheltenham Conference; to which the gentleman made reference in his reply; stating that he should always look back upon the years spent as President of the Cheltenham Branch of the Fellowship among the happiest experiences of life, and concluded by wishing the branch continued usefulness, prosperity and success.

CINDERFORD.—At a meeting on January 23rd, a vote of sincere regret, with an appreciative acknowledgment of his valued services as Secretary, was passed on the death of Mr. W. C. G. Gardner, together with an expression of heartfelt sympathy with Mrs. Gardner in her sorrow. Mr. Gardner was an enthusiastic Dickensian, and had been most earnest in his endeavours to ensure the success of the Cinderford Branch. His useful life as a citizen and a friend was a true reflex of the Dickensian spirit. The Birthday Celebration took the form of a very happy social evening on February 6th. The proceedings included a programme of music arranged by Mr. George Keer, the serving of refreshments by the kind provision of the ladies of the Fellowship, and a pleasant hour or two with games and competitions. The "Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens" was proposed by the President (Mrs. Harding).

GLOUCESTER.—A conspicuous feature of the session was the Dickensian Fancy Dress Conversazione and Dance at the Guildhall on the evening of the Anniversary of the novelist's birth. Considerably over 200 members and friends assembled under the presidency of Mrs. F. H. Bretherton. Many of the fancy dress costumes were exceedingly picturesque and "true to life," and the scene presented was a brilliantly animated one. The President proposed "The Immortal Memory" in felicitous terms. The excellent programme included a representation of Mr. Bumble's Courtship, by Mr. Harold Sydney and Miss Gwendolen Blackwell; Mr. Henry St. John recited "A Child's Dream of a Star," and the Buzfuz Speech, and Miss Darkin gave as a recitation the Sairey Gamp Tea-party. At the March Meeting, Mr. E. Kendall Pearson gave a lecture on "Scenes and Characters from Dickens," illustrated by the series of lantern slides. As a result of this effort a sum of £15 18s. 3d. was raised towards the Doughty Street Fund (in addition to £3 3s. sent direct from Gloucester to the Fellowship).

HACKNEY AND STOKE NEWINGTON.—January 15th was Members' Evening. Eight essays were sent in, and the judges were unanimous in awarding the first prize to Miss Grace Patmore for "Mrs. Harris and Family at Home," the second prize being awarded to Mr. J. H. Mahoney for "Sairy Gamp Goes a-Rambling." Considerable ability marked many of the essays. At the conclusion of the meeting Mr. Miller made an earnest appeal for subscriptions on behalf of the Dickens House in Doughty Street. It was decided to inaugurate an Envelope Scheme. On February 15th, the Rev. Joseph Gay gave his recital of "The Haunted Man," a very finished performance of this rarely heard Christmas Story. On March 19th, Mr. J. W. Sparkes delivered a very interesting lecture entitled "The Land of the Pharaohs."

LEAMINGTON.—At the December meeting, Professor William Miles recited the *Christmas Carol* in the Town Hall. As a result of the recital, the sum of £34 was handed to the local Hospital. From a financial point of view this is most gratifying, and the Recital has considerably quickened the interest in the Fellowship. At the meeting on January 23rd, Mr. F. Glover, the President, was in the chair. He read extracts from *Dombey and Son* referring to Leamington, and described the scheme with regard to the Dickens House at 48 Doughty Street. A number of pictures of places mentioned in Dickens's works had been lent for the evening, with a view to ascertaining in which of the novels the references occurred.

LIVERPOOL.—The first half of the Session was most appropriately brought to a close, on 18th December last, by an old fashioned Christmas Party, at which about 100 members and friends met and enjoyed a thoroughly good Dickens evening, with old world games, dancing and Sir Roger de Coverley. Nearly all the guests were in Fancy Dress, all Dickens impersonations. These were excellent and took in a wide range. The "grand parade" of the characters was most interesting and amusing. The second half of the Session was opened on 10th January, with a paper by Mr. W. J. B. Ashley on "Keats, the Poet of Beauty," and the charming paper was heartily appreciated by the Members. On January 24th, the members gave a Costume Recital of the Trial Scene "Bardell v. Pickwick." This was arranged by Mr. D. A. Elwes, who himself portrayed Sergt. Buzfuz, all the other parts being taken by members. The version used was one prepared by Mr. Jno. Wallace, a Vice-President. On 7th February, the Branch had a visit from members of the Y.M.C.A. Literary Society, papers being read on "The Poetry of Dickens," and an interesting discussion following. February 21st was "Members' Evening," at which four Dickens Papers were read, followed by an animated discussion, the subject being *Nicholas Nickleby*—the book selected for study during the Session. An active and interesting Session was officially brought to a close at the Annual Meeting (Social) on 14th March, but the branch has organised a Dramatic Recital for 12th April, when Prof. Miles is to give a Dickens Evening of Miscellaneous Items selected from the Novelist's works. This is looked forward to with keen interest, the Professor being a great favourite in Liverpool.

LONDON.—On the 7th January, in the Old Hall, Lincoln's Inn, Mr. A. W. Goodman gave a most valuable lecture on "The Temple and the Inns of Court." Mr. S. J. Rust presided. Mr. Goodman is

a Barrister-at-Law, who lives in the Temple, and is an expert on his subject. This was clearly shown throughout the whole of his interesting and entertaining discourse on the ancient and modern history of so fascinating a subject. His lantern views were most attractive. On 7th February the Commemorative Dinner was held at Connaught Rooms with Sir Frederick Macmillan in the chair. It is reported elsewhere. On 10th February, the Recital in celebration of the 111th Anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens was given by Mr. John Stelling, L.R.A.M., at the Guildhall School of Music, the Hall being again kindly placed at the disposal of the Executive for this annual event. The chair was taken by Mr. A. W. Edwards, who briefly introduced Mr. Stelling to a large audience, who thoroughly enjoyed and warmly appreciated the delectable fare provided in the nine selections submitted to them. Mr. Stelling captured his audience by his first selection "David and Dora's Engagement," and for an hour and half held them under his spell. Such well known pieces as "Nicholas and Squeers," "Sam Weller's Valentine," "Uriah Heep," and "Winkle's Misadventure at Bath" were warmly received, but undoubtedly in the less well known and perhaps somewhat unusual selections such as "Sydney Carton's last Supplication," "A Comfortable Couple (Tim Linkinwater and Miss La Creevy)," and particularly in "Miss Pross and Madame Defarge," and "Daniel Quilp," he received the most enthusiastic plaudits of the audience. During the interval a collection was made in aid of the charitable work of the Fellowship, and £15 was subscribed for that work. On 12th March, a Whist Drive was held at Caxton Hall, and proved a great social success.

MANCHESTER.—The winter session opened with a reception by the President, Miss F. I. Forsyth, and the ex-President, Mr. J. Lea Axon. Miss Forsyth delivered her Presidential Address, drawing attention to the many sided character of Charles Dickens. The new constitution and rules of the branch were adopted, and the remainder of the evening was spent in a social manner. On November 3rd, Mr. J. Cuning Walters, M.A., delivered a lecture on "The Psychology of Dickens's Humour," in which he expounded the theory that contrary to popular opinion, *Pickwick Papers* is not a humorous book since it depends for its so-called humour on what the lecturer called "comicality"—a very different thing, he contended. He held that the only truly humorous chapter in the book was the "Trial" chapter, and there the real humourist was not Sam Weller, as generally supposed, but Buzfuz, who made an excellent case out of nothing, and succeeded in bluffing judge and jury. On December 1st, Mr. J. Dearden Hamer gave a lecture on "The Inns of Pickwick," based on Mr. Matz's book, and illustrated with lantern slides kindly lent by Headquarters. Some personal touches added interest to the lecture, which was much enjoyed by a large audience. There have been four social gatherings during the session, consisting of a Whist Drive and a Potato Pie Supper at the Clarion Café, and a Dickens Character Dance and a "Dingley Dell" New Year Party at the Milton Hall. There have also been two short paper nights, the first being devoted to short papers on and recitals from *Christmas Stories*, and the second being a miscellaneous Dickens evening. The Birthday Celebration took the form of two performances of "The House of Dombey," adapted by Walter Dexter and Florence Teignmouth Shore, and produced under the direction of Mr. G. M. Farmer by members of the branch. All the

characters were capably sustained and the performances attracted crowded audiences on both nights, and as a result, £75 has been handed to the "Bethesda" Home for Crippled and Incurable Children." During the session, eight "Dickens Evenings" have been given to kindred societies and six entertainments given at Hospitals and in poor districts. It is intended to repeat "The House of Dombey" on April 14th, at the Milton Hall, on behalf of the Dickens Memorial.

MELBOURNE.—The October meeting was held in the Queen's Hall, Collins Street. Papers were given by Miss Frances Fraser and Mr. Castieau. Miss Fraser's paper, "Dickens in Italy," was most interesting and instructive. Mr. Castieau always receives a warm welcome from members, the originality of his matter being much enjoyed. His paper on this occasion, "People who don't read Dickens," was well up to standard. Music added greatly to the pleasure of the evening.

MONTREAL.—The branch is meeting this year in the spacious ballroom of the Ritz Carlton Hotel, under the leadership of Dr. G. Guelph Armitage. The book for study this year, *A Tale of Two Cities*, was reviewed by Rev. Dr. Rose at the first meeting on October 24th. It was well attended, sixty-five new members joined that evening. Sydney Carton was the subject of a splendid address by Canon A. P. Shatford on November 28th. On December 18th, Mr. A. T. Price read part of *A Christmas Carol*. Dickensians brought gifts for the Crippled Children's School, including over \$100.00 in cash and warm sweaters, mittens or stockings for the one hundred and nineteen children. The January meeting was Ladies' Night. Miss A. D. Hay-Browne presided. Mrs. Cameron read a brief résumé of her travels last summer in the Land of Dickens. Miss Mary Saxe gave a report on the placing of our wreath on the grave of Charles Dickens in Westminster Abbey, on June 7th, and of the Cheltenham Conference. The birthday of Charles Dickens was celebrated by a banquet in the Ritz Carlton Hotel. About three hundred and fifty members and a few guests were present, including Mrs. Alfred Okill, a charter member of the London, England, Fellowship.

NEWPORT (MON.).—The first meeting of the newly formed Branch took place at the Town Hall on 15th February, when the following Officers and Committee were elected:—*President*, Mr. J. W. T. Ley; *Vice-Presidents*, Mr. J. H. Canning, O.B.E., Mr. W. J. T. Collins, Mr. John Hazell, J.P.; *Treasurer*, Miss E. Lloyd; *Secretary*, Mr. R. J. Scannell; *Committee*, Miss Clare Barry, Miss M. L. Handy, Mr. J. F. Hall and Mr. H. Richards. It was decided to hold fortnightly meetings. The remainder of the evening was devoted to "Dips into Dickens," the majority of those present reading selections from their favourite books. On the 1st March, Mr. J. W. T. Ley (the President) gave a very informative and sympathetic lecture on "Dickens and Children," and on March 15th, Mr. W. Henry Williams, Barrister-at-Law an interesting discourse on "Law and Lawyers of Dickens's Time." Both lecturers gave very great pleasure, and the enthusiasm of the members augurs well for the success of the Branch.

NEW YORK.—At the Christmas meeting, a Tiny Tim collection of toys and money was taken up for the Rhinelander Scholars. Dr. Allen, in opening the meeting, spoke of the purchase of the Doughty St.

House in London. Dr. Duffield's address on Dr. Marigold was delivered in his usual delightful way. In prefacing his reading, he said that Dickens was the man that set the Christmas bells ringing around the world. He read the story with great sympathy and expression, after the reading, remarking that Dr. Marigold, though but a homely Cheap Jack, might better be called "Hero Marigold" or "Martyr Marigold," or "Gentleman Marigold," for he was all of these. On January 19th, Dr. Duffield, who presided, in his remarks stated that the Fellowship existed not so much for the collection of Dickens's works or the critical study thereof, but to promote fellowship, and that such fellowship existed all over the world through the love for Charles Dickens. The Rev. J. Brett Langstaff, who gave a very interesting account of the early home of Dickens, with special reference to the David Copperfield in Somers Town. Mr. Henry Alexander then delivered a paper "People I have met that knew Charles Dickens," being a most interesting account of various people that he had met in England the past summer who personally knew Dickens. They gave him some charming reminiscences of Dickens, and he detailed these to the audience. He also gave a history of the Doughty St. House, which it is proposed to purchase as a permanent headquarters for the Dickens Fellowship, and asked for contributions therefore.

SHEFFIELD.—On January 11th the Christmas Treat to crippled children was given, and on January 18th the Christmas Party took place. On the 19th a discussion on "The Psychology of Dickens's Humour." The birthday celebrations occurred on February 9th and 10th. On the former date, Mr. A. W. Ratcliffe delivered a lecture on *Great Expectations*, and on the latter a dinner was held at the King's Head, with Mr. J. Fawcett Sykes presiding. Mr. T. W. Padmore proposed the toast of the Fellowship and Mr. G. H. Jackson replied. The Immortal Memory of Dickens was proposed by Mr. Walter Dexter, who later spoke on the Doughty Street Scheme. The visitors were proposed by Mrs. Ada Moore, and replied to by Mr. A. W. Ratcliffe. During the evening songs and recitations were rendered by members. On March 16th a dramatic reading of "The Cricket on the Hearth" was given.

ST. PANCRAS.—The Christmas Party was held at the Orphanage, Hampstead Road, on January 26th, and was greatly enjoyed. The Dramatic Section, on February 2nd, gave a very successful performance of sketches from Dickens, in aid of St. John's Athletic Club. On January 26th a visit was paid to the Honourable Artillery Company; on February 17th Mr. Wickens took a party to Shoreditch; and on March 17th a ramble was taken in the neighbourhood of Gray's Inn. On January 15th the Rev. T. P. Stevens, of Southwark Cathedral, gave a very interesting lantern lecture on Southwark and the Cathedral, and was warmly thanked by the Mayor of St. Pancras, Ald. Harold Trill, J.P., who presided. On February 12th an excellent recital of *A Christmas Carol* was rendered by Mr. Frank S. Johnson.

SOUTHAMPTON.—The meetings during the past three months have been well attended. On December 11th, Mr. W. B. Warren paid a visit and gave a most interesting lecture on "The Boys and Girls of Dickens." This was greatly appreciated by the audience, who were also very interested in Mr. Warren's speech to the Fellowship, giving valuable

advice for inducing members to take greater interest in the work. He also spoke of the acquisition by the Fellowship of the property in Doughty Street, and urged the support of all branches towards it. On February 12th, *Hard Times* was discussed. Mr. Hawkins read a paper dealing with the chief points in the novel. Several members took part in the discussion and others gave readings and recitations from the book. On February 12th, a Dickens Costume Supper and Dance were held. This was well attended. Prizes were given for the best costumes. Miss I. Terry, as the "Marchioness," taking the ladies' prize, and Mr. G. Harrison, as "Mr. Perker," the gentlemen's. A successful Whist Drive has also been held in aid of three local charitable institutions. The Dramatic Society gave a splendid performance of *Dombey and Son* to a crowded audience, and are repeating the same on March 23rd in aid of the Southampton Hospital and Lord Mayor Treloar's Cripples' Hospital at Alton.

TEWKESBURY.—At the January meeting, Mr. L. L. Stroud gave an interesting lecture on "The Inns and Taverns of Dickens," the President, Mrs. F. W. Godfrey, presiding. The Birthday Anniversary was celebrated on the 7th February by an enjoyable supper given at the Watson Memorial Hall, the members being the guests of Mrs. Godfrey, whose generosity was greatly appreciated. The toast to the "Immortal Memory" was gracefully proposed by Mrs. Godfrey, at the close of which Master Derek Godfrey charmingly sang the last two verses of Browning's Epilogue, "One who never turned his back, but marched straight onward." Mr. O. H. Lane proposed the toast of the President, which was drunk with musical honours. During the evening, Mr. Ernest Wellbeloved gave recitals from Dickens, and music was provided by an excellent orchestra. On the 5th March, a Dramatic Performance was given in aid of the Doughty Street Fund, resulting, together with an appeal to members, in £35 being raised. The sketches chosen for the occasion were "The Gentleman Next Door," "Fanny Squeers' Tea-party," and "In the Discount Market," the latter, introducing Mr. Mantilini's visit to Ralph Nickleby, being adapted by Mr. H. Alec Badham, whose wife successfully carried out the whole entertainment. Those taking part in the cast were: Mesdames C. Frankiss and L. C. K. Wyatt, the Misses Ellis, Morgans and Watts, and Messrs. H. A. Badham, E. C. Martin, J. O. Martin, W. H. Hutt, Peach and Sutherland. Instrumental music was provided by Mrs. O. H. Lace, and Messrs. N. B. Hill and R. M. Williams. In February, fifty members visited the Cheltenham Branch, where they were hospitably entertained and spent an enjoyable evening.

TORONTO.—The Branch has now 934 members. The last celebration was that of the Master's Birthday, and the form it took was a dinner at the King Edward Hotel. Canon Cody, D.D., spoke eloquently on the life and work of Dickens. Mr. George Locke read in her absence through illness, Miss Mary Saxe's Address on her visit to England as delegate from Montreal last year to the Fellowship Convention. A cheque for \$2000 was presented to Mr. A. E. Ames, Chairman of the Queen Mary Hospital for Consumptive Children for the endowment of a cot in that institution, to be known as the Dickens Fellowship J. W. Bengough Memorial Cot. This is the fifth cot that has been permanently endowed by the Toronto Fellowship. The funds for these endowments has been raised largely through dramatic entertainments

and presentations of Dickens's novels. In January, the Pickwick Breach of Promise Case was performed for a full week with matinee, when \$1200 was netted. The Trial of Edwin Drood last year was also a brilliant success. Mr. A. J. Rostance made a reputation in these performances for his interpretations of Durdles and Buzfuz. Other speakers at the Banquet were Mr. J. Edmund Jones, Mr. Harry Tasker and Mrs. Loughheed.

WINNIPEG.—At the December meeting, Mr. H. G. Wade gave a recital of *A Christmas Carol*, and Prof. D. C. Harvey spoke of the book's setting, showing how well it fitted the times. The annual collection for the Tiny Tim fund amounted to \$64. At the January meeting, Mr. T. C. B. Bown gave a critical study of *David Copperfield*, the novelist's "favourite child." Mr. Boon, however, did not think it comparable with either *Bleak House* or *A Tale of Two Cities*. He considered Betsey Trotwood the predominant character, and Dickens's most lovable creation. Mr. C. W. Youell contributed readings from the book. On 7th February, a banquet was given in honour of Dickens's birthday. Two hundred persons were present. Mr. Isaac Brooks presided. The toast to the immortal memory was given by the Rev. Canon E. A. W. Gill. That of the Fellowship by Prof. A. W. Crawford, and responded to by Mr. H. G. Wade, who spoke of the Doughty House scheme. Other toasts to the Dickens Players and The Ladies were followed by a humorous address on "The Good Old Days," by Prof. W. T. Allison. During the evening, music and recitals were given by Mr. H. Conder, Norman Hall and Mrs. W. A. Counel.

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

BOOKS

With Dickens in Yorkshire, by T. P. Cooper, with an introduction by B. W. Matz. Illustrated by E. Ridsdale Tate, Crown 8vo., 2s. net. London: Ben Johnson and Co.

MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES

"Charles Dickens and Cornwall," by T.M. *Western Morning News*, 13th December, 1922.

"Charles Dickens's Last Reading in Boston," by William Milligan. *Christian Science Monitor*, 22nd December, 1922.

"Dingley Dell Revisited." *Daily News*, 27th December, 1922.

"The Novels of Charles Dickens," by A. R. Quinn. *Great Thoughts*, January.

"The Greatness of Dickens. *Newcastle Chronicle*, 22nd January.

"Oliver Twist." *Newcastle Chronicle*, 3rd January.

"Dickens as the Master of the Sinister," by Sir George Douglas, Bt. *Glasgow Herald*, 6th January.

"Literary Associations of Kent," by Charles Astley. *Maidstone South Eastern Gazette*, 9th January.

"Can Dickens be surpassed," by St. John Ervine. *Daily Express*, 10th January.

"The Works of Dickens: Notes on the less known tales," by a Dickens Lover. *Newcastle Chronicle*, 17th January.

"Dickens and the Parson." *Nottingham Journal*, 19th January.

"Fireside Reveries," by H. P. Riley. *Isis*, 24th January.

"'Edwin Drood' Again." *Bristol Western Daily Press*, 27th Jan.

"Dickens in the Wooded Shire" (The Royal Hotel, Leamington), by B. W. Matz. *Misc Host*, February.

"Dickens's Debt to Sheridan." *Times*, 2nd February.

"Thoughts for the Times: Charles Dickens." *Oldham Chronicle*, 3rd February.

"Dickens in the North: Visits to Newcastle and Berwick," by R. E. Charleston. *Newcastle Daily Journal*, 7th February.

"Anniversary of Charles Dickens's birth: some new scenes in London and Kent." Illustrated. *Sphere*, 10th February.

"A Christmas Carol: a play in three Acts," by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. Illustrated. New York, *Bookman*, December.

"The Dickens Eye." *Daily News* (Leader), 27th February.

"Dickens's Mr. Bevan," by Roland Corthell. Boston, U.S.A., *Evening Transcript*, 10th February.

"Dickens Love: Interesting connection at Exeter with the Novelist." *Exeter Express*, 24th February.

"Charles Dickens," by Charles Whibley. *Empire Magazine*, March.

"The Old Waterside of London's River beloved of Charles Dickens." Illustrated. *Sphere*, 10th March.

DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

BATH—April 10—Open Night.

BARRY—April 4—Dramatic Performance in Y.M.C.A.

BEDFORD—April 9—Lecture on "Pecksniff," by Mr. G. Hull, in General Library.

BRIGHTON—

April 6—Condensed Dramatic Reading of *Edwin Drood*, by Mrs. C. Witley, at Athenian Hall.

HACKNEY AND STOKE NEWINGTON—

April 23—Annual General Meeting and Entertainment, by Mr. Wilfred and Miss Ethel Stannard, at West Hackney Lecture Hall.

May 12—Dinner at Carr's Restaurant.

LEAMINGTON—April 10—Reading by Rev. Harsum Taylor, and Character Sketches by Members at Leamington College.

LIVERPOOL—June 15-17—Annual Conference of the Dickens Fellowship. Particulars of the Secretary.

LONDON—

April 18—Lincoln's Inn Hall. Annual Meeting of the Fellowship at 7-30. To be followed by a Lantern Lecture by Mr. B. W. Matz, on "The Inns and Taverns of Dickens." *Chairman*: Mr. Frank S. Johnson.

May 23—Evening Ramble in London.

June 9—A wreath will be placed on Dickens's grave in Westminster Abbey.

„ 9—Annual Pilgrimage: Ipswich and Bury-St-Edmunds.

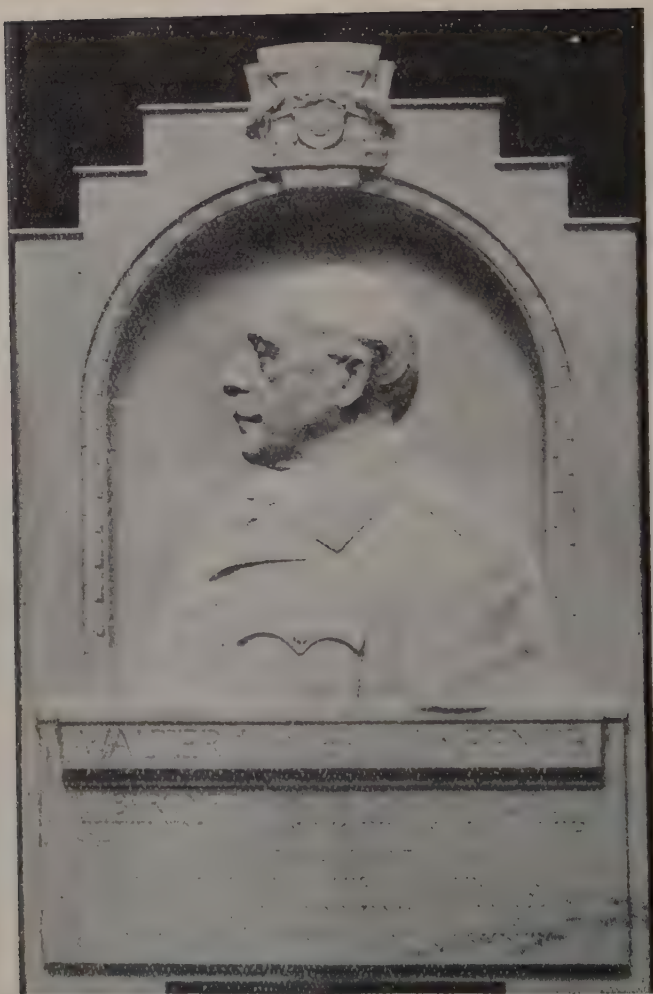
MANCHESTER—

April 6—Annual Meeting and Social, 7-15 p.m.

„ 14—Dramatic Performance, "The House of Dombey," at the Milton Hall, 7-15 p.m., in aid of Doughty Street Fund.

SOUTHAMPTON—

April 9—General Meeting at Freemantle Parish Hall at 7-30.



SIR WALTER LAWRENCE, BART., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., C.B.

The New President of the Dickens Fellowship

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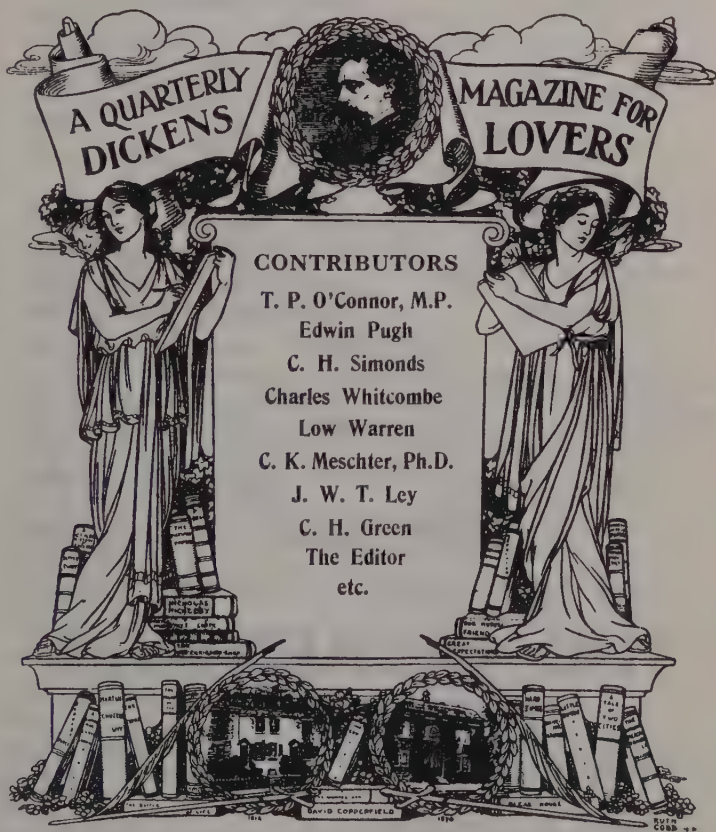
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THE DICKENSIAN

A Quarterly Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and the Official Record of the Dickens Fellowship

VOL. XIX.

JULY 1923

No. 3

WHEN FOUND—

THE fifty-third anniversary of the death of Charles Dickens, on the 9th of last month, was observed by the Dickens Fellowship by visiting his grave in Westminster Abbey, upon which wreaths were placed from Headquarters, and the Bedford, New York and Vancouver branches.

* * * * *

The Seventeenth Annual Conference of the Fellowship took place at Liverpool on 15th to 18th June last, and was a great success in every way. A Report of the meetings appear on another page. Very deep regret was expressed at the enforced absence of the New York delegate, Mrs. George C. Riggs, better known as Kate Douglas Wiggin, whose little book, "A Child's Journey with Dickens," is as famous in this country as in America. Mrs. Riggs was taken seriously ill on the steamer coming from New York, and on her arrival in this country was removed to a nursing home where she passed seven weeks. She is still under treatment, but we sincerely trust she will soon be well. She had been looking forward to being at the Conference, and is deeply grieved that she has not been able to meet her English Dickensian friends.

* * * * *

The Dickens Fellowship reaches its majority in October next, having been founded on the 6th of that month in 1902. We propose to make the next issue of *The Dickensian* a special one in commemoration of the event. It would be interesting to learn how many members who joined in the first year have retained their membership unbroken through the twenty-one years, and we invite those who can claim that distinction to notify us, and at the same time to send us a short message for publication. The message may take what form the writer chooses, embracing any interesting anecdote, story, reminiscence or recollection which may stand out in the mind of the member associated with the Fellowship's history. It is suggested that the occasion should be celebrated in some way by the branches throughout the world, and we should welcome from readers their views as to how this can best be done.

* * * * *

Two new trustees have been appointed for "The Charles Dickens Home for the Blind" at St. Leonards-on-Sea. Sir Washington Ranger, D.C.L., representing the National Institute for the Blind, and Mr. B. W.

Matz, representing the Dickens Fellowship. The home was originally occupied by St. Dunstan's for the benefit of soldiers and sailors blinded in the war. They now no longer require the Home for that purpose, and, in accordance with the terms of the deed, it passes to the Institute. At a meeting of the Council of the Institute it was decided to take over the Home, and an endowment of £6100 attached to it, the interest of which will be used towards the upkeep of the building. It is proposed that the Home henceforth should be used for the benefit of (1) physically defective blind persons who are crippled or suffering from some defect such as paralysis, weak heart, senility, etc., not amenable to medical treatment, and (2) deaf-blind or deaf and dumb blind persons.

* * * * *

The St. Pancras Council last year agreed to accept the lease of 13 Johnson Street, Somers Town, offered by the Rev. J. Brett Langstaff, together with the contents as a children's library and reading place; and Alderman A. Davis agreed to present the freehold. The Parliamentary and General Purposes Committee, having further considered the matter in all its aspects, have decided to take no further steps towards completing the scheme. The Committee have given the utmost consideration to the matter, and find themselves in entire agreement with the views of the Educational and Public Libraries Committee, who recommend the abandonment of what had become known as the "David Copperfield Library for Children." This scheme must not, however, be confused in any way with the Dickens Fellowship Scheme for the purchase and endowment of 48 Doughty Street as a Dickens Museum and Library. This is proceeding rapidly as the references to it elsewhere in our issue will testify.

* * * * *

Mr. Bransby Williams, after a very successful tour of the provinces, opened a season at the Lyceum Theatre, London, with his play of "David Copperfield" adapted by Walter Frederick Evelyn. Mr. Williams met with a rousing reception, and his very fine performances of the two parts of Micawber and Peggotty throughout justified the remarkable enthusiasm which greeted him at the end of each act. He was well supported by a good company, most members of which sustained their parts admirably. Perhaps the best of the more prominent parts was Miss Minnie Waterford's life-like creation of Betsey Trotwood, and the least satisfactory that of Mr. Derrick's Uriah Heep. We are afraid he did not grasp the psychology of the character. The real blot on the play was the character of Mrs. Crupp. Apart from the fact that she was not required there at all, the character as presented is as unlike that estimable landlady as could well be imagined.

* * * * *

Mr. Williams is taking his company to Canada, where he will open on the 3rd September at Montreal. Before he returns to England in the new year, he will visit Ottawa, Winnipeg, Toronto, Calgary, Edmonton, Regina, Saskatoon, Victoria, Vancouver and many other towns. We wish him every possible success and feel sure that his

reception over there will equal in enthusiasm the reception he has received wherever he has performed in this country.

* * * * *

At the time of his death in 1921, Mr. W. Glyde Wilkins, of Pittsburg, had a new work in hand dealing with the Cartoons and Caricatures of Dickens. He had collected most of his material and had placed it in the hands of the Bibliophile Society of Boston for publication. We are able to state that this material has now been put in order and prepared for press with notes and annotations by another hand, and is likely to be ready at no very distant date. The book will make a curious and interesting study. The pictures date as far back as 1836, and not only cover the period of Dickens's life-time, but include specimens of artists' and photographers' work up to 1900. It is not, however, merely a collection of pictures, for it contains all the letterpress which accompanied them in the various English and American newspapers and magazines in which they appeared.

* * * * *

Messrs. G. Bell and Sons have sent us a copy of "The Dickens Book" (2/6 net) issued in their series of Novelist Readers. It comprises scenes from Dickens books. The series aims at providing older children with selections from standard prose writers, and of training them to appreciate the difference between good and bad literature. The extracts in the Dickens volume are chosen to illustrate the main aspects of the novelist's greatness and include only passages which have been proved by experience to interest most children. The editor claims that the material is not presented in any misleading or pretentious form. The thread of each novel is given, and every extract is therefore likely to lead children to wish to read the complete work. The scheme seems to have been carried out with much care and success. The volume is prefaced with a short introduction on Dickens and his works, contains a portrait and many illustrations, chiefly from the pencil of Fred Barnard, and is provided with a series of exercises oral and written.

* * * * *

A reprint of "The Perils of Certain English Prisoners," which formed the Christmas number of *Household Words* for 1857, has been issued by Messrs. T. Nelson and Sons, with a few alterations to render it suitable for children to read. In the original form it comprised three chapters, the first and third by Dickens, and the second by Wilkie Collins. In the present issue these are called "parts," each of which is further divided into chapters, and are illustrated by Murray Urquhart with much spirit. The original sub-title running "And their Treasure in Women, Children, Silver and Jewels," has been altered to the prosaic one of "A tale of piracy in the West Indies."

* * * * *

Mr. Henry Alexander, of the New York Fellowship, put his valuable collection of Dickensiana on exhibition for three weeks in May last at the Public Library, New Rochelle, N.Y., where he was in charge personally to talk Dickens with anybody who desired to talk Dickens

with him. It was a most comprehensive collection, containing, besides first editions, something of all phases of the subject in picture, photographs and print. It also contained relics of the novelist, portraits and autograph letters. The exhibition attracted a great number of persons and on the evening, Mr. Alexander gave a lantern lecture, which he called "Charles Dickens: author, humourist and Social Reformer." It was voted so scholarly and definite, that, conceding to the repeated requests to print it, it duly appeared in the "Evening Standard" of New Rochelle, on the 12th and 14th May. We have had the pleasure of reading Mr. Alexander's lecture, and offer him, if we may, our hearty congratulations upon a lucid, carefully-thought out, and finely expressed story of Dickens's life and works. But we wish the printer had been more careful in the spelling of names. Mr. Alexander used his opportunity, as he always does now, in appealing on behalf of the Doughty Street House Fund.

* * * * *

A very fine performance of *Nicholas Nickleby* was given by the company of Interlude Players at the King's Theatre, Covent Garden, on Sunday, 7th April last. Although the programme did not say so, we believe the adaptation was by Mr. Clive Currie, who gave a particularly good rendering of the part of Newman Noggs, perhaps a little too bibulously. Miss Sydney Fairbrother played Smeke, Mr. J. Smith Wright was Ralph Nickleby, Mr. Frank Petley was Sir Mulberry Hawk, Mr. Edmund Keane was Crummles, Mr. Sam Livesey was John Browdie, Mr. Ivan Berlyn was Squeers, all of whom gave realistic performances. The character which delighted us most was Mantilini, played perfectly by Mr. H. A. Saintsbury, who seemed to enjoy himself no end. The ladies were not as good as the men. But the whole performance, really a series of episodes presented with curtains in place of scenery, was very satisfying, and gave immense pleasure to all who were fortunate to witness it. It was given in aid of the funds of the Kinema Club.

* * * * *

A copy of the first issue of the first edition of *A Tale of Two Cities*, containing the error of pagination (page 113 for 213), realised £48 at Sotheby's on 23rd April, while *Sketches by Boz*, both series, first edition, with plates by Cruikshank, went for £20. These were the highest figures in the sale of first and early editions of Dickens's works, which, comprising 67 volumes, were sold in 58 lots for £238 8s. The "Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi," edited by Boz, first edition, realised £10, and *The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit*, first edition, fetched £13 10s. A set of "The Gad's Hill Gazette," 1865-6, edited, printed, composed and published by H. F. Dickens, was sold at Sotheby's, on 11th June, for £270. An article on "The Gad's Hill Gazette" appeared in *The Dickensian* for July, 1910.

* * * * *

"When the *Pickwick Papers* were published in 1837," says a writer in "The Islington Daily Gazette," "it contained some excellent illustrations by Cruikshank." Did it? If a copy so illustrated appeared in

the auction rooms we wonder what exorbitant figure it would fetch ? Why does this confusion between Cruikshank and Phiz continually occur ? Only the other day "The Evening Standard," in commenting on the *David Copperfield* play at the Lyceum, said Mr. Fred E. Derrick as Uriah Heep, "seemed to be obsessed by the importance of keeping himself in Cruikshank attitudes." Cruikshank only illustrated two of Dickens's books, *Sketches by Boz* and *Oliver Twist*. Phiz illustrated the majority of the others.

* * * * *

Two new branches of the Fellowship are being formed, one in Everett (Washington), U.S.A., and the other in Balham and District. Of the latter, hopes are entertained that it will be in full working order to commence its first season in October next. At a preliminary meeting called to discuss the proposal, Mr. S. J. Rust, of the St. Pancras branch, addressed the audience and the idea was enthusiastically received. A further meeting was held at which a provisional committee was elected to take steps to bring the Branch into being. A good programme has been mapped out, which includes a visit to Rochester, Gadshill, Cobham on the 7th July, open to all residents in the neighbourhood. After the business had been disposed of, Mr. Walter Dexter gave his entertaining lantern lecture on the "Pickwickian Pi'grimages," which was thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. W. J. Fisher, 35 Loxley Road, S.W.18, is kindly acting as Hon. Secretary, and readers of *The Dickensian* in Balham and the adjoining districts are invited to communicate with him.

* * * * *

Mr. Tom Groves, M.P., with his wife, competed successfully for the Dunmow Flitch recently. In the course of an interview with a newspaper representative afterwards, he stated that he owed the felicity of his married life to Dickens. Reading *David Copperfield* in his youth he said he fell in love with Agnes. Then he looked about him for the living counterpart of Agnes, found her, proposed, and was accepted, with the result that he was able to present himself as a candidate for the coveted prize.

* * * * *

The most delightful, satisfying and convincing volume of literary criticism and appreciation we remember to have read is entitled "Companionable Books," by Henry Van Dyke, the American critic, poet and minister, which has only just been published in this country (Hodder and Stoughton, 7/6 net), although it originally appeared in America two years ago. After dealing with the Bible and the Psalms, the chapters following are devoted to Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Keats, Wordsworth, Browning, Walton, Samuel Johnson, Emerson and Stevenson, the whole comprising a real literary feast for the jaded reader of the hurried methods of the ordinary critic of to-day. Each of these chapters is a studied and beautifully expressed estimate from a particular point of view of the subject in hand, and the volume is one that will be required always at hand for a second and third reading and for constant dipping into. When one has read the chapter

entitled "The Good Enchantment of Dickens" (the first thing every Dickensian naturally will do, or should do), and has gone on steadily through the other pages of the book without a murmur of discontent or a sly yawn, he will go back to that chapter again and read it with more satisfaction each time he does so. We do not even propose to quote from it. Acquire the book somehow is our advice, and read what we have no hesitation in saying is the best piece of prose on Dickens that has appeared for years.

* * * * *

A well known and respected figure to frequenters of Westminster Abbey in the person of David Weller, passed away on the 9th April last. Mr. Weller had been for twenty years the Dean of Westminster's verger, and Bishop Ryle came especially from the country to conduct the funeral service. Mr. Weller was particularly popular with visitors by virtue, not only of his great and intimate knowledge of the archæology and history of the Abbey, which he loved, but by the manner and courtesy he always displayed in imparting that knowledge. He had not just learned his task like a lesson and recited it in a lifeless manner as other guides do. His heart was in it all the time, for he had studied the subject with enthusiasm, and in order to be better versed in it he became an expert photographer of the monuments and nooks and crannies. He was proud of his name, and never failed to remind Dickensians when he met them for the first time, that it had been immortalised by the novelist. His genial personality will be sadly missed.

* * * * *

Our readers will join us, we are sure, in congratulating Mr. E. Kendall Pearson, the Hon. Secretary of the Gloucester Branch, on his promotion to News Editor of "The Citizen," Gloucester, on which he had been the chief reporter for many years. Mr. Pearson has been the recipient of numerous congratulations, public and private, to which we are glad to add our own. He has been a tower of strength to the Fellowship in Gloucester and the neighbourhood, and we are comforted in the knowledge that his new post will in no way detract from his interest in the Fellowship's activities.

* * * * *

With reference to the report of the formation of the Newport (Mon.) Branch which appeared in our last issue, it should be said that the inception of the branch dates from October last, when Mr. D. W. Forrest, Hon. Sec. of the Barry Y.M.C.A. Branch, attended a meeting at the Newport Y.M.C.A. The Branch was then formally started, but it languished somewhat, until in January it was decided to put it on a new basis. A new committee and new officers were then elected, as reported in our April issue.

* * * * *

We understand that the death of Mr. F. L. Latham, referred to on another page, will necessitate the selling of Gads Hill Place, which will be put up at public auction during this month.

THE EDITOR.

THE GENIUS OF DICKENS*

By T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.

DICKENS surrounded my youth, as he did the youth of all that period. He was as popular in Ireland as he was in England : there was the universal note of human appeal in his writings that made him kin with the whole world, without distinction of creed or race.

In eighteenth-century literature, the poor, the outcast, and the criminal had been treated with raillery and contempt. Dickens introduced a new and sympathetic note. Jo, the crossing sweeper in *Bleak House*, was the first authentic portrait of the homeless, neglected child of the slums. It was not legislators, statesmen, or even preachers who first brought in that new humane spirit of the oneness of all society and of all men of all classes ; there was no such spirit in this country until it was created by the genius that brought Jo into existence.

There was a certain excess in the pathetic side of Dickens's works—sentiment going into sentimentality. Though he was great as a writer of pathos, it was not as such that Dickens could claim his central position in the firmament of literary genius. It was as a great humourist that he must be recognised. *Pickwick Papers*—his greatest work—was one of the six or seven outstanding works of humour in the history of literature. His greatest achievement was that he gave reality to his characters. The children of Dickens's imagination were more real to-day than any—except, perhaps, half-a-dozen—of the real human beings who ever trod this earth. We were all the better for Dickens. He was a democrat, not in the party sense, but in the great service he did in bringing up the poor, and even the guilty, from the abyss of neglect and ignorance in which they had wallowed up to the time of his re-creation of them by his pen. The new spirit of brotherhood in the nation, that sense of responsibility for each other which led us to make war on slums and devise measures for the benefit of the poor and disinherited, owed its inspiration to Dickens.

Dickens was primarily a cockney, though not born in London. He created the modern man—the man we all know. He had the follies as well as the virtues of a cockney. London was a much more roystering city then. Shops and places of hospitality were open night as well as day. There was, as recorded in Dickens's novels—especially in *Pickwick*—a reeking odour of punch. The city is very different to-day. It is the centre of observation. But the real London made its first appearance in the pages of Dickens. If you read *Pickwick* again (and I still hold that *Pickwick* was his greatest work), the first thing to strike you is this—the vast, intoxicating, bewildering mass of people, as you pass carelessly and hurriedly through the streets of London. I shall never forget, when I stood on London Bridge for the first time in my life, the sense of terror which came over me. Take up *Pickwick*

* Speech delivered at the Conference Dinner of the Dickens Fellowship at Liverpool on the 16th June last, in proposing the toast of "The Immortal Memory of Dickens.

and walk out into the street, and every face becomes individualised to you. The masks disappear and the characters speak out, and you feel that you live in London in a sense that you never lived before. It is a great reality, the spirit in which he described it. The poor, and the disinherited, and the weak criminal did not appear in Dickens's pages for the first time. You found them in eighteenth century literature and in the early parts of the nineteenth century. "The night before Larry was stretched" (I need not explain the word stretch), is a piece of riotous good humour and of satire. You see Larry not in the least abashed by the sense of crime, or terrorised by his coming doom, but exchanging his pipe of tobacco and his drink of whiskey with his companions. It stands out as in an etching. You can see the attitude of the eighteenth century to the criminal and the poor. They are all portraits as of the "Inferno" of Dante. The works of Fielding and Smollett allude to the poor too, and the outcasts, but always in the spirit of raillery and contempt and ignorance, and even a great contemporary of Dickens like Thackeray maintained an attitude of detachment from all those as from another race of human beings. Dickens made no distinction between high and low, rich and poor.

Dickens was a man of intense vitality and restlessness of spirit. Every line of his face showed resoluteness. He brought this restless and almost ferocious energy into all his work. He worked at shorthand by day and by night until he mastered it. He lectured incessantly, and wore himself out at the age of fifty-eight when he ought to have lived for himself and for the benefit of the world. If to-day we make war on slums, and discuss the betterment of the poor; if every man and every woman of every class considers that the highest duty and the noblest is to visit hospitals, to do their best to make the life of the poorest better; if we have the great human spirit of brotherhood among ourselves, and the responsibility of each to the other, it is to the genius of Dickens we must look as the original inspiration of the great and noble transformation of all classes of Society. I honour the men who have kept this Fellowship alive for almost twenty-one years. I honour them because they honour him. I honour them because they pay a tribute which ought to be paid. If we glory in the fact that we have brought civilisation, peace and order and fertility to desert places and to savage and warring tribes throughout every part of the world, our glory is equally great that our literature stands on an equal plane (if not a higher), to that of any other country in the world. It is to the literature we owe a large number of the great reforms which are carried on by the politician and the statesman, and the man of literary genius has been the great architect. I was walking in the streets of Dublin when I heard Charles Dickens was dead. Any man might die outside my own family without giving me any particular feeling that the world had lost much, but when I thought all that that brain still could have done, and all that vast, multitudinous family of unborn characters, I knew the world had sustained one of its biggest disasters. I cannot wind up these words of mine to Dickens without saying: Great was the literature of which Dickens was the creator—the all-understanding and the all-compassionate.

DICKENS AND WOMEN

By EDWIN PUGH

IT is written of an English monarch that he never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one. He was not a great man. Great men often say foolish things, perhaps because they are not afraid to be themselves. Carlyle said that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains. I know of no worse definition of genius : that is to say, literary genius. The greatest geniuses have usually taken the least pains. They have poured out their work in a torrential spate. It has welled out of them in a copious flood as spring water wells out of the hillside. Sometimes their sources of inspiration fail them, and the flood becomes a thin trickle. But they are always at their best when they are at their fullest. The greater the output the greater the power and volume. One has only to consider the monumental work of the great novelists of the nineteenth century to see that this is so. And the greatest of these was Dickens.

I think the secret of this vast outpouring may be found in something that Dickens said to the effect that there is a wisdom of the heart as well as a wisdom of the head. He says it over and over again, in various wise, as in this passage of profound irony from *Martin Chuzzlewit* :

The man in all this world most confident in his sagacity and shrewdness ; the man in all this world most proud of his distrust of other men, and having most to show in gold and silver as the gains belonging to his creed ; the meekest favourer of that wise doctrine, Every man for himself and God for us all (there being high wisdom in the thought that the Eternal Majesty of Heaven ever was, or can be, on the side of selfish lust and love !) shall never find, oh, never find—be sure of that—the time come home to him, when all his wisdom is an idiot's folly, weighed against a simple heart !

In other words, Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall see God. They shall see the Godhead in man. They shall see the divine spirit abiding still in the bruised and battered flesh of the most fallen and abandoned of God's creatures.

Not all the lore of the learned, not all the pains that go to the making of mere cleverness, not all the midnight oil burned at the high altars of Greek gods and goddesses, ever yet taught a man to know himself, and in knowing himself to know others. No man by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature, literally or metaphorically.

It is said that Dickens did not understand women as, say, Shakespeare understood them. Women especially are prone to say this. And they should know. But, if they are right, if it be true that Dickens did not know women, then women should, above all things, be grateful to him in that he did at least see and proclaim them at their best. So that if, indeed, women are not as he imagined they might be, so much the worse for women.

I have not the space, even if I had the inclination or the time, to re-tell the story of Mary Hogarth, the one woman whom Dickens loved. Or the story of Maria Beadnell, a poor little vain coquette, who yet seemed to Dickens in his youth as a being of right divine, human only by grace. She jilted him. And in his case it were surely better for him to have loved and lost than to have loved and won and married Maria. For then the angel of his dreams would have died on the day that he wedded the woman of mere flesh and blood. It was at once his tragedy and his salvation that he never found his affinity. The marriage of the one woman and the death of the other merely robbed him of his heart's desire. They left his ideals untouched; their memory consecrated his conception of womanhood and immortalized it. Had he snared either of those wild doves of romance and found her to be only very domesticated poultry after all, he might possibly have known a great deal more about women. He would most certainly have known a great deal less. He might have applauded the bitter outburst of the mad Hamlet at his maddest and most cynical: Frailty, thy name is Woman! As it is, he rather echoes the Shakespeare of a younger, nobler growth crying out passionately:

O hateful hands, to tear such loving words !
 Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
 And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings !
 As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
 I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
 Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain
 Poor wounded name ! my bosom, as a bed,
 Shall lodge thee !

No. When Dickens stretches out his hands towards women it is to bless them, never to upbraid or reproach or denounce them. When he puts his arms about them it is to shield and protect them, never to bind them fast in the prison-house of his arrogant masculinity. His was the knightly quest of the Holy Grail. His the chivalry that scorns to mount the high horse from which it derives its name and ride roughshod over the weak and lowly, preferring rather to travel with them after the humbler fashion of Christ into Jerusalem, and to write as Christ wrote in the dust: He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.

It is not Love but Passion that is blind. It was a passion of Hate that blinded the Scribes and Pharisees to their own sins when they would have stoned the women taken in adultery. It was Love that saw the goodness in her where Hate saw only the wickedness.

But the women protest that they do not want us to idealize them. They want us to love them for themselves, for what they are. And Dickens made them seem impossibly virtuous and holy creatures. They aren't a bit like that, really. They are just women, wholly human, even as men are. To think of them as anything other than human is to court disillusion. If in grasping at the glorious shadow we secure only the sorry substance we shall surely be disillusioned. And Disillusion is the death of Love.

I am not so sure. I think that men are usually more glad than sorry when they discover that women are a little lower than the angels, because that brings them a little nearer to men.

The quickening moth discerns the light,
Flutters from out his bower,



MARY HOGARTH

From a painting by "Phiz"

To find a flower in the night,
To find night in the flower.

But that wisdom of the heart, which is greater than any wisdom of the head, is also too clear-sighted to scorch its wings in the flames of passion, mistaking them for the cleansing fires of that charity which is love. That is rather the fate of cynics and sophisters. True love

is more modest, less self-seeking, more alive to its own shortcomings than to the shortcomings of the idol of its worship.

It is something of this that Dickens expresses when he says :

O woman, God beloved in old Jerusalem ! The best among us need deal lightly with thy faults, if only for the punishment thy nature will endure, in bearing heavy evidence against us, on the Day of Judgment !

Dickens was middle-aged when he met again the first love of his youth, Maria Beadnell. She was a shattering disillusion. And from that moment he was a changed man. He was so deeply changed that his art perceptibly suffered. Never again does he recapture his old careless mastery over his material. It is as if, from that time onward, almost against his will, he is forced to examine and criticize the healthy, hearty ideals of his youth : his youth that has lasted in the full bloom of its virginal innocence until now, and even now is only a little faded, a little sere. But what he lost in buoyancy he gained in steadiness ; what he lost in lightness of heart he gained in depth of insight and intensity of feeling. He never forgot that idyll of his youth, or the wanton maid who was its heroine ; but he remembers, he wears his rue with a difference. He recalls the pain, as well as the ecstasy, and he raises the corpse of his old love from the dead in the person of Estella in *Great Expectations*.

But still he cherished and guarded the memory of that other beautiful girl, Mary Hogarth, who had come into and passed out of his life like a visitant from another world, as we cherish and guard the innocence of our childhood. Her radiant figure stood to him as a type of all the highest possibilities of which mankind, and especially womankind, is capable.

If it be a reproach unto the wiser Dickens, then let it be a lesson unto us who are less wise to remember that throughout his life Dickens clung to his illusions with all the tenacity of a child. He was a man of perhaps narrow but unmistakably acute perceptions. He saw things clearly, though it may be that, as a rule, he saw only one aspect of most things. Wilfully, may be, he shut his eyes to the worse side of human nature and life generally. Thus the very squalor of his backgrounds is invariably picturesque ; the very vileness of his evil characters, grotesque or whimsical. He could not, would not, dare not believe that there was anyone or anything wholly bad. He fought with all the vigour and earnestness of his sanguine temperament for his conception of a world in which goodness triumphed over badness. He needed always some standard of perfection by which to measure the moral stature of his fellow creatures ; and his idealized memory of Mary Hogarth provided him with that standard. As, one by one, his other illusions faded, withered and died ; as, one by one, the uglier facts of life obtruded themselves more and more insistently upon him, so he clung the more tenaciously to his faith in the existence of an ideal human being somewhere ! It was as necessary to his art, as to his perverid nature, that he should hold that faith unflinchingly, unfalteringly, indomitably.

He began and continued as he ended, in believing resolutely in the perfect woman because Mary Hogarth died in the lovely dawn of her womanhood. Thereafter, until near the end, Dickens left his heroines on the steps of the marriage-altar, and fled from the vision of them as wives and mothers because Mary Hogarth had never husband or child. His heroines, having existed as glowing shadows, instinct with the promise of supernal life, stiffened at last into cold, stark outlines, as the shadowy figure of Mary Hogarth, having passed away, stiffened in his memory into a pure, cold unearthly thing in a coffin.

Dickens was not much given to introspection. He was not of that school of egoists which is forever taking out its heart and probing into its works and handing it round for others' inspection, like a boy with a new watch. He lived in other, simpler times than these. He worshipped other, simpler gods than the grim forces of evolution which science has created only to destroy, and will recreate only to destroy again and recreate again. His was a religion of symbols: the symbol of the shrouded body, with its calm face drained of all grossness, set in an expression of eternal peace; the symbol of the grave, and the Last Great Day of universal resurrection, the pale shadows of wandering souls in the twilight of that bourne from whence no traveller returns, the Judgment and the shining hosts of Heaven, the lost legions of Hell, God enthroned among His angels discoursing celestial music.

I think it was as simple as that, as simple and profound, as wise and as beautiful as that, to the immortal child Dickens.

THE WOMEN OF DICKENS

"**M**OST of the women depicted in his romances are very far from adorable. Scolds and silly women abound in his pages." So says the "Daily Mirror's" leader-writer, who, no doubt, like Mr. Podsnap, is perfectly satisfied that "that's that." But is it? My dictionary tells me that "adorable" should be applied to people who are to be worshipped, loved, highly respected. Should we not put in that category Betsey Trotwood, Lizzie Hexham, Esther Summerson, Little Dorrit, Agnes Wickfield, Florence Dombey, Clara Peggotty, Lucie Mannette, Mrs. Todgers, Mrs. Lirriper, and Ruth Pinch—and Dora Spenlow? Yes, I include Dora, for if she is not lovable, there is no lovable heroine in fiction. Silly women?—Mrs. Jellaby, I suppose, and Mr. F.'s aunt; Scolds?—Mrs. Gargery and Sally Brass, I suppose. Isn't it all nonsense? As well might we say "Dickens's books abound in male hypocrites and villains," and proceed to name Pecksniff, Jonas Chuzzlewit, Chadband, Pumblechook and Quilp! We will sav his pages abound with silly men, and name young Chivery, and Nell's Grandfather, and Mr. Guppy. And when we have finished, we find that Dickens's books contain all sorts of people—good and bad, and lovable and hateful, sensible and stupid. Just like life.

OLD FLEET.

SIR WALTER LAWRENCE, Bart., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., C.B.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

THE first qualifications necessary to be a President of the Dickens Fellowship are, obviously, a sincere regard for the memory of Charles Dickens, and a thorough knowledge and appreciation of his works. The Fellowship has always been fortunate in its choice in these respects, and in electing Sir Walter Lawrence to the post for the ensuing year has again shown great wisdom, for no more out and out enthusiastic Dickensian could be found.

He was a very prominent figure in the Boz Club, and during the time he has been Vice-President of the Fellowship, has whole-heartedly entered into the spirit as well as the work of its activities. During Sir Frederick Macmillan's term of office just closing, Sir Walter Lawrence rendered him valuable support on all official occasions and showed such interest in the welfare of the Fellowship in many other ways, that his election to the post will prove very popular.

Sir Walter Lawrence was born in February, 1857, at Moreton Court, near Hereford, and was 6th son of George Lawrence, J.P. for Monmouthshire. He was educated at Cheltenham College and Balliol College, Oxford, and passed 1st into the Indian Civil Service, 1877. He entered the Bengal Civil Service in 1879, and resigned in 1896, during which period he was Assistant Commissioner, Thal, Kurram, Afghanistan, and held political posts in Rajputana and the Punjab; was Under-Secretary of State to the Government of India, 1887-89, and Officiating Secretary, 1889; Settlement Commissioner in Kashmir, 1889-95, and Hon. Secretary to the Countess of Dufferin's Fund.

When he left Kashmir he thought he was quitting India for good, but in 1889 an old Balliol friend, Lord Curzon, who had been appointed Viceroy of India, insisted on his returning to the East as his Secretary.

After five years—very strenuous years—Sir Walter came home. If we may judge from the accounts in the Press, India never had a better Private Secretary, or a truer friend than our new President. But he was not yet, as he imagined, to sever his connection with India. In 1905 the King, then Prince of Wales, selected him as Chief of the Staff for the long and important tour in India, and in 1907 he was appointed Member of the Council of India. This he resigned after a brief term, and retired into private life till 1914, when Lord Kitchener invited him to look after the men of the Indian Army.

During the great war, dividing his time between France and England, Sir Walter held a commission as Temporary Colonel, A.A.G., 1914 was Commissioner to Lord Kitchener for Indian Sick and Wounded, and was appointed Liaison Officer between the War Office and Ministry of Pensions, 1917. On Lord Kitchener's death he went on a mission to America, November 1917—March, 1918; was appointed to the Staff of the Independent Air Force, July, 1918; and posted Major General, on special duty in Palestine, Syria and Cilicia in 1919.

Among other appointments Sir Walter holds those of Vice-President

of the Union Jack Club and Vice-President of the Council of the King Edward VII. Sanatorium, Midhurst, and Member of the Council of the Zoo.

As will be seen from these facts, his life has been very varied. Probably the work, of which he would be most proud, was the reorganization of the beautiful, but ruined, country of Kashmir. When Lord Lansdowne sent him up to Kashmir in 1889, the country was a by-word for tyranny, corruption and misery. When he left it in 1895 the people were happy and prosperous, and it is now one of the richest States. It is said that Orientals are lacking in gratitude. Twenty-seven years later the people of Kashmir and their ruler set up a memorial of Sir Walter Lawrence in Srinagar, the work of an enthusiastic member of our Fellowship, Sir George Frampton, which we reproduce as the frontispiece to the present number.

Sir Walter believes in variety, and advocates changes in occupation. He despises the old criticism of the rolling stone. But in one respect he has never varied, and that is in his love for Charles Dickens. As a boy he had the great advantage of being one of a large family, all devoted to Dickens, and in his speech at the Boz Club, of which he was the last and final Chairman, he told his audience that he owed most of his happiness in life, and most of his friends, to Charles Dickens.

PETER PARLEY AND DICKENS

By C. H. SIMONDS

ON the 7th of January, 1844, in Vice-Chancellor Knight-Bruce's Court, the Vice-Chancellor heard the application of Charles Dickens, and on the 18th of January further continued an injunction against a vendor, named Lee, of a literary work, published in weekly numbers, known as Parley's Illuminated Library. This injunction restrained Lee from publishing, selling, or otherwise disposing of Number 16 of the work referred to, dated January 6th, 1844, or any continuation or other part thereof, and from copying in the whole, or in part the plaintiff's book containing a work of fiction published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall on the 19th of December, 1843. This referred to "A Christmas Carol, in prose, being a Ghost Story of Christmas."

On the wrapper of No. 16 of Parley's Illuminated Library appeared an advertisement stating "this week is commenced and will be continued until complete, A Christmas Ghost Story, re-originated from the original by Charles Dickens, Esq., and analytically condensed expressly for this work." Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce held that Lee "had not made a legitimate use of the novelist's publication, in the fair exercise of a mental operation deserving the character of an original work" and "that the novelist was entitled to be protected from the unauthorised use of his property by another."

Recently I obtained three volumes of "Parley's Penny Library or Treasury of Knowledge, Entertainment and Delight." It may interest

your readers to learn that Vol. I. was published in 1841 and bears the following inscription :—

To
the Living Shakspeare
Charles Dickens
the last and best creation of whose genius,
Master Humphrey's Clock,
is herein analytically reproduced,
that the youth of England may possess
A Faithful delineation
of
Fiction teaching by Reality.
This Volume is, with sincere admiration and esteem
most respectfully inscribed by

The Editors.

On going through the book, I find Chapter 4, on page 12, *The Old Curiosity Shop*. The story is introduced as follows: "After the removal of the cloth a short discussion ensued as to the mode of spending the evening, when Emily said, 'Mamma, do tell us that story about the little girl and her grandfather, which you spoke about the other evening.'

" 'Aye, do mamma, if you please,' added Jane, 'I should so like to hear it.'

" 'You mean the story of *The Old Curiosity Shop* in 'Master Humphrey's Clock,' replied Mrs. Parley. I have every readiness to comply with your request.' "

Besides this chapter, there are six others in the first volume, "an analysis" of *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

On page 279 of the same volume there is a sketch of Charles Dickens by Mrs. Parley, "made of the author from a drawing which she had been informed was an excellent likeness." Under the sketch is printed, "Mr. Parley, who had some knowledge of Mr. Dickens before he became a LION, pronounced 'the picture in little' to be a very fair transcript of the features it was intended to represent, and soon after Mrs. Parley proceeded as in the following chapter."

On the next page "Barnaby Rudge" is commenced and completed in three later chapters. On page 102, Chapter XXV. commences as follows:

"I have observed you, papa," said Edward (at the next morning's breakfast), "reading 'The Pic Nic Papers,' edited by the author of *The Curiosity Shop*. Will you please to favour us with any account of that work?"

"I have only gone through the first volume," replied Mr. Parley, "the contents of which only supply two subjects calculated to interest you, my dears: but their great general merit, joined to the laudable purpose for which they were furnished—namely, to provide for the widow and orphans of a young publisher, recently cut off as the preface informs us, in the prime and vigour of his years, will, no doubt, render it highly popular." "The first paper is from the pen of the Editor and in his very best style. It is called 'The Lamplighter's Story.' In

Vol. I. there are three other chapters referring to the Pic Nic Papers, all entitled 'A Tale of Mystery.'"

Volume 3 of Parley's Penny Readings gives the reader an opportunity of discovering the arguments used by the Editors in defence of their treatment of the works of Charles Dickens, for in a preface it is stated :

Another opportunity of communing with our young friends having arrived, we hope that such of them as have steadily followed us since the commencement of our course, will by this time regard us as experienced guides, upon whose judgment and taste they have imbibed reliance, while proceeding together through 'paths of knowledge and delight,' heretofore, unexplored save by a privileged few. Judging, indeed, from the tone of numerous communications with which we have been favoured, we may without vanity infer that our efforts have not been vain : and that our promise to render the costly stores of ancient and modern literature familiar to those whose time and means are inadequate to the perusal of expensive works, has been hitherto fulfilled in good faith : as a comparison of the merits of the three volumes of 'Parley's Library' now before the public, with those of any other work ever published, even at three or four times the price, will, we think, amply testify.

It has also been the good fortune of this work to elicit highly favourable notices from the most respectable and extensively-circulated portions of the public press, affording, without exception, most unequivocal testimony to the *merits* and *value* of the 'Parley Library.' An objection, however, to our *plan* was started in a criticism in the 'Globe' daily paper, on the ground that the use made by us of certain popular works would materially trench upon the property of the original publishers. We might content ourselves with allowing the opinions expressed on this head by the 'Morning Advertiser,' the 'Sun,' and the 'Weekly Dispatch,' to settle the objection to which we refer, only that we deem it due alike to our readers generally and to the publishers of the works we have analysed in the 'Parley' to offer a passing remark on the subject. What then, has been the 'use' made by us of the popular works alluded to, viz., *Humphrey's Clock* (here follow the names of other publications). Let the following from the 'New Monthly Magazine' attest whether the Parley Editions of these clever works be mere *brainless piracies* or *fair and legitimate REPRODUCTIONS OF THE ORIGINALS*.

In the first volume of "Parley's Penny Library" we have the whole of the labour of Charles Dickens, together with that of several other authors of celebrity, at the trifling cost of one shilling ! Here we have ALL the 'Old Curiosity Shop,' 'Barnaby Rudge' and the 'Lamplighter's Story' from the 'Pic Nic Papers,' and other popular writers are devoured in the same wholesale manner, among whom we find the author of 'Valentine Vox' ; Horace Smith, his tale of 'Esther' on the Picnic Papers ; Mr. Johnson on Natural History ; and a tale by Sir Thomas Dick Lander. These are only *part* of the contents of the first volume.

New Monthly Magazine for January, 1842, p. 158.

Clearly, if the critic of the New Monthly be correct, there has been here NO "plucking away feather by feather and stick by stick, like crows pilfering their brother's nest," on the contrary,

Parley must have been a bold Pirate to rob them at once of all. For, to crowd a host of works which must have cost at least twelve guineas, into a little volume sold for as many *pence*, will be admitted, from a commercial point of view, to be a curiosity not met with every day. It is precisely this part of our *plan* which enables us to "shake hands with ourselves," as an artist may, who succeeds in producing a faithful engraving from an original painting, and who preserves each feature, peculiarity, and distinctive touch of the master. As to the degree of *merit* to be accorded to talent of this order, we are not ambitious of ascertaining it. Let those, however, who would award the fair portion due, try their hand at *our* mode of "re-originating original works," carefully noting plot, materiality, and union of incident, and they will be better able to adjudicate on the question.

A word, in conclusion, as to the *THE LAW* on this subject. It will not we conceive, be disputed that there is not the "shadow of a shade" of a decision, either in equity or at *nisi prius*, from the day of Lord Cowper to those of Lord Eldon—or even those of Brougham or Lyndhurst—against a writer *fairly exercising his own mind* by "RE-ORIGINATING AN ORIGINAL WORK."

If, however, the Editors of "The Globe" or the "New Monthly Magazine" be in want of authorities on this point, we may hereafter select a few from a mass which even the "Edinburgh Review" itself holds to be irresistible. Nor can the new "copyright" bill, or any other Act of Parliament, ever prevent a course which cannot but prove a boon to those for whom works of this kind are especially printed; for,

"Until paper, pen, and ink,
And printing in oblivion sink."

the *right* as well as *benefit* of condensing and cheaply diffusing the materials of knowledge will be most assuredly claimed and exercised.

After a perusal of this preface, which I have set out fully, can any lover of Dickens doubt that the right decision was arrived at by the Court which stopped, for only a little time, unfortunately, these unauthorized vendors and publishers from selling pirated versions of his stories. On the 18th of January, 1844, Dickens, after leaving the Vice-Chancellor's Court, wrote to Forster, "The pirates are beaten flat. They are bruised, bloody, battered, smashed, squelched and utterly undone."

But the sequel to the case was an arrangement that, upon an ample public apology, and payment of costs, the offenders should be allowed to go without any inquiry to ascertain what profits had been made by them "as the result of re-originating an original work," or of any of such profits being paid over to Dickens. In 1846 pirates were again busy with the works of the Novelist, but he refused to take proceedings in Court saying, in a letter to Forster, "it is better to suffer a great wrong than to have recourse to the much greater wrong of the law. I shall not easily forget the expense and anxiety and horrible injustice of the *Carol* case, wherein, in asserting the plainest right on earth, I was really treated as if I were the robber instead of the robbed. Upon the whole, I would much rather *not* proceed And I know of nothing that *could* come, even of a successful action which would be worth the mental trouble and disturbance it would cost."

FRANCIS LAW LATHAM, J.P., OF GADS HILL

WE regret to record the death of Mr. Francis Law Latham, J.P., of Gads Hill Place, which took place on the 28th April last, from syncope, at the age of 85 years. We need not remind our readers that Dickens's favourite residence has been the property of Mr. Latham for many years, and visitors to Kentish Dickens-land from all over the world have reason to be grateful to him and Mrs. Latham for repeated courtesies and good nature in allowing them to view the house and grounds so intimately associated with the great novelist.

To live in a house once occupied by so famous an Englishman as Dickens would be to many something of an unmixed blessing, for we suppose that there was scarcely a day in the summer time when it was not either being stared at by pedestrians and pilgrims from without, or access to its interior being sought by the more venturesome. Mr. Latham, being an ardent student of Dickens, and good natured withal, was always philosophical about the matter, and was ever anxious to satisfy the enthusiast who desired to see the Library, the Dining-room where Dickens died, and the grounds he so loved. During the last few years, however, he was compelled to fix a certain day in the week when the house could be viewed, and it was a common sight on any Wednesday to see troupes of pilgrims going over his house and grounds. To the members of the Dickens Fellowship he was particularly friendly, and he often broke the rigid rule to oblige its members or some American admirer who arrived at Gads Hill on the wrong day.

Mr. Latham closely identified himself with the affairs of the parish of Higham, and was only too glad to lend his support to any good and philanthropic object. He retained his membership of the Parish Council and the Parochial Church Council to the last. He was also a Justice of the Peace for the county, and until prevented by infirmity was a regular attendant at the County Bench at Chatham.

He was the second surviving son of Mr. John Latham, of Bradwell Hall, Sandbach, a Cheshire magistrate, was a scholar of Brasenose College, Oxford, and obtained firsts in the Classical Schools. He also won the Newdigate Prize in 1858, with a poem on "The Discovery of the North-west Passage," when Swinburne was also a competitor. In June, 1864, he was called to the Bar by the Inner Temple, and went out to Bombay in the palmy days before there was Indian competition for briefs. He was officiating as the Official Remembrancer in the early seventies, and also acted at various times as Advocate-General and Judge of the High Court. He was considered better as a Judge than as an advocate, and his opinions were much respected. From early in 1884 until his retirement home at the end of 1893, he was Advocate-General of Bombay.

One of his daughters is the wife of Sir Charles Chitty, late Judge of the High Court of Bengal, and the Rev. H. G. D. Latham, of Huntingdon, a great promoter of clubs for working-men, is his son.

To Mrs. Latham and her family we extend our sincerest sympathy and condolences.

B. W. M.

DICKENS'S KNOWLEDGE OF CRICKET

A DEFENCE

By CHARLES WHITCOMBE

ONE frequently sees repeated the old gibe about Dickens's ignorance of the game of cricket. Mr. Horace Hutchinson, in one of his articles, put it thus: "When Charles Dickens died he left behind him two mysteries unsolved: one, the way in which he meant to finish *Edwin Drood*; the other, his idea of the game of cricket, as dimly adumbrated in the altogether remarkable account of a pastime masquerading under that name in which the elect of the parishes of All Muggleton and Dingley Dell did furiously rage together. George Meredith, in 'Evan Harrington,' writes as if he had seen a game of cricket—once; which is, almost certainly, once more than Charles Dickens."

Now I have heard this criticism, in very similar words, many times, but I have never concerned myself with it. It really does not matter, and in commenting upon it now, I hope to goodness I do not offer Mr. Hutchinson an excuse for accounting me one of those touchy Dickensians who are offended if told that their hero was a human being. It is not in that spirit, but in a spirit of simple curiosity that I turn from his utterance to *Pickwick* itself and read the chapter referred to a little more closely than I have done for many a year.

Obviously, the chapter was not written by a Major Philip Trevor, but it was most palpably never intended as a serious report. Such a thing would have been a curiosity in 1836. Cricket has a fairly ancient history, but it certainly was not in 1836 the popular pastime that it is to-day. It was almost exclusively confined to games on the village green, and, in point of fact, was played in some parts of England scarcely at all; Hampshire, Kent, Sussex—the South of England was its home. W. G. Grace, whose triumphs made the game popular, was not to be born for another twelve years, and would play for the Gentlemen for the first time some twenty-eight years after Dickens wrote this chapter. Can we, at this time of day, visualise the sort of game that would be played more than eighty years ago on the village green? Would it be too much to assert that almost for certain not one of the twenty-two players could have passed an elementary examination in the rules of the game? Let me tell a story.

Last summer, I was travelling in a railway train in a county that boasts a first-class team. Two gentlemen were discussing the doings of that team and commenting upon the large number of extras. *A* asked *B*: "What is a no-ball?" Said *B* to *A*: "O, when the ball hits the batsman's pads and a run is scored." Said *A* to *B*: "What is a leg-bye?" Said *B* to *A*: "When the ball hits the wicket-keeper's pads and a run is scored." Yes, and *B*—he of the profound knowledge of cricket—I knew to be a player who has often hit up his twenty or thirty runs on a Saturday afternoon!

If such a state of affairs is possible to-day, we are quite safe in assuming that the village green match of eighty years ago probably often bore a very remote resemblance to what we in this generation

are used to seeing at Lords and the Oval. An afternoon watching some of the park cricket of to-day goes far to confirm one in the assumption. So that it is scarcely justifiable to judge Dickens's account of the match at Muggleton in the light of the kind of cricket served up by P. G. H. Fender's men. I rather think that, if the truth were known, we should discover that it is a pretty fair account of the kind of match that was played in those days on the village green. It was not accurate cricket according to Cocker; but it was cricket played for the game's sake.

Besides, where is Dickens's inaccuracy of detail? "The interest became intense when Mr. Dumkins and Mr. Podder walked, bat in hand, to their respective wickets. Mr. Luffey . . . was pitched to bowl against the redoubtable Dumkins, and Mr. Struggles was selected to do the same kind office for the hitherto unconquered Podder." I have heard and read this criticism, as implying that Dickens had the notion that the batsman remained at the same end all the time. That seems to me absurdly gratuitous. To-day, of course, we should say that "Luffey opened the bowling to Dumkins from the pavilion end," but Dickens makes it clear that Luffey did open to Dumkins, and I cannot see how his, maybe slightly ambiguous, way of telling us that Struggles was the other bowler, justifies us in accusing him of total ignorance of the game. If he had seen only one match, he would have seen that the batsmen did change ends occasionally. It happens he had rather acute powers of observation, be it remembered. He talks about the players being stationed to "look out" in different parts of the field. He quotes "look out," which is accurately expressive, and was the term used in those days. He talks about "notches" instead of runs, which was the term used in those days. True, he says, that the umpires were stationed *behind* the wickets, which reads rather oddly to-day; but that may have been carelessness—and, after all, this report appears in Chapter VII., when, avowedly, he had no other idea in writing than of giving us farcical cockney sporting adventures. Remember that that was the original plan of the book which had not yet been abandoned, and that Dickens had no idea of writing for the modern frequenter of Lords pavilion. Besides, have you never seen in a park match one umpire, at any rate, standing well behind the wickets? I have, many and many a time.

"Mr. Luffey retired a few paces behind the wicket of the passive Podder, and applied the ball to his right eye for several seconds. . . . 'Play'! suddenly cried the bowler. The ball flew from his hand straight and swift towards the centre stump of the wicket." Well, Parkin does not apply the ball to his right eye, but—I have seen the late E. M. Grace do it! Bear in mind that over-arm and round-arm bowling were unknown in those days. Luffey and Struggles were both underhand or lob bowlers. The ball "fell upon the tip of the bat, and bounded far away over the heads of the scouts." Is that inaccurate? Practically every scoring stroke on such a ground must have lifted the ball. Few runs would be scored by ground strokes. We who are used to first class and good club grounds scarcely realise that

in those days there was not a "billiard table" wicket in the country. The most carping critic may be defied to find a flaw in the remainder of the description. So that it comes to this—Dickens made one mistake. He placed both umpires behind the wickets. There is no other criticism that can be sustained, particularly when we remember that this was deliberately written as a farcical account of a village cricket match more than eighty years ago, when cricket was thoroughly crude, and nobody could have dreamed of its ever reaching its present high scientific standard.

Stay one moment. I am reminded that the batsman hit the good balls, and blocked all the bad ones! That is not perhaps the custom of Hobbs, but again, this was written before the days of scientific cricket reporting, and one still hears in third class cricket the loose balls spoken of as good balls. They are good from the batsman's point of view. We have to look at this account through the eyes of the readers of eighty years ago, when cricket was a crude game compared with what it is to-day. And we have to allow for the spirit of exuberance and also of satire in which it was written.

This may seem like a loud song about very little. There is very little in it, I agree, and I have only dealt with it at all as a matter of curiosity.

A NEW PICKWICK INN FOR LONDONERS

By LOW WARREN
Editor of "Mine Host"

WITHIN a stone's throw of Charing Cross, and immediately adjoining the Golden Cross, which figures so largely in the novels of Charles Dickens, is a licensed house that should make joyous the hearts of every devotee of the great and human writer. Here, in a lounge overshadowed by the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, one can sit and sup a glass of glorious port or sherry wine, surrounded the while by a set of wonderful scenes from *The Pickwick Papers* that look down upon one from the walls, a series of pictorial reminders of those bygone days which Dickens knew so well how to describe.

How the pictures came to be painted is in itself an interesting story, and quite in keeping with the Dickens spirit which they are intended to perpetuate. They are the work of a deaf and dumb artist, Mr. Alfred R. Thompson, who, till recently, was comparatively unknown. To-day, he has a picture in the Royal Academy, and the work of his which adorns the walls of the lounge at The Duncannon, has recently attracted many well-known painters to the snug little hostelry in Duncannon Street, Charing Cross, where the Brothers Frost are proud to show his remarkable Dickens studies to all who care to call and see them. This Dickens lounge is unique. There is not another place like it in the country, and the pictures themselves have so happily caught the spirit of the scenes depicted, and so accurate is the limning of the characters, that The Duncannon will assuredly in future years be



BARDELL v. PICKWICK



THE EATANSWILL ELECTION

numbered among the show places to which lovers of the great novelist delight to make pilgrimage.

Mr. Thompson is to be congratulated upon the truth and actuality which distinguish his work. Here, in the various panels round the room, and on the wall by the stairs leading to it, we see life-size figures of the characters which Dickens made famous in *The Pickwick Papers*. There are representations of the great Bardell v. Pickwick trial for breach of promise, with Serjeant Buzfuz exercising his forensic powers upon the Court, and pointing the finger of scorn at the shivering figure of Pickwick. This, from some points of view, is the best of the series. But not far behind it in point of merit is the famous scuffle at the Eatanswill Election, which is full of life and subtlety of humour. Then there are sketches—all of them in vivid colouring—of the coach ride from Bristol to Birmingham; of Pickwick in the pound, seated in a barrow, and scared to death by the braying of a donkey; pictures of Winkle, of the Fat Boy, of Sam Weller, Tracey Tupman, Alfred Jingle, and all the rest of the familiar crowd of characters who strut through the Dickens pages.

Dickens enthusiasts will glory in this collection of pictures which cover the entire space of the walls on all sides of the room, except for the bar and openings of the windows. A close study of them will reveal more and more the subtlety of the humour, and the idealism of the man who inspired them, which the artist has so successfully caught and permanently recorded.

The proprietors of the house told the writer that they employed the artist to decorate the lounge for their own pleasure when it was recently enlarged. They have sought no publicity to blazon the fact abroad, but once Dickensians know of the existence of these pictures, they, and the great army of devotees who yearly come to us from the other side of the Atlantic, will certainly make a point of visiting The Duncannon in the course of their pilgrimage, to pay tribute to the memory of one of the greatest writers of fiction who ever lived.

DICKENS LEFT AMERICA?

By CHARLES K. MESCHTER. Ph.D.

President of the Bethlehem (Pa., U.S.A.) Branch

SOME say that years ago Charles Dickens left us,
 Went from our halls and marts.
 No, never has this Master thus bereft us;
 He dwells within our hearts.

Within these human chambers shines his glory,
 Here still he works his spell,
 Here shall resound his every lifting story,
 Here shall he ever dwell!

"DICKENS THE IMMORTAL"*

By J. W. T. LEY

MR. LUPTON is an enthusiast, and he knows his Dickens well, and it is always a pleasure to read a book written by such a man. There is a naivete about this book that suggests that it was written out of the author's enjoyment, for his own delight, and books written in that way never fail to carry something of the infection to their readers. The volume is not a constructive whole, however, and suffers from it. Not simply are the chapters independent, but even within themselves they lack what one may call a dove-tailing, and the result is often a curiously inconsequential effect. The effect is contradictory too, upon occasion. For instance, we read in the first chapter that "especially in the early writings, topics of the day, many of them quite ephemeral, are drawn upon, a practice causing difficulties to later generations of readers, and, in fact, only appropriate in sketches themselves of an ephemeral nature." But the second chapter opens thus: "The keen discernment of Dickens enabled him to accumulate and weave into his stories a vast number of small items on the life and customs of his day, and thus his writings have become quite a storehouse of information that may well prove valuable to antiquarians of future generations." Here, surely, is at least one element of contradiction? Many of those forgotten topics will be as valuable to the social historian as the old customs, and many a present-day custom arose out of a long-forgotten topic.

Mr. Lupton provides us with a hint out of which a very interesting article might be made. It is often pointed out that Dickens was the most fertile of authors, that he produced so-many thousand characters, all different. Mr. Lupton remarks "Occasionally we find the reproduction with variations in a later book of a type of character portrayed in an earlier novel." The suggestion made, one realises that a case could be argued in its support. He quotes Mr. Turveydrop and Mr. Mantilini; he might have quoted Mark Tapley and Sam Weller, Flora Finching and Dora Spenlow, Mr. Chadband and Mr. Pecksniff, Mr. Honeythunder and Uncle Pumblechook. There is no suggestion that Dickens did not possess the fullest fertility of invention, indeed the parallels serve but to emphasise it. But it is a big subject.

Mr. Lupton refers to the influence of Carlyle upon Dickens. That has always been acknowledged, but, our author makes the very interesting suggestion that it was from that friend that the novelist got the idea of the Circumlocution Office. It was a new suggestion to me, but it would seem to be a real probability. Other suggestions, however, I am less ready to accept. The chapter on Dickens as "The Student of Scott" is highly interesting and ingenious, but just a little too ingenious in places, I think. The purpose of the chapter is to show that the influence of the good Sir Walter is clearly manifested in Dickens's works.

* By Edward Basil Lupton, LL.M. of the University of Cambridge. Kansas City, U.S.A. : Alfred Fowler. \$2. London : Arthur F. Bird.

The first suggestion is that the idea of the Bill Stumps discovery came from "The Antiquary"—Jonathan Oldbuck's discovery of the supposed Roman stone. That surely would have been a very blatant plagiarism. The boy poet, Chatterton, had played with the idea long before Scott wrote. The notion of Wellerisms may have come from "Rob Roy," but Mr. Lupton himself points out that the idea is as old as Theocritus. In "The Heart of Midlothian," we are reminded, "Scott gives a description of the Porteous Riots in Edinburgh," and then it is naively added, "Subsequently in *Barnaby Rudge*, Dickens describes the Lord George Gordon Riots in London." The suggestion is surely far-fetched? But what is to be said of the following?—

The nineteenth chapter of "Quentin Durward" contains a rapid description of the appearance of the streets of Liege in the fifteenth century, and in the thirty-second chapter of *Nicholas Nickleby*, Dickens has a hurried description of the shops lining the main streets of London in his own days.

Whither will such parallels lead us? Mrs. Emma Marshall describes the streets of Bristol in Edward Colston's days, and she describes the Bristol Riots. Did she get her notion for the one from "Quentin Durward," or *Nicholas Nickleby*, and for the other from "The Heart of Midlothian," or *Barnaby Rudge*? This is comparison running riot. In "The Talisman," we are reminded, Saladin adopts disguises, and in "The Antiquary," Lovel proves to be of noble birth, and then the suggestion is made that the John Rokesmith mystery was intended for a parody on Scott's methods! That sort of thing leaves me breathless, I must confess!

But there are individual thoughts in this book to stimulate many a Dickens student, and one welcomes it for the genuine love for and the knowledge of the books that it displays. There are just two little errors into which Mr. Lupton has fallen. Dickens's son, Alfred Tennyson, was not named wholly after the poet, as many think. The first name was in honour of Alfred, Count D'Orsay. And the first meeting with Landor was not that at Bath in 1840, when Little Nell was born. Dickens first met the poet in 1836.

EXHIBITION OF DICKENSIANA IN AMERICA

A FAMOUS PICKWICK

THE largest collection of Dickensiana brought together since the Grolier Club exhibition of 1913 was shown from 14th to 31st May last by Harry F. Marks at 187 Broadway, New York. The first editions, illustrations and other mementoes of the great novelist, selected from the best collections in the country, were valued by Mr. Marks at more than \$100,000. Few of them were for sale, however, as they had been loaned for the occasion.

There were innumerable relics of Dickens, such as the grey bowler

hat and collar he wore on the day he died, and a lock of his hair. There was a sandal-wood box presented by Dickens to his wife, Kate Hogarth, on their wedding day, with the inscription on it, "From Charles Dickens to Kate, April 2, 1836," an inscription which he carved with his own hand. Inside the box was a spool with some of the thread still on it as it was left by Mrs. Dickens.

In a case stood the silver loving cup presented by the staff of "The Morning Chronicle" to Dickens in 1837, and nearby were letters such as the one in which Dickens asked Samuel Lover in jest to come to the Pickwick dinner, "like a decent Irishman (if there be such a thing)." There were first editions of the *Christmas Carol*, of the *Tale of Two Cities*, and of all the other books and stories of Dickens. Some of the collectors who contributed were Cortes W. Cavanaugh, John C. Eckel, of Philadelphia, author of the first complete Dickens bibliography, and A. A. Hopkins.

One of the gems of the collection was the Lapham-Wallace *Pickwick*, a collection of the first editions of the story. There were also the Pailthorpe original drawings for *Pickwick*. Pailthorpe used the original conceptions of Hablot K. Browne, known as "Phiz," but invested them with a beauty and delicacy which the old drawings perhaps lacked.

Speaking of the Lapham-Wallace *Pickwick*, the catalogue says:

"Great Pickwicks, like great Raphaels or great violins, carry the names of the former owners, so that in little less than a hundred years we have a small but great aristocracy of pedigreed sets of green-covered numbers, and the owners are, indeed, proud of their lineage. The 'points' and states of the plates and the kaleidoscopic advertisements are a never-ending joy; for truly, there is no beginning and no end. There are some copies which challenge the whole bibliographical world by the eminence of their condition or rare features which raise them superior to ordinary, and even celebrated copies as does Gibraltar rise above the sea. It has no superior, and its equal will have to be demonstrated by the law of evidence. This copy is free from 'doctoring,' and is the true virgin of Pickwicks. It can stand the acid test of any criticism. The Pickwick ideal is almost unattainable; but this copy more nearly attains Olympus than any other."

This celebrated copy of *Pickwick* sold at the new galleries of the American Art Association on April 17th, for \$4,600. The copy is in very fine condition, most of the backs are in good condition, and it is exceptionally clean. A collation has been made by Mr. A. A. Hopkins and published as a pamphlet limited to 250 copies.

On the whole this is one of the finest copies in existence, and the price was very moderate.

Seventeen letters to Clarkson Stanfield, including one written in *Italian* by Dickens, brought \$600. The original pencil sketch shown in *The Dickensian* for April, 1919, brought \$470. Other items brought good prices. The level of prices on Dickens items for the season has been high and the "market is firm."

THE TOPOGRAPHY OF DICKENS SOME NEW BOOKS

By C. H. GREEN

RAMBLES in Dickens's London have always had a fascination for the Metropolitan visitor, whether of this or any other country, and of late years there has been an increasing demand for some authoritative guide book on the subject. It is just on forty years since Robert Allbutt first published his book of Rambles, and possessors of that work still rely upon it for guidance, notwithstanding the many changes and demolitions which have been made in the meantime.

Mr. Walter Dexter, in his new book,* has now done all and more than all we could reasonably expect to fill that want, and there are few who could have catered so efficiently for the requirements of the pilgrim in search of the London revealed to us in the writings of Charles Dickens. He divides his subject into fifteen rambles, each of which occupy about an hour and a half to two hours. By so doing, he has been able to cover the ground in no perfunctory manner and ensure that nothing shall escape notice. Many will undoubtedly find within the pages of the book much of the London of Dickens with which they are already familiar, but there are thousands of others to whom its wealth of information will open up fresh fields of interest. To both the book will appeal. Those who have traced the buildings and sites in London mentioned or fictitiously referred to by Dickens will be glad to avail themselves of the systematic arrangement of the rambles to afford them a ready reference to points of interest. Those not so well informed will welcome the assistance of Mr. Dexter to acquaint themselves with the lesser-known sites so apt to be overlooked during the perambulation of the great city beloved of Dickens.

The reader is left in no doubt as to the authenticity of the reference. Ample quotations from the writings are given to prove the association of the building or locality to be that to which Dickens desired to allude, and where these no longer exist, the present day structure occupying the site is mentioned to prevent any misconception. When doubt exists, there is a warning to that effect given by the author.

We are glad to find that Mr. Dexter has taken a liberal interpretation of "London," and goes somewhat beyond the customary limitations of the City. His rambles therefore extend to Islington, Hampstead, Limehouse, Greenwich and even westward as far as Twickenham, so that the perambulating Dickensian of even the most energetic type will find ample scope for his pedestrian activities.

At the close of each ramble a complete itinerary is given of all the sites mentioned, together with a list of the books in which a reference thereto can be found, and a copious index affords easy reference to the contents of over 250 pages.

We fail to find any omission unless it be the lack of reference to Limehouse Church as being that to which Jack Bunsby was conducted

* "The London of Dickens," by Walter Dexter. London: Cecil Palmer. 6s. net.

and married by Mrs. MacStinger, though we readily admit that in this connection we are without any more authoritative grounds for the assertion than the persistent claim of the older inhabitants of the district and our inability to locate a more likely ecclesiastical edifice with the description given by Dickens.

If we may venture to suggest an improvement to this admirable and handy guide it would be the inclusion of interleaved blank pages upon which notes could be made and a sketch map for each route, and we submit this suggestion to the author for the second edition, which we feel sure will soon be required.

As if to emphasise our suggestion, we have received from America a Dickens Atlas* which meets to some extent the want which we referred to. The authors, Mr. Albert A. Hopkins and Mr. Newbury Frost Read, need no introduction to readers on this side. They are too well known as ardent students and lovers of Dickens to warrant any mistrust as to their qualifications for the task they undertook. The work has been well done, and we welcome the assistance which the Atlas affords, and congratulate the authors on the result achieved and originality of the method adopted.

There are twelve bird's eye views of "Walks in London" which follow much the same routes as Mr. Dexter. Each map or view is printed on ledger paper, having a good writing surface, with ample margin on which notes may be made. These will enable the possessor to see at a glance the sequence of his journey while the reference notes which accompany each view ensures that nothing of interest will be missed. The remaining thirty plates are devoted to plans of towns, buildings and maps of districts. On each of these references are clearly marked and succinctly described in footnotes. Those of the towns such as Bath, Canterbury, Rochester, etc., are sufficiently clear to enable the Dickens tourist, uncondacted otherwise, to visit all the sites of interest, while those referring to districts, such as Mr. Pickwick's tours, Little Nell's wanderings, and other such perambulations, open up new fields of interest for the Dickens motorist or pedestrian in search of fresh ground for investigation.

None the less interesting are the plans of buildings included in the series. These, for the first time, enable one to visualise the internal structure of those immortalised buildings, the Bull Hotel at Rochester, Mr. Pecksniff's house, the Assembly Rooms at Bath, with many others, the internal arrangement of which have up to the present only been pictured in imagination. It is apparent that Mr. Hopkins and his coadjutor, albeit Americans, know the ground thoroughly, their acquaintance with the books concerned may be taken as granted. They confine themselves scrupulously to their task as becomes the geographer; stating facts, noting suggestions, suppositions, clearly and simply, without colour or embroidery. This makes the Atlas specially useful to the Dickens student who has plenty of supposition and suggestion of his own.

* "A Dickens Atlas, including Twelve Walks in London with Charles Dickens." Prepared by Albert A. Hopkins and Newbury Frost Read. London: Spurr and Swift. 25s. net.

The edition is unfortunately a small one—only 300 sets for Great Britain, Canada and the United States of America. We fear that it will not go round, and if a second is contemplated, would venture to suggest an issue with the plates on one side of the paper only. This would permit of the work being put perhaps to an additional use—the extra illustration of the novels.

The Atlas is dedicated to “B. W. Matz, the first and only editor of *The Dickensian*, and a Dickens scholar of splendid attainments. His plentitude of knowledge has been a well of wisdom to all Dickensian scholars, both in Europe and on this continent.”

Two other interesting books on London Streets recently published may appropriately be included in this article, by Mr. W. Marston Acres* and Lilian and Ashmore Russan† respectively. Both are designed on the same lines, and are essentially compiled for the rambler in and about the city. Each takes the streets of London in order, and furnishes particulars of the origin of their names and the literary and historic interest associated with each. Mr. Acres’s volume is the more comprehensive of the two, but both are very valuable little volumes, packed with curious and important facts arranged for easy reference. Naturally, Dickens and his books figure frequently in the pages of both, and by the aid of the full indices are quickly discovered. The latter book states that Dickens gave readings in Crosby Hall. This is news to us, and we wonder what the authority for the statement is. The writers of the same volume also make the erroneous statement that Dickens’s Old Curiosity Shop was in Portsmouth Street. They also state that Dickens and Thackeray first met in Thavies Inn, when Thackeray was refused the post of Illustrator to *Pickwick*. They are confusing Thavies Inn with Furnival’s Inn. Even then, the two great authors did not meet on the occasion in question. Nor is Mr. Acres quite correct in saying that the building in Snow Hill, referred to on page 85, is on the site of the Saracen’s Head, figuring in *Nicholas Nickleby*, and the Golden Cross Hotel is on the site of the *Pickwick* one.

However, these are small blemishes in two very welcome handbooks on the greatest city in the world.

THAT GUY DICKENS!

MR. HARRY DE WINDT, the famous traveller, tells how once, when he was travelling by train to San Francisco, a cinema producer, who had been engrossed in the pages of *David Copperfield*, laid down the volume with the remark: “Say, Cap., I’d like to dramatise this book! Can you give me that Guy Dickens’s address in England?”

The story is related in Mr. de Windt’s latest book—“My Note Book at Home and Abroad” (Chapman and Hall, 12s. 6d. net).

* “London and Westminster in History and Literature,” by W. Marston Acres. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.

† “Historic Streets of London,” Compiled and Edited by Lilian and Ashmore Russan. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 3s. 6d. net.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL, 1923

THE Council of the Dickens Fellowship has pleasure in presenting its annual report, with the accounts duly audited, for the session 1922-23 just closing.

The success which attended the Conference in Cheltenham last year has undoubtedly contributed in no small degree to the advancement made during the past twelve months. This is shown by the general increase in the membership and in the greater interest manifested in the work of the Fellowship as a whole.

The chief Fellowship meeting of the session, apart from the Annual Conference, is undoubtedly the Annual Commemorative Dinner, held in London in February, at which the President for the year takes the chair. In February last, Sir Frederick Macmillan occupied that position, and it is a source of satisfaction to the Council that the success of that and the two previous Dinners prove that the reinstatement of this annual function was well advised, and is appreciated. It is hoped that in future some way may be found by which the Branches can be represented at this dinner, and so make it a still more universal anniversary gathering.

New Branches continue to be formed and every assistance has been rendered by the Executive Committee to extend the influence of the Fellowship in this manner. Seven new ones have commenced activities during the year, bringing the total number on the books at the present time to fifty-five. The Council regrets that all attempts to resuscitate the Dublin Branch since the war have failed, and it therefore is compelled reluctantly to remove the name from the roll. With this exception the year has passed without the loss of a single branch.

At the end of last season the total number of home branches was 32. Since then the Dublin Branch has ceased to exist, whilst three new branches, Leyton, Balham and Newport have been formed, bringing the total to 34. The number of branches abroad has increased to 21 by the formation of new ones at Los Angeles, Pasadena, Chicago and Everett. So that the total branches at the end of April, 1922, was 49, and at the end of April, 1923, it had reached 55—a net gain of 6.

The comment made in our last report upon the poor attendance at the Council meetings has borne fruit, and a greater interest has been taken by the Branches in these meetings. There is, however, still room for improvement, and the Council urges all Branch representatives to attend these quarterly meetings regularly, and so keep more closely in touch with the work of the Fellowship in general. It is only by an active and united participation in the working of the Fellowship that its prestige and influence can be maintained.

The Charitable work of the Fellowship both in London and the Branches is kept well to the fore. In almost every Branch some local charity is supported and funds raised for the carrying out of this section of the Fellowship's objects. To all those who have so unselfishly and energetically laboured in this direction, the Council tenders its

grateful thanks. All such activities are duly recorded in *The Dickensian*, and the Council, while refraining from allusion to any one in particular, commend the reports which have appeared to the earnest attention of all Branch Secretaries with a view to stimulate still further, the healthy rivalry which exists in this direction.

The Council deeply regrets to record the death of Mr. E. P. Haslam, who had so closely associated himself with this side of the Fellowship work from its beginning. Mr. Haslam's enthusiasm as regards the charitable duty of the Fellowship endeared him to his colleagues on the Council, and they miss his cheering optimism in this direction.

"Bannow," the Dickens convalescent Home at St. Leonards, has been a cause of much anxiety to the Executive Committee during the past two or three years. The Committee and, indeed, everyone in any way connected with the Home, had been most anxious to come to a decision with regard to its future working.

The Home, as is well known, was originally intended for the benefit of the blinded soldiers and sailors of St. Dunstan's, but with the close of the War its usefulness in this connection gradually lessened, and the time has now arrived when the St. Dunstan's authorities feel that they can dispense with its use in these directions. The following letter from the National Institute for the Blind sums up the present situation, and places the matter once more upon a definite basis. It also informs you that in compliance with the unanimous wish of the Council our friend, Mr. B. W. Matz, has consented to accept office as a Trustee of the Home to fill the vacancy which occurred. The letter is dated 28th March, and reads as follows:—

DEAR MR. MATZ,

May I first say how pleased I feel personally that you have been able to accept office as a trustee of the Charles Dickens's Home for the Blind at "Bannow," St. Leonards-on-Sea. I am sure that no more suitable person could be appointed to such office as yourself. You have done much to promote the production of the famous novelist's works in embossed type for the blind.

As you are doubtless aware, "Bannow" was originally occupied by St. Dunstan's for the benefit of soldiers and sailors blinded in the war. They now no longer require the Home, and, in accordance with the terms of the Deed, it passes to the Institute.

At a meeting of the Council held last evening, it was decided to take over the Home, and an endowment of £6,100 attached to it, the interest of which will be used towards the upkeep of the Home.

It is proposed, but not yet definitely decided, that the Home should be used for the benefit of (1) physically defective blind persons who are crippled or suffering from some defect such as paralysis, weak heart, senility, etc., which is not amenable to medical treatment, and (2) deaf-blind or deaf and dumb blind persons.

Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) HENRY STAINSBY,

Secretary-General.

The Council desires to acknowledge the indebtedness of the Fellowship to Mr. Matz for this further proof of his interest in its affairs, and for

his willingness at all times to place his valuable services at its disposal.

The Council also desires to record its thanks to Miss Maud Tyler, the energetic Secretary of the Hastings and St. Leonards Branch, for her untiring efforts in connection with the Home. Few outside the actual Executive can know how persistent and energetic she has been in this work.

A marked increase has been shown in the efforts made by the Branches to give dramatic representations from Dickens's books, and the reports received afford ample evidence that this form of entertainment meets with approval, and is a source of revenue for Charitable work by the Branches. Unfortunately the decision by Headquarters to revive the Dramatic section in London this past session had to be abandoned owing to the untimely and sudden death of Mr. F. T. Harry, who was indefatigable in this connection. Mr. Harry was always ready to give the benefit of his assistance and his unique experience in carrying out dramatic and other entertainments not only for Headquarters, but also for Branches. The Council deeply deplores his decease.

The Fellowship is under a deep debt of gratitude to its retiring President, Sir Frederick Macmillan. From the moment in which he so kindly undertook the office, he has spared no effort to further our interests. Much of the success which has attended the Doughty Street House scheme has been due to his practical support.

We are in possession of the Freehold, and are negotiating for immediate possession with the leaseholder. These latter negotiations have been somewhat protracted owing to our refusal to pay the price demanded, but the present position is much more favourable, and there is now every hope that we shall obtain possession at an early date. We even had a hope of being able to announce at this meeting that if the money had been raised we could enter in possession.

Of the many features of the Fellowship one which can never be sufficiently praised and admired is its official journal, *The Dickensian*. That delightful publication is truly unique, being now in its nineteenth year, during the whole of which time its columns have been devoted solely to the cult of Charles Dickens and his works, a record which has never been even approached in regard to any one author. The Council congratulates its editor and founder, Mr. B. W. Matz, on the fact that it is not only growing in years, but in circulation. The Council once more urge the Branches to induce all their members to subscribe to it.

It may be remembered by every member that in October of this year the Fellowship will celebrate its coming of age, having been founded on the 6th of that month, in 1902. It is to be hoped that all the Branches will take some means of celebrating this happy event, which marks the period of maturity in that body to which we are all so proud to belong. No more fitting way could be found than by a combined effort to raise the remaining sum that is required for the completion of the scheme of the Doughty Street House, which it is hoped will become a permanent shrine to the memory of the great writer whom we are met here to honour.

On behalf of the Council, C. H. GREEN, *Hon. Secretary.*

THE DICKENS HOUSE

THE NATION'S TRIBUTE TO DICKENS'S MEMORY

WE publish below our second list of subscribers to the above Fund, making a total, together with the sums acknowledged in our last issue, of £1761 9s. 11d.

This sum is a good deal short of the amount required, and we appeal once more to members of the Fellowship and other readers of *The Dickensian* to make a special effort, in order that the amount required will be available by the 6th October this year, when the Fellowship reaches its majority.

If every member of the Fellowship would subscribe and would undertake to collect from friends, the amount desired would quickly be raised. The subscription lists already published prove that there is no difficulty in obtaining donations from friends to what, after all, is a national scheme.

We had hoped by now to have received the contributions of most of the Branches, but so far only a few have sent in their donations.

Branches will soon be arranging their programmes for the coming season, and we once more suggest to them that their efforts for the coming year should be devoted exclusively to the raising of funds for the Doughty Street House scheme. It is surely not too much to expect that for one year only their efforts should be confined to one of the chief aims of the Fellowship as set out in the rules, viz.,

- (d) To assist in the preservation and purchase of buildings and objects associated with his (Dickens's) name or mentioned in his books.

C. H. GREEN, *Hon. Sec.*

CORRECTIONS.—In the first list of subscribers, published in our last issue, the name of Mr. S. M. Ellis erroneously appeared as E. M. Ellis for which we express our regrets; whilst an accident in printing caused the amount accredited to Miss Christine Matz to appear in some copies as £0 0s. 0d. The amount contributed was £50.—EDITOR.

SECOND LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Amount already acknowledged in				Subscriptions from Headquarters' Members— <i>contd.</i>			
April <i>Dickensian</i>	777	14	9	Miss Christine Matz (from a friend— 2nd and 3rd donation)	100	0	0
The Dickens Fellowship	150	0	0	Mr. J. S. Boyd	0	5	0
<i>President's List—(continued)—</i>				Mr. and Mrs. Bunker	20	0	0
(Sir Frederick Macmillan)				Mr. W. J. Fisher—Lecture	1	1	6
W. Pett Ridge	1	1	0	Mr. T. G. Luff	0	10	0
Arthur Waugh	1	1	0	Mr. Will Owen	1	1	0
W. L. Courtney	2	2	0	Mr. F. F. Shackler	1	0	0
M. H. Spielmann	3	3	0	Mrs. E. H. Bateman	2	2	7
John Galsworthy	5	5	0	Mr. C. S. Reddall	0	10	0
H. A. Vachell	5	0	0	Miss G. L. Johnson	0	5	0
H. A. de Colyar, K.C.	2	0	0	Mr. Oscar C. Waygood	0	5	0
G. K. Chesterton	2	2	0	Mr. J. Arnold Jones	1	1	0
Miss Marie Corelli	10	10	0	Mr. Harold Currie	5	5	0
Coulson Kernahan	1	1	0	Miss E. B. Parker	0	5	0
The late Sir Wm. Robertson Nicoll	2	2	0	Mr. E. H. Rann	1	1	0
Edward Bell	2	2	0	Mr. E. P. Thompson... ..	1	1	0
The Earl of Durham	3	3	0	Mr. J. A. Hammerton	3	3	0
J. Cuming Walters	1	1	0	Mr. T. G. Searle	1	1	0
Maj.-Gen. Sir H. A. Bushman	5	5	0	Miss E. K. Gray	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Mr. Stanley Cooper	...	...	...	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Bratt	...	...	...	2	2	0
Mr. W. H. Halls	...	...	...	1	1	0	Mrs. Crisp	...	...	...	2	2	0
Mr. H. R. Marsh	...	...	...	0	10	6	Rev. W. H. Braine	...	...	...	0	5	0
Mr. F. E. Roberts	...	...	...	0	10	6	Anon. ...	...	...	...	0	10	6
Miss F. Speaight	...	...	...	0	5	0							
Miss K. M. Smith	...	...	...	1	1	0	<i>Mr. Warren's list (continued)—</i>						
Mr. H. W. Carmen	...	...	...	1	0	0	Clapham lecture	...	...	...	1	1	0
Miss G. M. Yeld	...	...	...	0	10	6							
Miss C. L. Paterson	...	...	...	1	0	0	<i>Mr. Leveson's List (continued)—</i>						
In Memoriam—James Withers	...	...	...	10	0	0	Miss Leveson	...	...	...	0	5	0
Mr. W. R. Charley	...	...	...	0	10	0	Miss Soames	...	...	...	0	5	0
Miss M. J. Pilcher	...	...	...	1	0	0							0 10 0
Mr. A. Ibbetson	...	...	...	2	2	0							
Mrs. C. Herring	...	...	...	1	1	0	<i>Mr. A. E. Edward's List (continued)—</i>						
Miss K. M. Gorham	...	...	...	0	10	0	F. Gardner	...	...	...	0	10	6
Mr. R. Pain	...	...	...	1	1	0	T. W. McAra	...	...	...	0	10	6
Miss M. Brothers	...	...	...	1	1	0	F. J. Edwards	...	...	...	0	10	0
Miss M. Ransom	...	...	...	0	10	0	A. Pike	...	...	...	1	1	0
Miss F. E. E. Harris	...	...	...	0	10	0	The Misses Malien	...	...	...	0	10	0
E. M. T.	...	...	...	0	5	0	Miss Launder	...	...	...	0	5	0
Miss M. Wood	...	...	...	1	1	0	Mr. Harwood	...	...	...	0	5	0
Miss E. Wood	...	...	...	1	1	0	Mrs. Tappenten	...	...	...	0	5	0
Miss G. Ironside	...	...	...	1	1	0	Rev. H. Smith	...	...	...	0	10	0
Miss J. Reckitt	...	...	...	10	10	0	D. Elliott	...	...	...	0	2	0
Mr. H. Nicholls	...	...	...	0	10	6							4 9 0
Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Philpott	...	...	...	0	5	0							
Miss A. M. Anderson	...	...	...	0	2	6	<i>Mr. F. S. Johnson's List—</i>						
Lady Monson	...	...	...	5	0	0	F. S. Johnson	...	...	...	2	0	0
Miss M. B. Riddell	...	...	...	0	10	0	Mrs. F. S. Johnson	...	...	...	2	0	0
Mr. W. H. Ash	...	...	...	1	1	0	F. W. Johnson	...	...	...	1	0	0
The Misses Harris	...	...	...	0	15	0							5 0 0
Mr., Mrs. and Miss Salmon	...	...	...	5	0	0							
Miss M. H. Clarke	...	...	...	0	10	6	<i>Mr. C. F. Button's List—</i>						
Mr. A. G. Chubb	...	...	...	0	5	0	W. T. Barnard	...	...	...	0	10	0
Mr. E. C. Daoust	...	...	...	2	0	0	M. Kearns	...	...	...	0	2	6
Miss A. Moat	...	...	...	0	5	0	G. W. Smyth	...	...	...	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Newmark	...	...	...	5	5	0	J. Chapman	...	...	...	0	2	6
Rev. W. Hays	...	...	...	0	5	0	S. H. Widdiscombe	...	...	...	0	2	6
Mr. J. Byram	...	...	...	2	2	0	L. C. Collins	...	...	...	0	1	0
Mrs. Bellamy	...	...	...	2	2	0							1 1 0
Miss E. Uridge	...	...	...	0	10	6							
Mr. L. W. Freeman	...	...	...	0	5	0	<i>Miss M. Spratling's List—</i>						
Mr. W. F. Boryer	...	...	...	0	5	0	Messrs. Child & Co.	...	...	...	5	5	0
Mr. E. V. Trotman	...	...	...	0	2	6	W. J. Spratling	...	...	...	0	5	0
Mr. G. Seddon	...	...	...	2	2	0	C. I. Spratling	...	...	...	0	2	6
Mrs. W. Ellis	...	...	...	0	10	0	R. E. Spratling	...	...	...	0	5	0
Mr. W. A. Goold	...	...	...	0	10	0	C. M. McCarthy	...	...	...	0	5	0
Mr. F. Staff	...	...	...	1	1	0	W. Ellis	...	...	...	0	5	0
Mr. A. G. Knott	...	...	...	0	10	0	C. M. Way	...	...	...	0	5	0
Mrs. Neighbour	...	...	...	0	5	0	M. S.	...	...	...	0	5	0
Rev. F. O. D. Hoare	...	...	...	0	5	0	G. Eagles	...	...	...	0	2	6
Miss "Dorothy Manners"	...	...	...	0	10	6	K. C. Way	...	...	...	0	2	6
Mr. T. Hutton	...	...	...	2	2	0	W. N. S.	...	...	...	0	1	6
Mr. A. Thrush	...	...	...	2	2	0	E. W.	...	...	...	0	1	0
Miss E. M. L. Henderson	...	...	...	0	3	6	C. Rousselin	...	...	...	0	3	0
Mrs. Lane	...	...	...	0	10	0	E.M.S.	...	...	...	0	1	0
Miss J. Sweeting	...	...	...	0	5	0							7 5 0
S. K.	...	...	...	3	0	0							
Miss H. Worsley-Benison	...	...	...	0	5	0	<i>Mr. L. C. Staples' List—</i>						
Miss O. Welford (1st instalment)	...	...	...	0	5	0	Anon.	...	...	...	0	5	0
Miss D. Ellis	...	...	...	0	10	0	C. B.	...	...	...	0	0	6
Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Kingham	...	...	...	2	2	0	E. R.	...	...	...	0	2	0
Miss E. Carruthers	...	...	...	0	5	0	D. R.	...	...	...	0	2	6
Miss T. Easton	...	...	...	0	2	6	L. C. S.	...	...	...	0	10	0
Miss E. M. Hubble	...	...	...	0	5	0							1 0 0
Miss Jourdain	...	...	...	0	2	6	<i>Mr. C. A. Bates' List—</i>						
Miss Aitkin	...	...	...	0	2	6	Ellwell Lodge Collection	...	...	...	3	3	6
Miss Elsie Codd	...	...	...	0	10	0							
Mr. and Mrs. R. Thomson	...	...	...	2	2	0	<i>A. E. Brookes Cross' List—</i>						
Mr. W. E. Rawnley	...	...	...	0	10	0	A. E. Brookes Cross (1st instalment)	...	...	...	1	1	0
Miss J. D. Coe	...	...	...	0	5	0							
Mrs. B. H. G. Newell	...	...	...	1	1	0	<i>Miss E. L. Taylor's List—</i>						
Miss M. Lloyd Owen	...	...	...	1	1	0	A. Y.	...	...	...	0	2	6
Miss M. R. Boothman	...	...	...	0	10	0	H. A. L.	...	...	...	0	1	0
Lieut.-Col. W. B. Suds	...	...	...	1	0	0	M. P.	...	...	...	0	1	0
Mr. William Miles	...	...	...	1	1	0	V. E. G.	...	...	...	0	0	6
Mr. G. E. Warder (2nd instalment)	...	...	...	1	1	0	W. G.	...	...	...	0	1	0
Jas. French	...	...	...	1	1	0	O. M.	...	...	...	0	2	6
F. W. Ellis	...	...	...	2	2	0	J. N.	...	...	...	0	1	0
R. F. Green	...	...	...	2	2	0	K. A.	...	...	...	0	2	0
Dr. Mary McKibbin Harper	...	...	...	5	0	0							0 11 6

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
<i>Svend Aggerholm's List—</i>						
Ellen Aggerholm ...	0	10	0			
Anne D. Aggerholm ...	0	5	0			
Sophus Reumert ...	0	5	0			
				1	0	0

<i>Mr. B. W. Matz's List (continued)—</i>			
Messrs. Spalding & Hodge ...	10	10	0
Messrs. A. W. Bain & Co., Ltd. ...	3	3	0
Messrs. Reynell & Sons ...	2	2	0
Messrs. A. Brown & Sons ...	2	2	0

<i>Charles Dickens Lodge—</i>						
The Lodge ...	10	10	0			
J. R. Pakeman ...	1	1	0			
A. Trott ...	0	10	6			
J. R. Johnson ...	0	10	6			
E. G. Payne ...	1	1	0			
F. Langdon ...	1	1	0			
C. E. Burrows ...	2	2	0			
W. T. Lanes ...	2	0	0			
L. E. Rustad ...	1	1	0			
H. G. Goodwin ...	0	10	6			
C. W. Rodwell ...	1	0	0			
				21	7	6

<i>Pickwick Lodge—</i>			
W. Churcher ...	0	10	6
W. Corbett Goulding ...	0	10	6
W. Vernon Pearson ...	1	1	0
H. Mann ...	1	1	0
			3 3 0

<i>Pickwick Bicycle Club—</i>			
W. Churcher ...	0	10	6
S. Fussell ...	1	1	0
C. Butcher ...	0	10	0
Sir James E. Percy ...	0	10	6
R. Willis ...	1	1	0
A. Bartley ...	1	1	0
T. N. Palmer ...	0	10	0
M. M. Fulton... ..	0	5	0
			5 9 0

<i>Publishers of Dickens's Works—</i>			
Messrs. G. Bell & Sons, Ltd. ...	3	3	0
Messrs. McDougall's Educational Co. ...	1	1	0
Messrs. T. Nelson & Sons, Ltd. ...	5	5	0
Messrs. G. G. Harrap & Co., Ltd. ...	5	5	0
Messrs. Chapman and Hall, Ltd. ...	5	5	0
			19 19 0

<i>Firms who have used Dickens for advertisements—</i>			
Messrs. Fortnam & Mason ...	1	1	0
Messrs. Keen, Robinson & Co., Ltd. ...	5	0	0

Booksellers (per Mr. A. C. Rogers)—

W. H. Smith & Son ...	5	5	0
Alfred Wilson ...	2	2	0
Joseph Shaylor ...	1	1	0
J. Truslove ...	3	3	0
Harold Shaylor ...	2	2	0
Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. ...	2	2	0
H. Glaisher ...	0	10	6
H. A. Moody ...	0	10	6
W. Thacker & Co. ...	1	1	0
Chas. J. Sawyer ...	1	1	0
F. A. Denny ...	0	10	0
W. T. Whittaker ...	0	10	6
Frank Chitham ...	1	1	0
Henry J. Glaisher ...	0	10	0
C. F. Sach ...	0	10	6
J. and E. Bumpns, Ltd. ...	2	2	0
John G. Wilson ...	1	1	0
John Clark ...	0	10	6
Wm. Glaisher, Ltd. ...	0	10	6

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Lamley & Co. ...	0	10	6			
Hugh Rees, Ltd. ...	0	10	6			
Wm. Jackson ...	0	5	0			
Maggs Bros. ...	2	2	0			
Frank Hollings ...	0	5	0			
F. & E. Stoneham ...	2	2	0			
Australian Book Co. ...	1	1	0			
F. W. Palmer, V.C. ...	1	1	0			
In memory of Horace ...	0	10	6			
				34	11	6

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FROM BRANCHES.

<i>Gloucester Branch (President's List) ...</i>	16	15	9
<i>Southend Branch ...</i>	14	3	6
<i>Eastbourne Branch ...</i>	5	0	0
<i>Tewkesbury Branch ...</i>	35	2	0
<i>Los Angeles Branch ...</i>	2	2	10
<i>Shrewsbury Branch ...</i>	2	2	0
<i>Southampton Branch ...</i>	4	4	0
<i>Montreal Branch ...</i>	20	0	0

Hackney and Stoke Newington Branch (continued)

Miss G. Palmore ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Peck ...	0	10	0
Anon ...	0	2	6
Miss T. Syrett ...	0	5	0
St. Michael's Social Club, per W. Stannard—			
Recital ...	0	6	0
Anon. ...	0	2	6
Anon. ...	0	5	0
Miss Armfield... ..	0	2	6
The Artful Dodger ...	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Thompson ...	0	10	0
Miss Pitts ...	0	2	6
<i>Collected by Miss Catchpole—</i>			
Mr. J. W. Sparks ...	0	5	0
Mr. Ross Ferguson ...	0	5	0
Mr. W. Saunders ...	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Taylor ...	0	5	0
Mrs. West ...	0	5	0
Mr. W. Catchpole ...	0	10	0
Anon ...	0	1	6
Mr. W. Pengelly ...	0	2	6
Miss L. Breakwell ...	0	2	6
Mr. N. M. Hicks ...	0	2	6
Two Friends ...	0	3	0
			5 8 0

St. Pancras Branch (continued)—

Major R. W. Barnett, M.P. ...	1	1	0
Mr. B. A. Fletcher ...	1	1	0
Miss Wood ...	1	1	0
Mr. W. Rust ...	1	1	0
Mr. C. H. Green ...	1	1	0
Mr. Harry Rolles ...	1	1	0
Mrs. L. B. Tuerk ...	1	1	0
Mrs. J. F. Waight ...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Whittaker ...	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Reeves ...	0	10	6
Mrs. R. G. B. Henville ...	0	10	6
Miss E. K. Anjard ...	0	10	6
Mr. W. H. Culpin ...	0	10	6
Mrs. G. Green ...	0	10	0
A native of Bayham Street ...	0	10	0
Mr. M. Verden ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Parker ...	0	7	6
Mr. R. Every ...	0	6	0
Miss Kershaw ...	0	5	0
Mr. E. A. Heel ...	0	5	0
Miss F. Jolly ...	0	5	0
Mr. H. A. Taylor ...	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Miss G. Toplis ...	0	4	6			
Mr. A. H. Tuerk ...	0	3	6			
Mr. C. W. Tuerk ...	0	3	0			
Miss J. D. Moncrieff ...	0	3	0			
Miss F. G. Bates ...	0	3	0			
Mr. G. Gaylard ...	0	3	0			
Miss R. Spencer ...	0	2	6			
Miss P. G. James ...	0	2	6			
Mr. L. W. Walker ...	0	2	6			
Mr. W. Jones ...	0	2	6			
Miss W. Sturm ...	0	2	6			
Miss Rutland ...	0	2	6			
Mr. T. W. Hill ...	0	2	6			
Miss Hill ...	0	2	6			
Miss Burkill ...	0	2	6			
Miss Crisall ...	0	2	6			
Mr. G. Crocker ...	0	2	6			
Mr. B. J. Smythe ...	0	2	6			
Mr. R. Fitzsimon ...	0	2	6			
Mr. F. W. Bird ...	0	2	6			
Mr. W. Bowen ...	0	2	6			
Mr. S. E. Boston ...	0	2	6			
Miss W. E. Hankin ...	0	2	6			
Mr. J. H. Finch ...	0	2	6			
Mr. W. Guthrie ...	0	2	6			
A. H. T. ...	0	2	6			
Mr. A. N. Other ...	0	2	6			
Mr. Baxter ...	0	2	0			
Mr. G. J. Ward ...	0	2	0			
Mr. H. S. Scarlett ...	0	2	0			
Miss J. Branton ...	0	2	0			
Mr. F. W. Evans ...	0	2	0			
Mr. Speechly ...	0	2	0			
20 subscriptions of 1/-	1	0	0			
Collection on 2 Rambles						
(per S. J. Rust)...	1	17	4			

21 14 4

Winnipeg Branch

As follows:—

\$5 each:—Prof. and Mrs. A. J. Perry, A. Hailman, Miss M. Marrable, I. F. Brooks (President), Miss M. Hetherington, Miss E. S. and H. E. Jackson, N. B. and Mrs. MacTaggart.

\$3 each:—W. B. H. and Mrs. Teakles, Dr. G. W. Knipe, Miss Annie G. Bell, Capt. J. Stanley Ward, O.B.E., Max Mains, W. J. Shepherd, Miss I. F. Waitt, H. Gerald Wade.

\$2 each:—Robert H. Ayre, Miss Elizabeth Carter, Joseph and Mrs. Norris, Miss L. Redman, Geo. Howard, W. G. and Mrs. Hunter, Miss M. Foster Palmer, Mrs. M. B. Snider, Prof. A. W. Crawford, R. T. and Mrs. Norman, Miss A. G. Powell, Jas. H. Barbour, Miss Ida A. Elliott, R. H. and Mrs. Elmes, Miss M. Galbraith, J. D. and Mrs. McIntosh, Mrs. R. Niven, Miss Dora Robinson, Miss Mad. Williams, Mrs. K. Ledingham, Prof. and Mrs. A. A. Stoughton, Chas. W. and Mrs. Youell.

\$1 each:—Miss M. W. Keddle, Miss Vera M. Moran, Miss Josephine Campbell, Miss Harstone, Mrs. P. A. Macdonald, Miss L. Macdonald, Mrs. A. Bricknell, Miss G. A. Fairbairn, Miss Clara King, Miss Emily Prescott, Mrs. C. Clendenan, Miss E. King, Miss Agnes Morrison, Mrs. G. A. Wade, Miss V. Bridgwater, Miss B. Frear, Mrs. J. B. Lothrop, Miss J. Lothrop, Mrs. M. Peatt, Miss Ruby B. Dickie, Mrs. Jean Hughes,

Miss E. Middleton, Mrs. H. L. Willson, Mrs. A. Dowsley, Mrs. R. C. Lodge, Miss A. Birch, Albert Cail, H. Campbell Grant, Fred M. Luce, Miss J. Potolemy, R. A. Sargeant, Miss May Douglas, Miss M. Jackson, Miss L. M. Poapst, Miss L. Yates, Miss F. E. Kelyt, Miss Marg. Wade.

50c. each:—Miss Brownrigg, Mrs. J. S. Jones, Mr. F. B. Ness.

Brighton and Hove Branch:—

A. M. Oke, Esq., B.A., (President) ...	1	1	0
J. Fowler Nevill, Esq. ...	1	1	0
T. Bound, Esq. ...	1	1	0
Laura Withy (Hon. Sec.) ...	1	1	0
Lady Mabel Sievier ...	1	0	0
Miss Barbara Sievier ...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Cripps ...	1	0	0
Sir Alfred Sargeant, J.P. ...	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Graves ...	0	10	6
Miss Bolton ...	0	10	0
Miss J. E. Hume ...	0	10	0
Henry Davey, Esq. ...	0	10	0
Anonymous ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Watt (Bournemouth) ...	0	10	0
Sir John and Lady Otter ...	0	10	0
Miss Lilly Watts ...	0	7	6
Miss M. Harmer ...	0	5	6
Mrs. Harmer ...	0	5	0
Mr. S. Withy ...	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Spanswick ...	0	5	0
C. F. Cook, Esq. ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Collins ...	0	5	0
M. Bucklee, Esq. ...	0	5	0
Geo. Madgwick, Esq. ...	0	5	0
— Allin, Esq. ...	0	5	0
Miss Parkes ...	0	5	0
Anonymous ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Miller ...	0	3	6
Mr. and Mrs. Baggally ...	0	3	0
Miss Harrington ...	0	3	0
Mrs. Harrington ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Hooper ...	0	2	6
Miss Potter ...	0	2	6
Miss Court ...	0	2	6
Miss Aylott ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Greenyer ...	0	2	6
Miss Johnson ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Johnson ...	0	2	6
Miss Beach ...	0	2	6
Mr. F. V. Arnold ...	0	2	6
Miss E. Clipping ...	0	2	6
Mr. H. J. Ayliffe ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Miller's Friends ...	0	2	0
Miss Wright ...	0	2	0
Miss Hallett ...	0	1	6
Miss Loader ...	0	1	0
Miss Ledley ...	0	1	0
Mrs. Ledley ...	0	1	0
Miss Richards ...	0	1	0
Silver Collection, May 5th ...	3	3	9

20 0 9

Mr. A. J. Slatter's List—

D. R. ...	0	5	0
S. A. S. ...	0	2	6
B. E. G. S. ...	0	2	6
A Dickens' lover ...	0	5	0
A Friend ...	0	2	6
Mr. Smith ...	0	1	6
B.F. ...	0	1	0
Miss French ...	0	1	6
Owen Jones ...	0	5	0
H. Pollard ...	0	2	6
A Book Lover ...	0	5	0
Miss Cooke ...	0	2	6
Miss Worth ...	0	1	0

1 17 6

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
<i>Miss Jolly's List—</i>													
Collected in small sums ...	...	...	...	2	0	0							
<i>Mrs. A. Hargreaves' List—</i>													
W. G. Hargreaves ...	0	10	0										
K. Henning ...	0	5	0										
A. W. Henning ...	0	2	6										
S. Such ...	0	2	0										
A. Rogers ...	0	2	0										
E. Noakes ...	0	2	6										
G. Noakes ...	0	2	0										
S. Noakes ...	0	2	6										
J. Williams ...	0	2	6										
A. Hargreaves ...	0	10	0										
K. Bailey ...	0	5	0										
S. Bailey ...	0	2	6										
M. Suindly ...	0	5	0										
P. Suindly ...	0	2	0										
H. Williams ...	0	2	6										
P. Giblins ...	0	2	0										
H. Hall ...	0	2	6										
V. Hall ...	0	2	6										
N. Stoneman ...	0	5	0										
				3	9	6							
<i>Mr. E. H. Rann's List—</i>													
R. C. Rann ...	1	1	0										
J. McNernsy ...	0	2	6										
E. Pollard ...	0	2	6										
G. H. Palmer ...	0	1	0										
M. T. Ferguson ...	0	2	6										
Miss E. A. Leach ...	0	1	0										
D. D. Robertson ...	0	1	0										
E. P. Webb ...	0	5	0										
				1	16	6							
<i>Mr. A. S. Hearn's List—</i>													
E. A. Graham ...	5	5	0										
Miss D. Hearn ...	1	1	0										
Charles Larking, F.S.A.A.	1	1	0										
Sir L. Stanley Johnson,													
M.P. ...	0	10	6										
S. H. Clinch ...	0	10	0										
				8	7	6							
<i>New York</i> ...	...	...	...	111	10	0							
(as per list below)—													
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Alexander ...	\$100.00												
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Beardsley ...	100.00												
C. W. Cavanaugh ...	25.00												
Arthur Essing ...	20.00												
Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin ...	10.00												
Mrs. G. Lindsley ...	10.00												
Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Groub ...	10.00												
Miss Edith Agnew ...	10.00												
John Gilbert Reid ...	10.00												
Mrs. Amy L. Kaufman ...	10.00												
Chas. J. Stebins ...	6.00												
Mrs. E. E. Kidder ...	6.00												
Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Hopkins ...	5.00												
Mrs. A. M. T. Beesher ...	5.00												
Miss E. M. Rudd ...	5.00												
Mrs. Wm. S. Hubbard ...	5.00												
Mrs. Robert T. Chapin ...	5.00												
Miss Laura Conger ...	5.00												
Mrs. Walter C. Cramp ...	5.00												
Dr. J. E. Langstaff ...	5.00												
Edw. Van Berlo ...	5.00												
Chas. W. Folk ...	5.00												
Miss Helene Horgan ...	5.00												
Geo. W. McGuire, Junr. ...	5.00												
Mr. Chas. T. Catlin ...	3.00												
Miss Ruth F. McClannin ...	3.00												
Mrs. Lillian E. Beardsley ...	2.50												
Miss Amy T. Raynor ...	2.50												
Alcis Maerz ...	2.50												
Miss Lillian Prior ...	2.50												
Miss I. E. Wright ...	2.00												
Miss Helen Sullivan ...	2.00												
Miss Elise Wihando ...	2.00												
Miss Carrie C. Haman ...	2.00												
Henry S. Sanders ...	2.00												
Miss Mary Wray ...	1.00												
Miss Ella B. Nicholson ...	1.00												
Miss Anna B. McDonald ...	1.00												
	\$406.00												
<i>Collected by Henry Alexander—</i>													
Joseph Plant ...	\$50.00												
Harry F. Marks ...	10.00												
Harry Stone ...	5.00												
Otto Horwitz ...	5.00												
Proceeds of New Rochelle Lecture ...	33.25												
Sundries ...	7.00												
	\$110.25												
<i>Philadelphia</i> ...	...	...	...	30	12	5							
(As per list below)—													
Miss Julia F. Andrews ...	\$1.00												
Mrs. W. F. Andrews ...	1.00												
Mrs. Albert Borst ...	3.00												
Mrs. Mortimer H. Brown ...	5.00												
Miss Ella Burgin ...	5.00												
Miss Marie Eleanor Clark ...	5.00												
Mrs. Nicholas Connolly ...	5.00												
Dr. and Mrs. John Welsh Crosker ...	5.00												
Mrs. William N. Crumpton ...	5.00												
Mrs. Thompson F. Edwards ...	2.00												
Miss Margaret W. Evans ...	6.00												
Mrs. Arthur Goldsmith ...	5.00												
Mr. Charles T. Harrop ...	5.00												
Miss Eliza H. Hodge ...	5.00												
Mr. A. M. Keys ...	1.00												
Dr. Henry Leffmann ...	5.00												
Mrs. Eugene T. Linnard ...	1.00												
Miss Jean B. Martin ...	2.00												
Mrs. John Van Miller ...	1.00												
Mrs. Peter Moran ...	5.00												
Hon. John M. Patterson ...	25.00												
Miss Laura E. Patterson ...	5.00												
Mr. W. I. Rutter, Junr. ...	5.00												
Mrs. John H. Satterthwaite ...	1.00												
Mr. Charles Sessler ...	10.00												
Miss Mary A. Sisler ...	1.00												
Miss Elizabeth G. Sparks ...	2.00												
Miss Jennie Stott ...	1.00												
Mrs. Ella S. Supplee ...	1.00												
Miss Margaret Supplee ...	1.00												
Mr. J. K. Thompson ...	5.00												
Mrs. J. K. Thompson ...	5.00												
Miss Lillian Wallace ...	5.00												
Miss F. Virginia Zeilin ...	2.00												
	\$142.00												
<i>Vancouver</i> ...	...	...	...	5	11	5							
<i>Leamington</i> ...	2	2	0										
Mrs. Brumfitt ...	2	2	0										
"H.S." in memory of G.B. ...	2	2	0										
	6	6	0										
<i>Manchester—</i>													
Mr. S. Sutton ...	1	0	0										
Miss J. Fail ...	0	2	6										
Mr. J. S. Oldham ...	1	1	0										
Miss Darbyshire ...	1	0	0										
Mr. E. W. White ...	1	1	0										
Miss M. Brooks ...	0	4	0										
Mr. and Mrs. Staniforth ...	0	5	0										
Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Dean ...	1	11	6										
Mr. H. Fleming ...	1	1	0										
Mr. D. J. Parry ...	1	0	0										
Miss A. J. Richardson ...	0	10	0										
Miss M. Rigby ...	0	2	6										
Miss E. A. Young ...	0	2	0										

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Mrs. A. Young ...	0	2	6				Mrs. and Miss Ward	0	15	0			
Miss A. Ridgway ...	0	2	6				Mrs. Arthur Dean ...	1	1	0			
Miss E. M. Ashton ...	0	10	0				Miss Somers ...	1	0	0			
Mrs. T. Wood... ..	0	10	0				Miss J. Graham ...	0	5	0			
Mr. E. Barlow ...	0	5	0				Miss N. Wagstaff ...	0	5	0			
Mr. C. H. Turnour ...	0	10	0				Miss E. J. Gorst ...	0	10	0			
Miss Sandiford ...	0	5	0				Mrs. S. Johnson ...	1	1	0			
Miss M. E. Horner ...	0	2	6				Mrs. Smith ...	1	0	0			
Miss M. Farmer ...	0	10	0				Miss N. Curry ...	0	10	0			
Miss A. Lambert ...	0	10	0				Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Nicholson ...	0	15	6			
Misses Ingall ...	1	0	0				Miss Elsie Allan ...	0	2	6			
Miss Burman ...	0	2	0				Mrs. Elkington ...	1	1	0			
Mrs. Wainwright ...	1	0	0				Collections at meetings	1	0	1			
Miss E. Bamford ...	1	0	0				Proceeds of Performance of "House of Dombey" ...	9	5	6			
Miss M. B. Higgin ...	0	10	0								35	17	1
Mr. H. Lipkie ...	0	10	6										
Miss G. Parry... ..	0	5	0										
Misses L. G. and E. M. Harrison ...	0	10	0										

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

ANNUAL CONFERENCE AT LIVERPOOL

THE Seventeenth Annual Conference of the Dickens Fellowship took place in the Council Chamber of the Town Hall, Liverpool, on the 16th June, by the kind permission of the Lord Mayor (Mr. Frank C. Wilson).

The large attendance included delegates from the following branches : Birmingham (3), Cheltenham (2), Cinderford (1), Eastbourne (2), Edinburgh (2), Liverpool (26), Manchester (15), Melbourne, Australia (1), Southend (2), Stockport (1), Tewkesbury (1), and Headquarters (18).

The Conference was formally opened by the Lord Mayor at 10-30 o'clock, who, in welcoming the delegates to Liverpool, made a very appropriate speech on Dickens and the influence of his works, at the conclusion of which he assured the company what great pleasure it afforded him in meeting the representatives of the Dickens Fellowship in the city, and expressed the hope that their visit would be enjoyable and profitable in every way.

Mr. C. H. Green, the Hon. Secretary, thanked the Lord Mayor on behalf of the Fellowship.

Much regret was expressed at the unavoidable absence of the New York delegate, Mrs. George C. Riggs (Kate Douglas Wiggin), who had been taken seriously ill during the voyage, and was confined to a nursing home ; and of the absence of the Chairman, Mr. W. F. Bagnall, also through illness. Messages of sympathy and sincere wishes for a speedy recovery were sent to Mrs. Riggs and to Mr. Bagnall. Mr. B. W. Matz took Mr. Bagnall's place as President of the Conference.

The Report of the Council was read by the Hon. Secretary, Mr. C. H. Green, and the Annual Balance Sheet was presented by the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Walter Dexter. These were adopted and are printed elsewhere of our issue.

Sir Walter Lawrence, Bart., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., C.B., was elected President for the ensuing year, and the existing Vice-Presidents were re-elected and the name of Sir George Sutton, Bart., added to the list.

The following executive officers elected by the Council, were confirmed. Hon. Secretary, Mr. C. H. Green; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Walter Dexter; Editor of *The Dickensian*, Mr. B. W. Matz; Hon. Librarian, Mr. William Miller; the Hon. Auditors, Messrs. Whinney, Smith & Whinney, were re-elected.

The invitation of Eastbourne to hold the Conference in 1924 there, was accepted with acclamation.

Mr. C. H. Green reported the progress of the Doughty Street House Scheme. The interesting and helpful discussion which followed clearly showed how whole heartedly the branches were making efforts to assist in the National undertaking. A sum of £150 was voted by the Conference from the funds of the Fellowship towards the scheme. Two propositions did not meet with success, viz., "That a diploma of service be presented to all members of 21 years' consecutive standing" and "That a maximum of five guineas be fixed as the amount payable by way of dues by any one branch."

The vote of thanks to the Liverpool Branch, and to the Chairman brought the Conference to a conclusion, and the company adjourned to luncheon.

In the afternoon a launch, specially chartered for the purpose, took the delegates and friends for a trip up the Mersey, when a very enjoyable and happy time was spent. Tea was served on board, and the opportunity for social intercourse was taken great advantage of.

In the evening a public banquet was held at the Exchange Station Hotel, at which Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., presided. About one hundred and fifty sat down to a most excellent repast. The chairman, in proposing the toast of "The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens," spoke in his happiest vein. His speech is printed elsewhere in our pages.

In proposing "The Dickens Fellowship," Dr. MacKenna said, he had put aside in disgust most of the recent fiction he had seen, because he objected to the uncleanness of the pigsty and the morals of the poultry yard served up in the guise of fiction. He spoke of the benefits the young people of the present generation would derive from a love for the writings of Charles Dickens, and he averred that if the Allied statesmen could take a course of Dickens and bring some of his big humanity and his splendid sense of humour to the solution of present-day problems, they would find that many obstacles would vanish from their path. In his response, Mr. C. H. Green, Honorary Secretary of the Fellowship, stated that the Fellowship was doing its utmost to encourage the study of Dickens by organising essay competitions for elementary school children in London and other large centres.

In proposing the toast of "The Visitors," Mr. J. Cuming Walters remarked a true spirit of Fellowship existed among all Dickensians, and Manchester and Liverpool, though sometimes regarded as rival cities, united in giving the visitors a very cordial welcome. No author the whole world over possessed the personal magnetism or the intellectual power of Dickens to bring together annually so large a body of enthusiasts. This had been going on for twenty-one years, and the

signs and portents were favourable to its unlimited continuation. He appealed to the visitors, who were all of them potential members, to help in carrying out the aims and the objects of the Fellowship, to increase its usefulness, and to widen its scope. Although there are many Societies with great names to conjure with, none of them had the intimacy of personal relationship which the Dickens Fellowship had with the great author whose name influenced them, and to whom his individuality was so real and vivid. "There is," added Mr. Walters, "an Arabian romance which tells of a potent genie who, by the utterance of his name could bring in dread and awe, his slaves from every portion of the globe. We, too, have a master-magician, and at the sound of his name (which is not one of dread), his glad and willing slaves come from every portion of the globe to testify to the love they bear him. The name of that master-magician is Charles Dickens. It is by his inspiration our guests are here to-night; and it is in his name they join with us in good fellowship."

The Lord Mayor of Liverpool (Mr. Frank C. Wilson), and the Mayor of Birkenhead (Mr. J. W. Collins), responded to "The Visitors." The health of the chairman was drunk on the proposition of Mr. R. T. Bodey, president of the Literary and Philosophical Society.

Not the least enjoyable function in connexion with the Conference was the reception of delegates and visitors on Friday evening by the President and Council of the Liverpool branch. This took place between the hours of 7-30 and 10 o'clock, during which time a delightful musical programme was provided by the Edith Byrom Trio.

On the Sunday afternoon a motor char-a-banc trip was made to Chester and a thoroughly interesting afternoon was spent in the quaint and ancient city, whilst on Monday a series of valuable items of Dickensiana was on exhibition at the Free Library. Many members availed themselves of the opportunity of visiting the collection.

It will be gathered from this brief and inadequate report that no effort to make the Conference a success was spared by the Committee of the Liverpool Branch, and it is our pleasure to place on record the unqualified satisfaction and delight of the delegates, and to offer Mr. Tessimond and his co-workers the hearty congratulations of all who took part in the functions on the great success which attended all their efforts.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BLACK-EYED SUSAN AND PICKWICK

SIR.—With the laudable desire to find everything possible to be found in the works of Charles Dickens, the searchers for hidden treasures count even anachronisms as valuable acquisitions. But has not Mr. Archibald S. Bennett in his "Chronology of Pickwick" (see *The Dickensian* for January, 1923), confused the "Play of Black-eyed Susan," produced in 1829, with the "Ballad of Black-eyed Susan," written by John Gay, who died in 1732! "Sweet William's Farewell to Black-eyed Susan" beginning "All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd," was a favourite song both in Old England and New England.

during the last part of the 18th century and the first half of the 19th. So Alfred Jingle was quite within the time limits when he exhorted "Dismal Jimmy" to go on with his story, "Like Black-eyed Susan—all in the Downs;" for Alfred Jingle was quoting from the ballad, not from the play.

Charles Dickens undoubtedly knew the song. And I hope that there are still Old Salts who are willing and able, after some potent means of persuasion have been used, to croon over the minor cadences of "All in the Downs" for the delectation of future Mariners of England.

Yours sincerely,

MARY P. FRYE.

Boston, Massachusetts,

U.S.A., 12th March, 1923.

DICKENS AND HUNTER STREET ACADEMY

SIR.—Mr. E. Bentham's suggestion that Charles Dickens received part of his education at this school seems to be an old friend in a new disguise.

It is many years since a statement was made that Dickens went to a school in Compton Street, Brunswick Square, and the late Mr. F. G. Kitton, in his "Charles Dickens, His Life, Writings, and Personality," explained how the mistake arose.

For the information of such of your readers who are not acquainted with Mr. Kitton's book, I will quote what he says.

"He (Dickens) remained at Wellington House Academy about two years, and it is recorded by Mr. Langton that the lad was then transferred to a school kept by Jonathan Dawson at 19 Compton Street (the building still exists at the north-east corner of the street at its junction with Hunter Street), where he stayed but a short time. Mr. John W. Bowden, a fellow pupil of Dickens at Wellington House, states, however, that Taylor, the headmaster who had taken a fancy to Dickens, opened a school on his own account at 'The Retreat,' South Lambeth, whither young Dickens accompanied him. But another schoolfellow, Mr. Owen P. Thomas, asserts that, in one of his interviews with Dickens in after years, he asked the novelist whether he went to another school after leaving Wellington House, and he replied in the negative. The error respecting Dawson's seems to have arisen from the fact that it was a *brother* of Charles Dickens who entered that seminary. Confronted with such authoritative evidence, we must conclude that Dickens's educational training terminated at Wellington House Academy."

It will be observed that Mr. Bentham gives the name of the schoolmaster at Hunter Street as *Benjamin* Dawson, and Mr. Kitton calls him *Jonathan*.

This, however, is an unimportant detail, as there is no doubt that the same school is referred to by both writers.

Yours faithfully,

St. Elmo, Sidmouth.

T. W. TYRRELL.

SIR.—I have read the letter of your correspondent, Mr. E. Bentham, with much interest. Fifty years ago it was my privilege to attend Hunter Street Academy, where the desks were inscribed with the names of many old scholars. I do not now remember seeing that of Charles Dickens, but it has always been an established fact in my mind

that he attended the school during the mastership of Mr. Dawson, the Elder. Some books in my possession show on their flyleaves that the school was commenced in 1803.

Your correspondent says truly that Mr. Benjamin Dawson was a gentleman in every sense of the word. I see him in my mind's eye as I write this—a broad shouldered man above the average height, of healthy appearance, a fine intellectual head, kindly eyes, and striking silver hair, always tidy. But beyond the attractive personality, I recall the genial bearing, the patience, the noble example and inspiration, which at all times characterized him. I was one of the few who in 1909 (about) saw him laid to rest in Hampstead Cemetery.

From a distant relative, the late Mr. Gavin Sorbie, who occupied for years an important position on the paper, I learnt that Charles Dickens was at one time Editor of the "Daily News." Was it merely a coincidence, that in our School Dictation exercises, Mr. Dawson always read from either the leading article or the health report of that journal?

Yours faithfully,

W. G. WAIGHT.

21 Heathville Road,

N. 19., 23rd April, 1923.

Dr. BLIMBER'S ACADEMY

SIR.—In response to Mr. T. W. Tyrrell's request in your April issue, I have examined Brighton Directories from 1839 to 1846, and find in them the following entries under the heading of "Academies," etc., to which I have added a few notes.

"Rev. George Proctor, D.D., Chichester House, Kemp Town." This mansion forms the western end of Chichester Terrace, and justifies Dickens's description as being "a mighty fine house, fronting the sea."

"Rev. E. J. Everard, 21 Sussex Square." This school master is not designated a doctor. His house is tucked away in the north-western corner of Sussex Square (itself in the rear landward of the semi-circular sweep of Lewes Crescent). In the last directory entry relating to Mr. Everard, he appears to have removed to No. 22; but in the issue for 1845-6 his name is not given at all. The house cannot be said to fulfil Dickens's description of Dr. Blimber's establishment.

Harrison Ainsworth's identification of Dr. Proctor's establishment as the original of Dr. Blimber is surely fully supported by the facts above mentioned.

Yours truly,

A.B.

Brighton, 9th May, 1923.

SWALLOW'S CHAISE IN "NICHOLAS NICKLEBY"

SIR.—In "With Dickens in Yorkshire" (reviewed in your last issue by Mr. T. W. Tyrrell), mention is made on page 17, of George Martin, the inn-holder who welcomed Dickens on his arrival at Greta Bridge. Martin, who kept the "George," besides being inn-holder and postmaster, had an extensive posting business, and Dickens after breakfast, writing to his wife, said, "Having finished our discoveries, we start in a post chaise for Barnard Castle." Remembering his hospitable reception at the "George," the novelist casually, and in a veiled manner, introduced the name of his host in the scene relating to the disappearance of Smike.

Mrs. Squeers exclaims to her husband, "Now, if you take the chaise and go one road, and I borrow Swallow's chaise and go the other, what with keeping our eyes open and asking questions, one or other of us is pretty certain to lay hold of him."

Swallow is obviously a play on Martin's name, such transposition of names being a well-known characteristic of Dickens; thus it is interesting to discover another instance where the novelist aptly, for fictional purposes, introduces one of his many casual acquaintances.

Yours faithfully,

T. P. COOPER.

York, May 12th, 1923.

THREE DICKENS NOTES FROM J. ARDAGH

SIR.—Squire Bancroft states in *Recollections of Sixty Years* (1909, p. 35), that one night *Hamlet* was produced in which he acted Marcellus, Rosencrantz, the Second Player, a Priest, and Osric, this was in the same year that Pip described (*Great Expectations*, Chap. XXXI.) the appearance of Mr. Wopsle in the same play, and speaks of a "noble boy" in the company who represented, "as it were, in one breath," an able seaman, a strolling actor, a gravedigger, a clergyman, and a person of the utmost importance at a court fencing-match. On pp. 277-279 of the same book is a "Little Em'ly and Ham" story from real life.

"Five Sisters" Window, York Minster. Mr. Fred Taylor's picture-poster of the interior of York Minster to be seen at our railway stations includes this famous window, the history of which the "grey-haired gentleman" told in *Nicholas Nickleby*, Chap. VI.

The Church of All Hallows, Barking by the Tower, have decided to place a book-plate in their church books which includes the inscription "Stolen from the Church of All Hallows, Barking by the Tower." This idea was anticipated by the bully who kept a lodging-house, who marked his "linen" "Stolen from Bark's" (see *On Duty with Inspector Field*).

27 Hartismere Road,
London, S.W.6.

J. ARDAGH.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

BATH.—During the summer months two enjoyable functions were arranged; the first being a tour of our city, under the leadership of Mr. T. Sturge Cotterell, who conducted the party to places of interest associated with Charles Dickens. The second was an evening trip, by char-a-banc, to Farleigh Castle. An interesting programme was drawn up for the Winter Season, which opened in September last with readings from *David Copperfield*. These readings were continued at alternate meetings until Christmas. The following papers have been read: "Charles Dickens and some Boys and Girls," by Miss Florence Tylee; "Some general impressions on first reading Dickens," by Miss Gladys Singers-Bigger; "Some Boy Characters of Dickens," by the President; "Dickens and Railways," by Mr. L. B. Hewitt; and Mr. D. R. Bird some clever character sketches. At Christmas a Dickens Festival was held in the Pump Room, and later an entertainment to 200 poor children. On February 7th, a Dickens Birthday Dinner was held with the President presiding.

BOSTON (U.S.A.).—February 7th was observed with a birthday dinner and a varied programme of great interest. Wm. Watson's great Centenary poem was read by Miss S. Bernice Gilman. Mrs. Louella Poole-Pahtz contributed two sonnets entitled "Our Dickens." Mr. John J. Cronan told the story of Gabriel Grub and the Goblins. Mrs. Miriam O'Leary Collins gave impersonations from *Pickwick*. Many Dickens songs provided by Miss Sherrill added interest. The March meeting was "Philadelphia Night," fine papers from the branch in that city being read by members of the Boston Branch. These papers were as follows: "A Defence of Dodson and Fogg," Dr. Henry Leffman; "Dickens in Philadelphia," Joseph Jackson; "Jaggers and His Clerk," J. Hector McNeil; Excerpt from a paper on "Irving's Influence on Dickens," Judge John M. Patterson; "Dickens and Dogs," J. K. Thompson. All these papers were able presentations of the subjects treated and were highly entertaining. At the April meeting, Mr. Henry Alexander, of the New York Branch, presented most impressively the merits of the Doughty Street Memorial. So effective was his plea that in a few moments almost \$300 were pledged to help the good cause. A second address was given by Mr. Sherwin Lawrence Cook, who spoke most entertainingly on "Has the Dickens Age been Superseded?" April 30th the Branch gave an exhibition of Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works to a crowded and responsive audience. The May meeting included a supper and a programme of unusual interest. There were six numbers as follows: Reading, by Miss Edmunds, of paper written by Mr. Thomas K. Ohen, Jr., President of the Philadelphia Branch, subject "A Phase of Bleak House." Reading from *Oliver Twist* (Fagin's Last Night), by Mrs. Guy W. Currier. A Poem, "Dickens Daughters," by "Old Silas," read by Mrs. Ridgeway. Reading, by Mr. Harry H. Gay, of Extracts from the play "Tom Pinch." A laughable production by Mr. Vernon A. Field entitled "If Dickens went to Florida." Each one of the above speakers and readers did full justice to the occasion and won the hearty applause of the audience.

BRIGHTON.—The April meeting was devoted to a dramatic reading of *Edwin Drood* by members. During the evening the President appealed for donations towards the Doughty Street Fund. May 5th was a special evening, when a programme of Dickens recital and music was presented. The recitals were from *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *David Copperfield*, *Great Expectations*, *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Pickwick Papers*. A collection was made for the Doughty Street Fund, which brought Brighton's contributions to just upon £20.

CINDERFORD.—The last meeting of the session was held on May 1st, the President (Mrs. Harding) in the chair. Dr. Bangara read a carefully prepared and most interesting paper on the book which had been studied, *Great Expectations*. His excellent resumé and his succinct and discerning descriptions of the principal characters of the work were much appreciated. The President unveiled an enlarged framed portrait of the late Mr. W. C. G. Gardner, who so faithfully and splendidly carried out the duties of Hon. Secretary until his death in January last. This had been subscribed for by the members, but the Fellowship were also pleased to see the charter of the Branch in a companion frame, this being the kind gift of Dr. Bangara. The branch has chosen *David Copperfield* for reading during the coming session.

EDINBURGH.—The closing meeting of the session was held in the Goold Hall, on April 12th, when Mr. R. C. H. Morison and Mr. Ernest E. Parker were unanimously re-elected as President and Hon. Secretary respectively. Mr. Parker, in his annual report, stated that the number of members on the roll was the largest since the foundation of the branch on 17th January, 1903. The opening lecture was given on Wednesday, October 25th, 1922, by Mr. George Eyre Todd, on "Dickens in Scotland." The Rt. Hon. Lord Provost Hutchison presided over a crowded audience. Other lectures during the session were contributed by Mr. George Kitchin, M.A., B.Litt., Edinburgh University, or "Charles Dickens," a masterly address; and by the Rev. R. J. MacKay, M.A., on "The Humanising Influence of Dickens's Humour." The following papers on *Little Dorrit*, the book chosen for study, were given in the course of the season: "Little Dorrit: A Survey," by Mr. David MacRitchie, F.S.A.(Scot.); "The Pathos in Little Dorrit," by Mr. W. H. Brierley; "The Humour of Little Dorrit," by Mr. W. H. Brierley; "The Story of Maria Beadnell," by Miss Frances Durham; "Arthur Clennam," by Mr. John McCubbin; "Amy Dorrit: the Power of the Pure" and "Mr. Pancks," by Mr. Ernest E. Parker. The Birthday Celebrations took the form of a Tiny Tim Fair, at St. Cuthbert's Hall, which was opened by Sir Robert Maule and Lady Stair, in aid of the Home for Crippled Children. The efforts of the ladies' committee responsible for the Fair resulted in a sum of over £560 being raised, which enabled the branch not only to endow a Charles Dickens Cot for the home, but to provide the latest style of bed with complete surgical mattress for the alleviation of the little sufferer. Interesting entertainments were likewise given by Miss Alice M. McLauchlan, in a song recital of "Ballads of Dickens's Day," assisted by Mr. Herbert D. Down in recitations from the novelist's works; and an amusing mock trial of Mr. Pickwick charged with being a perpetual old humbug." Mr. D. MacRitchie acted as Counsel for the Prosecution, Mr. Ernest E. Parker as Counsel for the Defence, and Mr. R. C. H. Morison as Judge. The audience, who constituted the jury, gave an overwhelming vote for the defendant. The branch, which will attain its majority on January 17th, 1924, is arranging a suitable coming of age celebration. The book chosen for study next session is *A Tale of Two Cities*, and Mr. Ernest E. Parker will be glad to hear from any correspondent of a good dramatic adaptation of the work.

HACKNEY AND STOKE NEWINGTON.—The Annual General Meeting was held on April 23rd at West Hackney Lecture Hall. The past season has been highly successful, due in no small measure to the excellent series of meetings arranged by the honorary secretary. Apart from the two donations to the Doughty Street Fund, we were able to send a guinea to the East End Mission, who provide breakfasts to necessitous children. On the resignation of Mr. J. H. Mahoney, Mr. J. H. McNulty was elected to succeed him as chairman. The vacancy on the committee was filled by the election of Miss K. Benjamin. Mr. William Miller was unanimously re-elected President for a second year. On Saturday, May 12th, the annual dinner was held at Carr's Restaurant, Strand, Mr. William Miller presiding. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dexter. Another welcome guest was Mr. C. H. Green. With a wealth of feeling, Mr. A. Hewlett proposed the "Immortal Memory." Mr. Wm. Miller proposed the toast of "Our guests,"

which was responded to by Mr. Walter Dexter. The toast of the "Ladies" was given by Mr. J. J. Thompson, and responded to by Mrs. Wynne. During the evening, the following artistes contributed to the after dinner entertainment: Misses Marjorie O'Brien, Ethel Stannard (songs), Miss M. Catchpole, who gave an exceedingly humorous recital from the "Uncommercial Traveller," treating of another dinner, and Messrs. J. H. Mahoney and Treverton Brearley (humorous). On Saturday, June 9th, a number of members paid a visit to Rochester, and, under the guidance of Mr. W. Miller, a tour was made of the many well-known places of interest, including a visit to Gad's Hill Place. It is with very deep regret we record the death of two members of our committee, Mrs. Langley and Mr. Wilfrid Stannard. The branch is considerably the poorer by their loss.

HULL.—The Annual Meeting of the Branch took place on 23rd March, and was presided over by Miss G. Watson. The Minute Secretary read a resume of the year, showing a large increase in membership, which now reaches nearly 300 members. The session has been a real Dickensian one, and culminated in a very fine and provocative paper by Mr. J. H. Noble on *A Tale of Two Cities*, the book chosen for the Session's study. This paper led to a critical discussion afterwards by the members. "Ten Minutes Papers" on the same book were also arranged by Miss Brown, and Illustrated Sketches by our local Newspaper Artist, Mr. Ern Shaw, which were much appreciated; the sketches afterwards being sold to the members and the proceeds given to the Victoria Hospital. A lecture on "Joseph Addison, a century before Dickens," by the Rev. T. H. Tardrew, LL.B., was very highly appreciated. A Musical Evening of Dickensian Songs arranged by Miss Gertrude Watson, L.R.A.M., was also part of the Syllabus, and attracted many members. A lecture on "Charles Dickens and Social Reform" was given by Mr. McVeigh, one of the members, and a discussion took place on the subject. Mr. Jas. Downs, J.P., O.B.E., also gave a lecture on "Some Modern Humourists," which was most enjoyable. The officials for the year 1923-24 were elected, and are as follows: President, Mr. Thos. Hy. Appleby; Acting Vice-President, Miss G. Watson, L.R.A.M.; Treasurer, Mr. J. E. Scott; General Secretary, Mr. T. L. Witty; Minute Secretary, Miss E. A. Brown; Auditor, Mr. Mortimer Petty, B.A.; Country Rambles Secretary, Mr. F. W. Page assisted by Miss D. Phillips; Committee, Mesdames Appleby, Burden, Bird, Kellington and Scott, and the Misses Byers, Clarke, Sutton, Varley, M. J. Watson, and Wilmore, Messrs. Ashbridge, Blakeney, Kellington, Phillips, Rumsby, McVeigh, Scholes, Suddaby and Wilby. The Country Rambles Session proved to be a very successful one, and has now got well established. The members have visited the Gull Ponds, Lincs., Sledmere, Burton Constable, and many other places in the more immediate vicinity, and they feel that they owe a deep debt of thanks to the late Ramble Secretary, Mr. T. H. Appleby and his valuable assistant, Mrs. A. A. Elsom, for their untiring labours on behalf of the Ramblers.

LEAMINGTON.—Owing to several unavoidable emergencies, the Birthday celebrations could not be held in February as arranged, and the Social had to be postponed until March 20th. After refreshments had been served, the President (Mr. Frank Glover) made an appeal on behalf of the Dickens House, in aid of which a collection was made

at the end of the meeting. The following programme had been arranged: Miss Gardner recited "A Matter of Principle"; A short dialogue entitled "An Innocent Elopement" (from *Our Mutual Friend*) was given by Mr. Edward Hicks (R. Wilfer), Miss Phyllis Hicks (Bella Wilfer), and Mr. John Hicks (the Waiter). Miss Irene Parker contributed a reading entitled "The Glass Necklace" (from *Pickwick Papers*), and Mr. Charles Berry recited "Dan'l Peggotty."

LIVERPOOL.—April 12th, 1923, was signalised by a Dramatic Recital by Professor Wm. Miles, an old favourite in Liverpool. He gave a splendid miscellaneous Dickens programme, including the following items: "Trotty Veck's Tripe Supper," "The Flight of Little Em'ly," "Major Bagstock's meeting with Mrs. Skewton," "Boots at the Holly Tree Inn," etc. The Recital, which was superbly given, was listened to with the most rapturous attention. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., who has been a Vice-President of the Branch for many years, has been elected President for the Session 1923-4.

LONDON.—On Wednesday, April 18th, the Annual General Meeting of the Headquarters members was held at the Old Hall, Lincoln's Inn, and the business of receiving the Annual Report and electing the members of Council for the coming year was expeditiously disposed of under the Chairmanship of Mr. A. W. Edwards. It was decided to take *Bleak House* as the book for special study during next session. The chair was then taken by Mr. Frank S. Johnson, who introduced Mr. B. W. Matz, whose lantern lecture on "Inns and Taverns of Dickens" was to be the feature of the evening. A full audience listened with profound attention for an hour and a half to a most delightful discourse, ranging through all the chief books of Dickens and covering the country from Brighton to Bowes, and Bath to Bury St. Edmunds. Not the least interesting part of it was Mr. Matz's introduction, giving a glowing picture of the joys and comforts of the old inns of bygone days. The lecturer expressed the opinion that the chief attraction in a lantern lecture was the pictures, but he proceeded to prove himself wrong by giving a lecture which would have been full of interest had there been no pictures at all!! Altogether a memorable evening. On May 12th Mr. Walter Dexter conducted a pilgrimage through a part of Dickens London. The Annual Pilgrimage this year took the form of a motor-coach trip to Henley-on-Thames, returning by steam launch to Windsor, where the coaches met the party for the return run to town. Although the weather was dull and not too warm, those who joined the trip were well repaid, as it was a complete success. Many scenes connected with *Our Mutual Friend* were pointed out during the river portion of the journey, while the glorious greenery of the upper reaches of the Thames appealed to everyone. The catering included luncheon at the Red Lion Hotel Henley (where the marriage of Eugene Wrayburn and Lizzie Hexam took place) and tea on the launch, both excellently served and much enjoyed. The arrangements were all in the able hands of Messrs. C. H. Green and Walter Dexter, who spared no pains to ensure the pleasure and comfort of everyone who took part in this delightful function.

MANCHESTER.—The concluding meeting of the session was held in the Milton Hall, on April 6th, the first half of the proceedings being devoted to the business side of the society and to the election of officers.

Afterwards the social aspect was taken up, and a very pleasant programme was provided by Miss Turner (soprano), Mr. Davies (tenor), and Miss Barbara Tickle who recited an original poem "Books." Miss Parry was at the piano. Mr. J. Lea Axon entertained the company very much by his feats of legerdemain. On Saturday, April 14th, the anticipated repeat performance of "The House of Dombey" was given in the Milton Hall, this time on behalf of the Dickens Permanent Memorial Fund. The annual summer picnic has been arranged for Saturday, July 7th.

MELBOURNE.—The first meeting for the year was held in the Queen's Hall, Collins Street, on 1st February. A full house was entertained for over an hour by W. J. McRea, M.A., who gave a delightful lecture, wherein he showed the extraordinary similarity between Dickens and A. M. Hutchinson in his famous book "If Winter Comes." Many examples were read and quoted by the lecturer in support of his statements. In the second part of the programme Miss Maud Grantham gave a highly interesting description of the meeting between Mr. Boffin and Silas Wegg. Musical items were pleasingly rendered by Mrs. Lindsay. A very interesting programme was provided on 1st March, Mr. W. A. Callaway presiding. A lecturette, "The Religion of Dickens," by Mr. George Cockerill, was followed with much interest. The lecturer proved conclusively that Dickens was a man of deep religious feeling. Mr. Taylor gave a dramatic recital of the fire in *Barnaby Rudge*, and for encore "Cheap Jacks and Dear Jacks" from Dr. Marigold. On April 5th, the President, Mr. Callaway, in the chair, the programme provided two essays and a fine musical and elocutionary recital. In her paper "The Modern Novel," given by Miss Marie Cleary, B.A., LL.B., the writer dealt with three marked tendencies of the modern novel, (1) The Human Appeal, (2) The Impulse to Freedom, (3) The Tendency to Psycho-Analysis. Reference was made to the Golden Age of Literature of the 19th century which was marked by such writers as Dickens, Thackeray, Meredith and George Eliot. A very fine paper on J. Cuming Walters "Phases of Dickens" was given by Mr. J. H. Kerr and was greatly appreciated.

MONTREAL.—The fourteenth annual meeting took place on April 24th in the ballroom of the Ritz Carlton Hotel. Pleasing reports were read by the Treasurer and Secretary shewing a very successful year. Eight regular meetings were held, all of which were well attended. About one hundred and fifty visitors were recorded, also one hundred new members were added to the Fellowship. A motion made by Mrs. W. Godbee Brown was read and passed donating £20 to Doughty Street House Fund. One hundred dollars was voted to the Herbert Symonds Trust Fund of Christ Church Cathedral. A tablet in memory of our late Honorary President, Rev. Herbert Symonds, D.D., has been placed in the School for Crippled Children, following our last year's gift of one thousand dollars to that Institution, creating a fund to be known as The Herbert Symonds Memorial Fund. The interest from this fund to be used to help educate poor crippled children, in whom our late Honorary President was so much interested. The report of the chairman of the Nomination Committee was read and adopted. The officers for the coming year are as follows: Hon. President, Rev. S. P. Rose, D.D.; President, Dr. G. Guelph Armitage; Past-President, Theo. H. Wardleworth, F.L.S.; Vice-President, Professor N. N. Evans;

Hon. Secretary, W. H. Mainer ; Hon. Treasurer, D. Binney Robertson ; Cor. Secretary, Mrs. J. Bruce Jordan ; and an executive of fifteen members. The President, Dr. Armitage and Miss Mary Saxe will attend the Inter-Branch Conference at Toronto. An illustrated lecture entitled from "Mansion House to Westminster Abbey with Charles Dickens" was delivered by Mr. Andrew Paterson.

NEWPORT (MON.).—Having regard to the late start made by this branch, the session just concluded has been a very successful one. The first meeting held on March 1st was presided over by the President, Mr. J. W. T. Ley, and at which he read a delightful paper on "Dickens and Children." On March 15th, Mr. W. Henry Williams, Barrister-at-Law, entertained the branch for an hour with "Law and Lawyers in Dickens's Time." March 29th was devoted to "Dips into Dickens," the majority of members present contributing. On April 12th, Mr. W. J. T. Collins, Editor of the "South Wales Argus," and a Vice-President of the branch, gave an excellent address on "The Pictorial Art of Dickens," and on April 26th, the session closed with four fifteen minute papers by Miss Clare Barry, who took for her subject "Hats" ; Miss E. Lloyd, "Pen Pictures" ; Mr. F. J. Hall, "Great Hearts," ; and Mr. R. J. Sconnell, "Cups of Tea." All the subjects were from the works of Charles Dickens. Members of the branch visited Bath on the 9th June, and under the guidance of Mr. T. Sturge Cotterell, J.P., toured the various places of interest to Dickensians in that city. Mr. Cotterell's kindness in conducting the party, the presence of the Bath members, and the excellent arrangements made by Mr. Fisher, of the Bath Branch, contributed to a most enjoyable afternoon.

NEW YORK.—The last three meetings, presided over by Dr. Allen, the President, were held at the National Arts Club. On 16th March a collection of First Editions MSS., etc., of *Oliver Twist* was exhibited by Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Read and Dr. Duffield explained them to the audience, and gave an exposition on *Oliver Twist*. On 20th April. Dr. Duffield gave a scholarly interpretation of *Edwin Drood*, and exhibited afterwards his collection of Droodiana. On May 18th was the general meeting at which the annual report was presented. Dr. Duffield was elected President, and the following other officers were appointed. Vice-Presidents : Mr. Cortes W. Cavanaugh, Mr. George R. Bishop, Mrs. Kilburn Kilmer ; Corresponding Secretary : Miss Mary Beckman Sabin ; Recording Secretary : Mr. Henry S. Sanders ; Treasurer : Mr. Newbury Frost Read ; Council : Mrs. Lyman Whitney Allen, Mrs. Annie M. T. Beecher, Miss Elizabeth A. Herrick, Mr. Albert A. Hopkins, Mrs. Guy Lindsley, Miss Mary Wray. Dr. Duffield then read a most interesting lecture prepared by Mr. Hopkins, "The Inns and Taverns of Pickwick," illustrated with many lantern slides, and interspersed the lecture with piquant comment, showing his wide knowledge of Pickwick. During each evening some fine singing was contributed by Miss Charlotte Walker and Miss Clara Duval.

OLD TOWN ORONO.—The last meeting was held at Mount Vernon House, when the President, Dean James S. Stevens, presided. The address of the evening was given by the Rev. Clinton W. Wilson on "The Names in Dickens," in which he traced the sources from which the novelist obtained them. It was a most informative and pleasurable discourse, and enjoyed immensely by all who heard it. The President

read Dr. L. W. Allen's fine poem composed for the Birthday Celebrations in New York.

SHEFFIELD.—On March 16th, at the Albany Hotel, the Dramatic Section gave a reading of *The Cricket on the Hearth*, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Ada Moore. The reading was most enjoyable. The annual General Meeting was held on May 4th, presided over by Mr. G. H. Jackson. The Secretary's report proved the session to have been exceptionally successful. The Treasurer reported there had been an increase of members, and altogether, the report was very gratifying. Miss North reported that the Ladies' Sewing Guild was in a most flourishing condition. A large number of new garments had been given to "The Lord Mayor's Clothing Depot" for distribution amongst unemployed in the city. Many other gifts had been made in the usual way and the treasurer had a good balance in hand. Mr. Sykes and Mrs. Bagnall spoke of the work of the Dramatic Section, which had helped to make the ordinary meetings enjoyable and which had also given performances in different suburbs. Mr. Leggett, speaking of the Social Section, presented a gratifying report. The whist drives would enable the section to contribute a good sum to the general funds. Mrs. Ada Moore was elected President for the following year—the first lady to occupy the position. Dr. Jones became Senior Vice-President, and Mr. E. B. Wilkinson was elected Junior Vice-President. The remaining officials and the committee were re-elected. On May 10th, the Dramatic Section gave a most successful performance of "The House of Dombey" at the Y.M.C.A. The audience was highly delighted with the performance, which was produced under the management of Mr. G. H. Jackson.

SOUTHAMPTON.—At the meeting on March 12th, a performance by the "Dickens Dramatic Society" was given to a large audience. Scenes from *Pickwick Papers*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, and *Dombey and Son* were enthusiastically received by the audience. The General Meeting took place on April 9th. It was well attended and great interest shown in the reports of the year's work. The statement of accounts showed an increase on the balance of last year. The chairman (Mr. A. C. Hallett) considered the Branch was to be congratulated on a successful year's work. The Dickens Dramatic Society has substantially assisted local charities during this session.

ST. PANCRAS.—The meetings and rambles have been very well attended, and our numbers are increasing nicely. Mr. T. W. Hill presided at the March meeting, when our President, Mr. John Winbolt, gave a lecture on Stained Glass. With the aid of numerous sketches and diagrams, Mr. Winbolt gave a very interesting history of the art from the beginning, actually executing on glass a number of beautiful designs. Mr. C. H. Green occupied the chair at the Members' Evening on April 9th. Several papers on *Nicholas Nickleby* were read, Miss Janet Moncrieff gave a fine character sketch of Uriah Heep, and the dramatic section, under the direction of Miss Laura Godfree, gave scenes from "Horatio Sparkins," *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *David Copperfield* and *A Tale of Two Cities*. During the evening Miss Godfree was presented with Dion Clayton Calthrop's "Costumes through the Centuries," in appreciation of the great interest she had taken in the Branch and its Dramatic work. On April 21st a ramble was taken to Stepney, and a visit paid to the Trinity House and Vintners'

Almshouses in Mile End Road (the latter are generally acknowledged to be the originals of Titbull's Almshouses in Dickens's *Uncommercial Traveller*), and to the Parish Church of St. Dunstan's. On May 12th a country ramble around Perivale was taken.

TEWKESBURY.—The Annual Meeting was held in April, when the deservedly popular Secretary was unanimously elected President. Mr. H. de Courcy Peach has been Hon. Secretary of the Branch since its formation in 1919. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the retiring President, Mrs. F. W. Godfrey, for the delightful manner in which she carried out her duties. The book selected for the ensuing Session is *Martin Chuzzlewit*. The Membership of the Branch is now 179. Upon the anniversary of Dickens's birthday, a wreath was placed by the entrance to the "Hop Pole Hotel," where "Mr. Pickwick stopped to dine." A copy of the Appeal for the Doughty Street Fund has been placed in the Dining Room of the Hotel.

VANCOUVER.—The anniversary of Charles Dickens's birthday was celebrated on the 7th February, a banquet was held. On the 5th of April a three act play entitled "Tom Pinch," by Joseph J. Dilley, was performed in the First Congregational Hall which was crowded to the doors. The play was repeated in the same Hall on the 25th of April. The Branch brought its season to a close on May 17th with a very enjoyable and largely attended Social Evening. Prof. Sedgewick of the University of British Columbia was the chief speaker of the evening, and unveiled the Charter.

WINNIPEG.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the Science Building, the 8th March. The programme was as follows: Address, "The Readers attitude towards Literature," Rev. J. F. Cross. Paper: "Child Characters from *Hard Times*," Miss L. Redman. Dr. G. W. Knipe gave a humorous paper on "Some Doctors of Dickens." Harry Percival's "Poetic Tribute to Dickens" was recited by Miss Annie Benson. The following readings were given by Miss May M. Marrable and Mrs. Alice Fletcher respectively: "A Child's Dream of a Star," and "My Friend Mrs. Todgers." Mr. I. F. Brooks, President, occupied the chair. The Annual meeting took place on April 12th with Professor D. C. Harvey presiding in the absence of the President. The Secretary's report showed an increase of 80 members; it also disclosed particulars of the largest gift to charity in the history of the Branch, the nature of which was the installing of a set of house telephones and other necessary equipment to the value of \$150 at the Children's Aid Society's Shelter, River Avenue. Good progress was reported with the Dickens Memorial House Fund, of which Dr. A. W. Crawford (the first President) is acting as Hon. Treasurer. Mr. Isaac Brooks and Mr. Chas. W. Youell were again elected President and Secretary respectively, and Mr. R. A. Sargeant as Treasurer. Mrs. A. W. Crawford, Mrs. A. J. Perry, and Mr. F. H. Schofield were made Vice-Presidents, while Mrs. Youell, Mrs. Clendenan, Miss E. A. Lawrence (President Women Teachers' Club), and Mr. Thos. C. B. Boon, Asst.-Registrar, St. John's College, were added to the Council. The Rev. E. F. Church delighted the members for an hour with "Sketches from Pickwick." "I love Dickens because he loved humanity just as it is," said the speaker in his introduction. He refused to find fault with "Pickwick" because "a man did not dissect his best friends." No

humour or homely philosophy ever penned by the hand of man went closer to the heart than did that in this well beloved book, he claimed.

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH BOOKS

The Perils of Certain English Prisoners, by Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins. Illustrated. London: T. Nelson and Sons, Ltd. 1s. 9d. net.

The Dickens Book: Scenes from the Works of Charles Dickens, edited by J. Compton, M.A. (Bell's Novelist Readers). London: Bell Brothers, Ltd. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. net.

The London of Dickens, by W. Dexter. London: Cecil Palmer. 6s. net.

A Dickens Atlas: including Twelve Walks in London with Charles Dickens, prepared by A. A. Hopkins and Newbury Frost Read. London: Spurr and Swift. 25s. net.

Historic Streets of London, compiled by Lillian and Ashmore Russan. Illustrated. London: Simpkin Marshall and Co. 3s. 6d. net.

London and Westminster in History and Literature, by W. Marston Acres. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.

Companionable Books (Chapter on Dickens), by Henry Van Dyke. Illustrated. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES

"The Saracen's Head, Snow Hill," Parts I. and II. "The King's Arms, Lancaster," by B. W. Matz. Illustrated. *Mine Host*, March, April and May.

"Dickens and Greta Bridge." Letters from T. R. Glynn. *Yorkshire Post*, 23rd and 29th May.

"Charles Dickens, Author, Humorist and Social Reformer," by Henry Alexander. *Evening Standard* (New Rochelle, U.S.A.), 12th and 14th May.

"Charles Dickens: His Happy Times in Manchester." *Manchester Evening News*, 8th June.

"Dickens and History" (Literary Notes). *Tablet*, 9th June.

DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

HACKNEY AND STOKE NEWINGTON—

July 7—Hampton Court. By bus from "Weavers' Arms" (opp. Abney Park Cemetery). Meet 2-15 p.m.

Sept. —Fulham Palace. By Bus No. 22, from its starting place, Clapton Park. Meet 2-15 p.m. sharp (Chatworth Road).

LONDON—

July 14—Afternoon Ramble, Hampstead and Highgate.

Sept. 15—Afternoon Ramble, Whitechapel and Limehouse.

ST. PANCRAS—

July 21—Ramble to Hampstead, including the gardens of Lord Leverhulme's residence. Meet Hampstead Station (Tube) at 2-30.

Sept. 22—Ramble to Kingston on Thames. Meet at Kingston Station (L. and S. W. Rly.) at 3 p.m.



THE COUNCIL ROOM

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THE DICKENSIAN

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and the Official Record of the Dickens Fellowship

VOL. XIX.

OCTOBER 1923

No. 4

WHEN FOUND—

THE most important event in the history of the Dickens Fellowship will be its twenty-first anniversary on the 6th of the present month. It will be celebrated, so far as London is concerned, at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, E.C., on the 5th October at 7-30. The chairman will be Sir Frederick Macmillan, and Sir Walter Lawrence, Bt., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., C.B., the new President, will deliver his presidential address. Speeches will be made by Vice-Presidents and others, after which the evening will develop into one of a social nature, when light refreshments will be served, and an entertainment provided. As accommodation is limited, admission will be by invitation card only, which can be had on application to the Hon. Secretary.

* * * * *

Time flies so quickly that it seems but a very short time ago when we organised that first meeting in Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street. If anyone had asked us then if we thought we should ever reach our majority, we fear that even our enthusiasm would not have warranted us answering in the affirmative. Yet to-day the Fellowship has branches in the most flourishing and active condition all over the world and the whole organisation is so vigorous that there seems no telling where its momentum will carry it. It survived the war and has even survived the Peace. After twenty-one years of continued activity many recollections naturally crowd in to the memory, and although it might be agreeable to us in looking back, to fill these few editorial pages with notes and comments on the past, we feel that the ground has been so well and adequately covered by our contributors, that our readers will respect our reticence.

* * * * *

The one thing, however, that stands out in our mind concerning that first meeting was the heated argument as to whether we should call ourselves a Society or a Fellowship. No one had ever heard of the word Fellowship being used in such a connection before, and we do not believe it had. We knew the word as being associated with the Universities, but as used to connote companionship among admirers of an author it seemed strange. But it was adopted, and we believe we were the first to use the word in that sense. In doing so, a good example was set, for there are many imitators to-day. There are the Workers'

Fellowship, the Christian Fellowship, the Shakespeare Fellowship, the Kingsway Fellowship, and plenty more we cannot recall. It is becoming quite common, which is a good thing, for the word means and conveys much more than does the word Society, and something quite different. Twenty-one years is a long time for a body of enthusiasts for one author to hold together and command respect instead of running the risk of creating ridicule, and when one realises the Fellowship is not a business concern, and that it has always been conducted without commercial profit to any officer as such, the result is all the more extraordinary and satisfactory.

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There appeared recently in a Parisian journal a virulent attack on Dickens, whose *Oliver Twist* was about to appear on the film. The French critic spoke of the book as a story "verbose, long-winded, full of ogres and murderers, described with incredible lack of skill and stupidly exaggerated"; whilst Bumble, Fagin and others were referred to as "sinister caricatures, impossible to be taken seriously," and so on in the same strain throughout a long article. A reply to this outburst has been sent to us by M. Michel Benisovich, L.L.M., who evidently has as thorough a knowledge of Dickens's life as of his works, and seems eager and eminently able to take up the cudgels in his defence. In the course of his reply—unfortunately too long to be inserted in our magazine—M. Benisovich points out that Dickens, struggling to earn his livelihood in surroundings such as he described in *Oliver Twist* and other books, probably knew them better than a twentieth century writer who has only heard the more or less vague terms "Fleet Prison," "Workhouse" and "Poor Law"! Dealing with the charge that Dickens is a caricaturist, M. Benisovich compares him, in his painting of characters, with Hogarth, Le Sage and Cervantes, and gives a quotation from Pepys showing of what cruelty even humanitarians were guilty! He ends by reminding us how Dickens helped in the crusade against evil and misery by such books as *Oliver Twist*. It is a most frank, spirited and clever defence, and we only regret that we cannot print the reply in its entirety.

* * * * *

Sir Henry Dickens, K.C., accompanied by Lady Dickens, attended an "At Home" at Flower House, Southend Village, Catford, in July last, and laid a corner-stone to an extension to accommodate invalid ex-officers. Flower House is a private nursing home for mental cases and was given by Major Pat à Beckett and Major and Mrs. Walter à Beckett. Sir Henry Dickens said that he had known the brothers à Beckett and their father for many years, and Major Walter à Beckett recalled the fact that Sir Henry's father and their grandfather, Gilbert à Beckett, were great friends.

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Lady Dickens is also interested in another scheme, that of collecting £200 to erect an "Eolienne" (water engine) to give a permanent supply of water to the little village of Ginchy (Somme), entirely des-

troyed during the war. It has now a few wooden huts, a corrugated iron church, and twenty-two families, comprising about ninety people. Every little helps, and Lady Dickens will gratefully accept the smallest, as well as the largest, sum any kind reader may send her to 8 Mulberry Walk, Chelsea, S.W. All donations will be acknowledged by letter. It was near Ginchy that Major Cedric Charles Dickens, Lady Dickens's son, was killed and buried, so that her sympathies and interest are all the keener.

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It is with deep regret that we have to record the death of four very valued members of the Dickens Fellowship. Mr. F. M. Bell Smith (Toronto), Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin (New York), Mr. W. F. Bagnall (Sheffield) and Alderman Sir Wm. P. Treloar, Bt. Mr. Bell Smith was President of the Toronto branch, and represented Canada on the list of Vice-Presidents of the Fellowship. He passed away on the 23rd June last in Wellisley Hospital, following an accident. He was known personally to many of us in England, for he visited this country on one or two occasions before the war. He was a man of many talents, being almost equally accomplished as an artist, a dramatic reciter and an actor. He was a tower of strength to the Toronto branch, and his magnetic personality will be sorely missed by all who knew him or were associated with him in his many activities.

* * * * *

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, to whom we made reference in our last issue as visiting England as a delegate from New York to the Fellowship Conference at Liverpool, and who was taken ill on the boat coming over, died at a nursing home at Harrow on the 24th August. Mrs. Wiggin was Mrs. G. C. Riggs in private life, and made her fame by the publication of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and from that time her books have been very popular both in this country and in America. Dickensians will particularly remember her as the author of that charming little narrative of "A Child's journey with Dickens," which she many times recited to the various branches in U.S.A.

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Mr. W. F. Bagnall died at Ancoates, Isle of Man, on the 18th August last after a long and painful illness. Mr. Bagnall had acted as the Hon. Secretary of the Sheffield Branch for many years, and will always be remembered for the active interest he took in the welfare of his Branch and in the Fellowship as a whole. He was elected Chairman of the Council of the Fellowship in July, 1922, and regularly attended the meetings at Headquarters. His absence from the Conference in Liverpool formed the subject for a special resolution of sympathy. At first it was thought that he was suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism, which would be counteracted by a sojourn at his country house in the Isle of Man. Unfortunately this was not to be, and eventually it was diagnosed that the cause of suffering was a tumour on the brain from which he succumbed. His death removes yet another of our early enthusiasts, and one, who, by his sterling qualities

and kind disposition, had endeared himself to all with whom he was brought in contact.

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By the death of Sir William P. Treloar, the Fellowship loses one of its most staunch and sympathetic supporters. He had been a Vice-President since its formation, and always took an active part in its work whenever possible, and that was not infrequent. He never failed to give his help when asked, and his real interest in the Fellowship was revealed in every letter he wrote to its officials. It was but a week before he died that he sent us the message printed elsewhere in this issue with a covering letter full of friendly feeling. His unselfish labour on behalf of crippled children is a by-word throughout the land, and is never likely to be forgotten in this country; a monument worthy of his noble deeds already exists at Alton to perpetuate his name throughout the ages. He died suddenly at his home in Norwood on September 6th, in his 81st year, and in the City of London he so loved his loss will be mourned for many a long day.

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Sir Henry Lucy has an article in "The Cornhill" for September, entitled "Charles Dickens: a Post-mortem Interview." Sir Henry, his wife, and a clergyman attended a table-rapping experiment, and having seated themselves at a small table, and conformed to the ritual of joining finger tips of hands laid on it, raps spelled out the name of Charles Dickens. We must refer our readers who are interested in what the spirit had to say to the full account in the magazine. What Sir Henry has to tell us generally about Dickens is much more vital.

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A "trial specimen copy" of the first number of "The Daily News," edited by Charles Dickens and dated January 19th, 1846, and a copy of the first issue actually published two days later, were among the items of an auction catalogue of Messrs. Hodgson and Co.'s, Chancery Lane. As the reserve price was not reached, the item was withdrawn.

* * * * *

The famous Planters' House in St. Louis, the hotel where Dickens stayed during his first American tour, has closed its doors after a century of hospitality. Dickens was very struck with the inns in those outlandish corners of the world, as they appeared to him in those days, and in writing to Forster he speaks of The Planters' House as being "as large as the Middlesex Hospital, and built very much on our hospital plan, with long wards abundantly ventilated and plain white-washed walls. They had a famous notion of sending up at breakfast-time large glasses of new milk with blocks of ice in them as clear as crystal. Our table was abundantly supplied at every meal. One day when Kate and I were dining together in our room, we counted sixteen dishes on our table at the same time."

* * * * *

Of particular interest to Dickensians is the announcement that Mr. Walter T. Spencer has written his reminiscences, which have just been published. He calls them "Forty Years in My Bookshop,"

and the volume is full of interesting anecdotes about the famous men and women who have visited his shop. He tells of the prominent book-collectors in England and America he has known, recounts the stories of his visits to the homes of such distinguished writers as Swinburne, Rossetti, Meredith, Whistler, Oscar Wilde, and naturally has much to say about his career as a Dickens expert. Those who have met and talked with Mr. Spencer know full well what interesting stories he can tell of the persons he has met, and his book cannot therefore fail to be an absorbing one.

* * * * *

Messrs. Macmillan are re-issuing their edition of Dickens's works on thin paper, and bound in blue leather with gilt tops, in the early autumn. The complete set will be ready the same day. Each volume of this edition, besides containing the original illustrations, has a special introduction written by Charles Dickens the younger. It is interesting to note that *The Mystery of Edyin Drood* will be included for the first time in the series, and will contain the introduction written by Charles Dickens's son many years ago. Although this edition of the book has not hitherto appeared in this country, it was included in the series when issued in America.

* * * * *

It would almost seem that the City Pickwick Club was the recruiting ground for Lord Mayors of the City of London. Sir Louis Newton, who is to be the new chief magistrate of the city, has been a member for many years, and misses few of its functions. Alderman Sir James Roll, the President of the Club, was Lord Mayor in 1920-21, and the late Sir Edward Cooper, who was Vice-President, preceded him in that coveted city office in 1919-20.

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Gad's Hill Place, the last home of Dickens, was put up to auction on 26th July last, at the Hanover Square rooms of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, but was withdrawn. The bidding started at £3,000, and reached £5,000. This was below the reserve price, which was not disclosed. There was a good attendance, including a number of Dickens lovers.

* * * * *

Southsea held a Carnival Pageant in July last covering the history of the town from the landing of the Romans to the age of Dickens. The chief scene of the interesting ceremony was the one depicting the visit of the novelist to the house of his birth. Dickens, impersonated by Mr. C. T. Wing, was seen seated and turning over the pages of his familiar novels, whilst prominent characters from them passed through the arena. The Pageant was held in the grounds of Southsea Castle, which was open to the public for the first time for 400 years. Two thousand persons took part in the various scenes of the town's thrilling history.

* * * * *

A new bibliography of the writings relating to Dickens and his works will shortly be published. It is entitled "The Dickens Collector,"

and is compiled by Mr. William Miller. In undertaking his task, Mr. Miller has borne in mind the needs of the student as well as the collector of Dickensiana, for it is the former who requires such a work as much as the latter. With this object in view, everything will be found chronicled therein necessary for the study of Dickens and his writings, whether it be personal or critical, dramatic or musical, topographical or plagiaristic. Upwards of 2,500 items have been noted in every phase of the subject. The output of Dickensiana of recent years has been tremendous, and such a work as the present is sorely needed, as more than thirty-six years have elapsed since a similar work was issued.

* * * * *

A new volume comprising scenes and characters from Dickens will be published during the autumn by Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Co. The contents are compiled by B. W. Matz, who also supplies an introduction, whilst Mrs. Kate Perugini has written a special foreword for it. It will be fully illustrated in colour by Harold Copping.

* * * * *

An oil portrait of Moses Pickwick, the famous coach proprietor of the White Hart Inn, Bath, painted about the year 1830 by a well-known Bath artist, Samuel Foote Taylor, has recently been discovered. It is in the possession of Mr. Cecil Sainsbury, of Bath, a descendant. Readers of the *Pickwick Papers* will remember the indignation of Sam Weller on seeing the magic name of Pickwick on the door of the coach with "Moses afore it." The portrait shows Moses dressed in garments in vogue in the Early Eighteenth Century and wearing a black wig. It is intended to reproduce this picture shortly.

* * * * *

The lady novelist who writes under the name of "Temple Bailey" was recently asked which book of all others she would rather have written, and her reply was "The Pickwick Papers." "It sounds," she said, "a bit Victorian, but I have no doubt about it . . . to have written 'Pickwick' must have been a joyous enterprise. To make the world laugh, yet with the same pen to stab at the old sores of a social system which gave little thought to its poor, its prisons, its atrophied legal processes—that was not only an achievement—it was a great adventure, with such incomparable companions along the road as the Wellers, the Wardles, and lovely Arabella of the fur-topped boots. But, more than all, I would rather have written it because it was the forerunner of those other books which followed, and for which the world waited, sitting on the edge of its chairs. Nobody writes like that to-day, with so free a pen and such a gay one. Perhaps other pens are better suited to our time. But to have written 'Pickwick' when Charles Dickens wrote it—the thing is not to be matched!"

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Out in Greenwich, Connecticut, directly on the Post road, so runs the advertisement, there is a "Pickwick Arms" hotel and restaurant. We presume that at one time the proprietor made a point of seeing

that his guests were made convivial as becomes the true Pickwickian, and no doubt brewed the famous Pickwick Punch for their delectation. We wonder how he manages to sustain the right atmosphere now !

* * * * *

We stated in our last issue that the David Copperfield Library in Johnson Street, Somers Town, had been abandoned by the St. Pancras Borough Council. We are pleased to announce that the decision of that body has in no way endangered the success of the scheme, for its management happily has been taken over by a group of enthusiasts, and it will be run on the exact lines laid down by its inaugurators. The trustees are Sir Sidney Lee, Mr. Alderman Davis, Mrs. Edwin Tate and Mrs. Ord Marshall, who also acts as Hon. Secretary.

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Commenting on a new farce, "Reckless Reggie," recently performed at the Globe Theatre, "The Sunday Times" critic said, "One of the sketches by Boz concerns a greenhorn who makes love to a little woman at Margate, and is blackmailed by a *soi-disant* husband concealed behind the window-curtains. Reggie's adventures are of this type." We presume the reference is to "The Tuggses at Ramsgate." If so, the critic should have refreshed his memory of it by another reading of the story.

* * * * *

A new film version of "A Cricket on the Hearth" has just been completed, in which we are assured that Dickens's story is faithfully followed and adhered to throughout.

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We hear that Papini, the famous Italian author of the "Life of Christ," reads and re-reads *The Pickwick Papers*.

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Mrs. E. Halsall, the new proprietress of the Hop Pole, Tewkesbury, is very proud of the Pickwickian associations of the house, and is emphasizing them by devoting and confining the pictorial decoration of the coffee-room to illustrations from the works of Dickens. The room is known as the Dickens Room, and is an interesting feature of this old Hotel, where Mr. Pickwick and his companions stopped to dine on their way to Birmingham.

* * * * *

It is gratifying to find that the Headquarters rooms in Clifford's Inn are becoming more generally known and appreciated. Visitors have been much more numerous, and rarely a day passes without a call from one or more of our home and overseas members. Among recent callers have been friends from Ottawa (Ontario), Melbourne, New York, Oxford (Mass.), Pasadena, Pittsburg, New Jersey and Monte Video, most of whom have been able to join in rambles around Dickens London.

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The present number of *The Dickensian* is enlarged by the addition of sixteen pages.

THE EDITOR.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

1902-1923

A RETROSPECT

By J. W. T. LEY

I.

TWENTY-ONE years—the better part of a generation ! It has a sobering effect to awaken suddenly to a realisation of the fact that the Dickens Fellowship, in whose birth and early nurturing some of us played so active a part, has come of age, and that since those early days of joyous enthusiasm, twenty-one precious years have been notched off for everyone of us. To recall the birth of the Fellowship, however, is to recall happy times ; for very many of us to recall the beginnings of truly valued friendships which have more than stood the test of years. That, of course, carries its tinge of sadness. For instance, there cannot be more than three members of the Head-quarter's Council to-day who were there when I resigned the Secretaryship a short fourteen years ago ; not one Branch Secretary who was in office then is still in office to-day. Not all have dropped right out, but the Reaper has been industrious, nevertheless, and there is sadness, as well as gladness, in remembrance.

So that the writing of a history of the Dickens Fellowship becomes less and less easy as one comes nearer to the task. There has been genuine achievement, but the changes in personnel, and in constitution have been many, developments have been innumerable, and to come down to detail is extraordinarily difficult. I commence the task in the dread—nay, in the certainty that I shall leave undone something I ought to do, omit some name that ought not to be omitted, fail to do justice to some splendid worker who truly deserves full credit in such a record. I can but do my best, and I will do it.

II.

And so, let us imitate David Copperfield, and begin at the beginning. It was in 1902 that Sir Hall Caine purchased *Household Words*, and on January 25th appeared the first issue of a new series. The editor was Mr. W. Walter Crotch. Clouds have lowered over his head in very recent years, but we who knew him so well are not likely to forget old friendship, or to fail to pay fullest tribute to the work that he did for the organisation. In the first issue of *Household Words* under his Editorship he declared his intention of conducting the paper on the lines laid down by Dickens fifty-two years before. He wanted, he wrote, the spirit of Charles Dickens to breathe from the pages, so that every reader should feel that he was one of a great Fellowship. In the next issue appeared a letter from “a working man,” asking “Why not a Dickens Fellowship ?” Sir Hall Caine was interested in the project, and on February 22nd there appeared a draft scheme. The object of the projected Fellowship was to be the promotion of the spirit of human fellowship which Dickens taught ; periodical

informal meetings were to be held. Those willing to become members were asked to communicate with the Editor. On March 8th, there was a note of disappointment. "I know it will come as a surprise and a disappointment to many," wrote the Editor, "when I say that there is a great probability of our proposed Dickens Fellowship failing!" His optimistic spirit had induced him to expect to receive thousands of names, and he had received only 260. The note stirred many more to write (I myself among the number, I recollect), but still the scheme languished.

Then there happened a meeting which, fortuitous as it was, is the red letter mark in the history of the Fellowship. The late Mr. E. P. Haslam was on the advertising staff of *Household Words*, and he knew slightly a man named Matz. They met one day in Fleet Street, and Haslam, remembering that Matz was engaged with the firm of Chapman and Hall, was moved to ask "Do you know anything about Dickens?" The modest reply was "A bit." Haslam was soon to discover that it was quite a big bit! He promptly explained the scheme for a Fellowship to him, and the future editor of *The Dickensian* went home and drew up a draft constitution and set of rules. The objects, as set out in the draft constitution, were adopted *in toto*, and stand to-day unaltered. They ought to be quoted here:

The Fellowship is open to all without restriction as to class, creed, or nationality.

In particular the aim and objects are:—

- (a) To knit together in a common bond of friendship lovers of the great master of humour and pathos, Charles Dickens.
- (b) To speed the love of humanity, which is the keynote of all his work.
- (c) To take such measures as may be deemed expedient to remedy those existing social evils, the amelioration of which would have appealed so strongly to the heart of Charles Dickens, and to help in every possible direction in the cause of the poor and oppressed.
- (d) To assist in the preservation and purchase of buildings and objects associated with his name or mentioned in his works.

Mr. Matz set to work with enthusiasm. Those of us who have known him since that time know his capacity for getting things done without fuss. He got this job done as nobody else I have known could have done it. I have to be careful in regard to what I try to say about him in these pages, for his blue pencil—or blue ink!—is very effective; but no truly modest man has any use for mock modesty, and he knows that the history of the Dickens Fellowship could no more be truly written without tribute to his work for it than the history of the Great War could be written without reference to Mr. Lloyd George or Marshal Foch. He drew up a constitution and a set of rules that were wholly adequate; he secured the promise of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald to become the first President. And then, in the issue of *Household Words* for October 4th, there appeared the announcement that a meeting was to be held at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street, on October 6th. One

smiles to-day to learn how the promoters anticipated the meeting in trepidation. They hired a room that would seat 300 people, and were doubtful whether a room to seat 100 would not have been more than big enough. They were astonished when 500 turned up! Mr. Fitzgerald presided, and the Fellowship was duly inaugurated, with, of course, Mr. Matz as Hon. Secretary.

As I write, I have before me the names of the first members of the Council. Not one of them remains to-day. They were Miss A. J. Bain, Miss E. M. Miniken, Miss C. E. Trampleasure, Dr. J. W. Anderson, Messrs. C. Askew, E. W. Brown, W. J. Butler, G. R. Hall Caine, W. W. Crotch, G. H. Cullen, J. S. Elias, W. J. Gadsden, A. E. Garnett, E. P. Haslam (Chairman), J. W. Lickis, A. S. Mallett, J. W. McKerness, B. F. Myers, W. Sowray, C. C. Turner, H. Snowden Ward, and G. Willis (Vice-Chairman). The Hon. Treasurer was Mr. James M. Sutherland, and Mr. W. F. Wilson was Assistant Hon. Secretary. None of these is on the Council now, and only one or two are in active association at all. Indeed, when I succeeded Mr. Matz as Secretary two years later, only ten of these remained on the Council. I mention this as an indication of the difficulties one has in writing the history of the Fellowship, owing to the changes that have taken place.

Some of those whose names I have just given did fine work for a long time. Mr. Crotch was Chairman of the Council in the second year. He dropped out in October, 1904, but in 1910, or thereabouts, returned to active work, and throughout the period of the war was President, rendering service that cannot be forgotten. Miss Miniken, too, must have her proper place in this record. She is a genuine lover of Dickens, and she was very enthusiastic in the work of the Fellowship for years. She it was who kept the Charitable Guild going for so long. I know a good deal of what she did. The Fellowship never had anybody who did more than she to see that Object *b* was faithfully carried out. Day after day—yes, and night after night—she would be out all over London visiting wretched homes, taking help to cold and hungry folk. The help may not have been big, for the Guild never had big resources, but one old lady would have her 2s. 6d. or 5s. a week regularly; another would have her hundred-weight of coal regularly; another would get her hospital card, or a necessary surgical appliance; crippled children would receive attention that brought the sun into their lives; warm clothing and comforts made by Miss Miniken and her helpers would be distributed. And always the service would be personal. Miss Annie Sherlock carried on the work with the same earnestness and success.

Then there was W. J. Gadsden. He has crossed over, but until age and failing health made it impossible, he was untiring in his work. It was he who organised, in the first years, the dinners to poor children and old people which were a feature of the Fellowship's activities then. The first dinner was given to waifs and strays at the Alexandra Trust, City Road, on January 3rd, 1903, and others in the Borough followed on January 30th and February 6th. They were continued for some winters, and Mr. Gadsden was the principal organiser. Then there

was the late Mr. Snowden Ward. Those of us who were active in those days will not forget the steady untiring service he rendered. He remained on the Council, I believe, until his tragically sudden death, which occurred in America, where he was doing valuable work as a missionary of the Fellowship. An authority on Dickensian topography, his lectures are remembered by many, but the most memorable work he did was in connection with the National Dickens Library. That scheme for the purchase of the collection of the late Mr. F. G. Kitton languished somewhat until he took it up. Then there was no more doubt, and in a very short time the scheme was complete, and the collection was formally handed over to the Lord Mayor at the Guildhall in 1907, by the late Lord James of Hereford. Mr. E. W. Brown remained on the Council for some three or four years, and only resigned when he went out of London to live. He is a fine Dickensian, and it is good to see that he is in harness again as Secretary of the Leyton Branch. Mr. J. W. Lickis, too, retained his membership of the Council for a few years, and in the second year was Joint Treasurer with Mr. Arthur C. Haslam, brother of the late Mr. E. P. Haslam.

At the first meeting several famous men were elected Vice-Presidents. During the year others were added, and the first handbook of the Fellowship gives the following:—Mr. Francesco Berger, Mr. (now Sir) Hall Caine, the Rev. Charles Clark, Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., Mr. Harry Furniss, Mr. Hammond Hall, the Rev. E. Husband, Sir Henry Irving, Mr. F. G. Kitton, Mr. Arthur Morrison, Mr. J. C. Parkinson, Mr. Clement Scott, Mr. M. H. Spielmann, Mr. W. Moy Thomas, Mr. J. L. Toole, Ald. Sir Wm. P. Treloar, Mr. Arthur Waugh. Many of these had known Dickens personally. Only six of them remain Vice-Presidents to-day. All but one of the remainder have passed away. That one is Sir Hall Caine, who dropped out in 1905. There is one name in the list that must be especially mentioned—F. G. Kitton. He was the most enthusiastic Dickensian I have ever met, and my friends, the Editor of this magazine and Mr. Wm Miller will not accuse me of invidiousness when I say that. They knew him far better than I did, and I know how they honour his memory as a great Dickensian and as a true man, whose every quality was loveable. In a measure he had paved the way for the Fellowship. For many years he had been untiring in his Dickensian researches, the results of which are to-day the foundation of most of our knowledge. Nothing was too small for him, no amount of effort was too great. In April, 1902, I founded the Bristol and Clifton Dickens Society, and a three line paragraph appeared in a London paper. The next day I had a letter from him begging for full particulars and for a specimen of every scrap of printing in connection with the Society. It was typical of him, and it is because he was so painstaking that he must always head the list of real Dickensian authorities. The formation of the Fellowship was a great joy to him, and he threw himself into it with all his enthusiasm. It was mainly due to him that the first ambitious effort of the Fellowship was entered upon and carried through successfully.

I refer, of course, to the first Dickens Exhibition, which was what made the Fellowship really widely known. The organisation was but a very few months old when the idea was mooted. He took it up with energy, and backed by Mr. E. W. Brown, the late Mr. Snowden Ward, Mr. Matz, Mr. Miller, and others, he carried it through. It was opened on March 25th, 1903, and continued for four days. The exhaustive catalogue was entirely his work—a monument to the completeness of the knowledge he had acquired so patiently through so many years. To-day it is invaluable to every Dickensian.

He was to do another great service later in the year. During the summer it became known that Dickens's birthplace at Portsmouth was to be sold. The Council of the Fellowship immediately urged that it should be purchased by the Portsmouth Corporation and preserved for all time. Mr. Kitton was the moving spirit, and visited Portsmouth more than once. In the end he attended the auction with the Mayor of Portsmouth, and the house was duly purchased. Again, when the Corporation of Rochester purchased Eastgate House, he suggested that a room should be set apart therein as a Dickens Room. The Council of the Fellowship took the matter up and the proposal was adopted. It was he, too, who in this first year proposed that the L.C.C. should be asked to affix a tablet on 48 Doughty Street, a proposal which was immediately acquiesced in. Kitton died in the late summer of 1904, and the Fellowship lost a splendid worker, and many of us lost a valued friend.

III.

We must hasten on. The temptation to grow reminiscent is difficult to resist, but space is not unlimited. During the first year the Fellowship issued two popular publications—"Charles Dickens—the Story of his Life and Writings," by B. W. Matz, and "Charles Dickens and his Illustrators," by F. G. Kitton. A charming ivy-leaf design badge of membership was also issued. Mr. Kitton's booklet was a reprint of a lecture which he gave at the first monthly meeting of the Fellowship in November, 1902.

Now, the Fellowship was founded in the democratic spirit indicated in the Constitution, and in that spirit it was determined to have an annual subscription of only 1/- per annum. The purpose, of course, was that the poorest person, the smallest child, should be able to join in this great movement established in the name of the novelist who so loved the poor and little children. It was a wholly worthy idea, but it contained a fallacy which became more and more apparent. First of all, the income was insufficient, especially when the bulk of the members belonged to Branches, and only 4d. was received at Headquarters on account of each such member. So an alteration was made, and 1/- was fixed as the *minimum*, thus leaving it open to members who could afford it to pay more. But here again was a fallacy. The minimum became too generally a maximum. Still, the principle was maintained for some years. The amount payable by branches was varied once or twice; but the same old problem remained. Too

many members paid only the shilling, and the membership grew rapidly, thus increasing administration expenses. And the membership was not a true membership. In this sense: people who were not really Dickensians at all could pay 1/- per annum and have the privilege of attending any Fellowship meetings and lectures anywhere. In London alone five or six high class lectures were given each winter. These were all free to members for their shilling subscription. Various alterations were made, but the opposition to an increase in the subscription was natural enough, and the difficulty grew more acute. In 1906-7, indeed, it was decided reluctantly to abandon monthly meetings in London, because the expense was so heavy. That, however, was a very unsuccessful experiment, and meetings had to be resumed. Eventually the subscription was raised to 2/6, and some four years ago it was raised to 10/6, to include *The Dickensian*. Each Branch now fixes its own subscription, and sends £1 1s. per year to headquarters for the first fifty of its membership, and half-a-guinea for every additional fifty or part of fifty.

The success of the Fellowship was immediate and astonishing. In his first annual report, Mr. Matz returned the actual membership at 3,464, and it was remarkable evidence of the universality of Dickens's appeal that subscriptions had come from almost every European country, from Egypt, South Africa, Australia—and, of course, America. A year later there were 3,573 members; and at the end of the third year that number had increased to 4,500. I do not know the figure to-day, but with all the Branches it must be far in excess of that number, and it is a more *real* membership, beyond a doubt.

It is time to speak of the Branches, but first one other point may be mentioned as a matter of history. Naturally the association with *Household Words* was close in the beginning, but very quickly it became obvious that a world-wide organisation could not be trammelled by any sort of control without itself, and in 1903 the connection was definitely severed. Offices were rented at 1 Whitcomb Street, Pall Mall East, and here for some four years the headquarters of the Fellowship were established. Then a move became necessary, and offices were shared at Craven Street, Strand; 14 Cockspur Street, and Whitehall House, Charing Cross. In the beginning of 1917, however, a suitable home was found at 14 Clifford's Inn, and there the Fellowship has been settled since in the very heart of the real Dickensland.

IV.

Now a word or two about the Branches. At first, the likelihood of such a development did not occur to anybody; to-day the Branches are the real strength of the Fellowship. Very naturally many keen Dickensians, whilst joining for the sentiment of the Association, felt that they, living in the provinces, were at a disadvantage as compared with those in London. They felt, too, that they would like to come into personal association with other members in their local areas. Mr. James E. Palmer set the ball rolling. He founded the Blackheath, Lee and Lewisham branch on January 12th, 1903, and it prospered

forthwith. The Edinburgh Branch was formed on January 17th; Manchester followed suit on January 27th, with Mr. Arthur Humphreys as Secretary, a day later the Liverpool Branch was born, and the Stockport and Portsmouth Branches were formed on February 14th and February 23rd respectively. At the end of the year there were fifteen Branches. Blackheath had 130 members, Edinburgh 26, Manchester 133, Liverpool 204, Stockport 40, Portsmouth 373. All of these, with the one exception of Blackheath, are as flourishing to-day as they were then. It is regrettable that the first Branch should have ceased to exist. Mr. Palmer was a great enthusiast, and so long as he remained active in its work it was vigorous enough, and its decline, dated from the day that he left the district. He is another of the early workers in the Fellowship who call for special mention in such a record as this. He was Chairman of the Council, 1904-5—my first year as Secretary, so that I know something of what he did. He was always sound in deliberations—and we had many problems in those days—he was always ready to go anywhere or do anything. Mr. Arthur Humphreys, of Manchester, too, should have more than passing mention. No man in the provinces has done more than he for the Fellowship. Soon we had Branches across the seas. In October, 1903, the Marshall (Michigan) Branch was formed, and the Chester (Pa.) Branch followed in March, 1904. Then came branches in Australia, other branches in America, Canada and elsewhere. To-day the Fellowship has six branches in the London area; 26 in the English provinces; one in Scotland; one in Wales; three in Australia; five in Canada and 13 in the United States of America. Sometimes Branches have died through inanition—generally because they had been poorly officered—but the exceptions have been rare. As a rule, a Branch, once launched, has prospered. To attempt any detailed account of the work done by the Branches would be to attempt a hopeless task. Every one of them is a local manifestation of the spirit of the Fellowship. Meetings are held regularly in every case, of course; and without exception they have all done—all consistently do—kindly human work. In some cases cots have been endowed in hospitals, thousands of children have been fed or given happy times, and every effort from headquarters has received hearty support.

V.

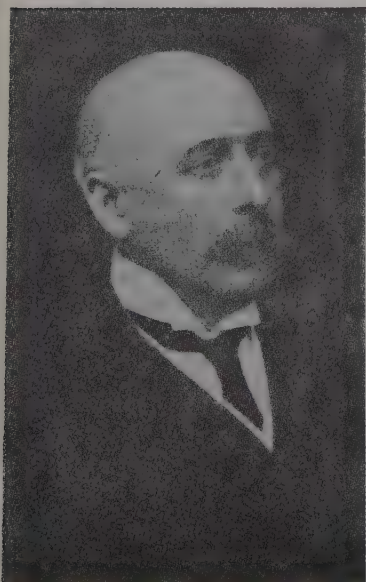
At the end of the first year, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald gave place as President to the novelist's son, Mr., now Sir, Henry Fielding Dickens, K.C. This is the place to say how grateful the Fellowship ever must be to Mr. Fitzgerald for his unchanging interest in its welfare. No longer can he be active, but until age laid its toll the Fellowship never appealed to him for any help of any kind in vain. If it was attendance at a meeting, he would attend, though it involved a journey to Manchester or Birmingham; did it involve a subscription, his purse was opened at once; was it an exhibition, all his treasures were at our disposal. And always there was an unassuming kindness about everything he did. He rendered a kind service just because it was a



SIR HENRY F. DICKENS, K.C.
Life President



MRS. KATE PERUGINI
Life President



SIR WALTER LAWRENCE, BT.
President, 1923-24



WALTER DEXTER
Treasurer

kind service and it was his nature to do it, never with a glimmering of a thought that he was doing as so many other men did not. His very name was a tremendous value to the Fellowship in that first year, but he gave us more than his name. He gave us himself.

Sir Henry Dickens has always been wholehearted. With him there came into the Fellowship his wife and daughters, his sister (Mrs. Perugini), his cousin (the late Mr. Edmund Dickens), and last, but not least by any means, his aunt, the late Miss Georgina Hogarth, the "best and truest friend man ever had." It was always a joy to the members when she used to accompany her nephew to the annual Birthday Celebrations. She was aged, and she took no active part, but her interest was always very real, and she never failed to attend our special gatherings as long as health lasted. She was reserved, though always kindly and gracious, but to officials and to the Council she was ever ready to speak, and Mr. Matz and I too know how we never approached her for information or for help but it was given if she had it in her power to give it. Lady Dickens has always been ready to assist, and in the old days of the Charitable Guild she was a most valuable helper. Her daughters, too, were as cheerfully ready as she. Sir Henry himself was a live President. He took an active interest in detail, and was ever willing at all times to attend meetings of the Council at which important matters were to be discussed. His speeches and his recitals at the Birthday Celebrations have always been a delight. And what of Mrs. Perugini? No more gracious lady has joined the ranks. She never refused an appeal; she has ever been glad to attend any sort of meetings, ever ready to give help, ever ready to supply information. She has truly inherited her father's capacity for service.

Sir Henry Dickens held the office of President for six years, and then he was elected Life President, and Mr. Arthur Waugh, who had been associated with the Fellowship from the very beginning, became President. He was followed by Mr. J. Cuming Walters, he in his turn by Sir Luke Fildes, R.A.; next Mrs. Perugini filled the office for three years; and Mr. Crotch served for the succeeding five years. In 1920-21 Mr. Matz was President—an honour that he had earned, if ever man earned anything; Mr. G. K. Chesterton followed him; Sir Frederick Macmillan served in 1922-23, and now Sir Walter Lawrence is our President. Mrs. Perugini joined Sir Henry Dickens as a Life President in 1915. It will be seen from this bare recital of names how very fortunate the Fellowship has been.

VI.

We may now perhaps briefly tell the record of other offices. I have said that the late Mr. E. P. Haslam, the first Chairman of Council, was followed by Mr. Crotch, and he by Mr. Palmer. Then came Mr. Matz for two years, and next the late Mr. Snowden Ward. He was followed by Mr. Walter Dexter—another name that ought to be printed in capital letters. Mr. Dexter came into prominence in 1905, at the dinner held in connection with the conference of branch secretaries

held in the autumn of that year—the forerunner of the annual conference. His earliest interests were concerned with the Dramatic Club, but soon he joined the Council, and ever since he has been untiring in the work. From 1908 he has been Hon. Treasurer. As Chairman of the Council he was succeeded by Mr. Sydney Marriott—another name calling for special reference. Mr. Marriott was elected Hon. Financial Secretary and Treasurer the same night that I was elected Hon. General Secretary, and for two years we worked together. He is a man of personality; he loved the Fellowship, and gave up his time to its work ungrudgingly. Mr. A. E. Brookes Cross followed him as Chairman of Council, and then Mr. Matz held office for another year. Since then the Chairmen have been Mr. G. W. Davis, Mr. William Miller (of whom more anon), the late Mr. F. T. Harry (who held office for two years), Mr. E. H. Burden (who held it for three years), Mr. A. W. Ratcliffe, Mr. W. F. Bagnall (whose lamentable death is recorded elsewhere in this issue), and this year, again, Mr. Matz.

As to the Secretaryship, Mr. Matz held the post for two years. I, who followed him, held it for four years, and then there was a hiatus. The Fellowship encountered a rather difficult period. It had no regular home, its finances were bad, and the executive work was left to a Council of Management for six years. The personnel of that Council varied, but Messrs. Dexter and Marriott remained members throughout. In 1915, Mr. T. W. Hill became Hon. Secretary, and remained for five years, and then in 1920 was succeeded by Mr. C. H. Green, who has held the post ever since, and to-day is carrying out the duties with ideal tact and energy.

Mr. Marriott resigned the Treasurership in 1906, and he was succeeded for a year by Mr. Matz. Then Mr. T. W. Tyrrell held the office for a year, and in 1908, Mr. Walter Dexter was elected, and he still retains position. There are two official positions in the Fellowship which have remained in the same hands from their creation until now. In 1903 Mr. William Miller was appointed Hon. Librarian. The post may not be a strenuous one, but it calls for constant attention, for expert knowledge, and for genuine enthusiasm. Mr. Miller's was an ideal appointment. The other post was that of Editor of *The Dickensian*. After the severance of the connection with *Household Words*, the difficulty of keeping so large and scattered a membership in touch with the activities of the Fellowship caused considerable anxiety. Arrangements were made with "The Golden Penny" (later renamed "The Hour-Glass"), but after a few months that paper ceased to exist. In the meantime *Household Words* had changed hands, and the Council were able to make arrangements with its new proprietors. But from the very beginning dreams had been dreamed of a Fellowship magazine. F. G. Kitton had made the suggestion, and the Council had been attracted by it all along. It seemed an ambitious idea for so young an organisation, but steadily it took hold of the imagination, and with the annual report for the second year—1903-4—there was distributed to the members a "feeler." Those willing to support a monthly publication devoted solely to

Dickensian subjects and the doings of the Fellowship were asked to forward 2/6 to cover subscriptions and postage for a year. If an insufficient number of subscribers was obtained the money would be refunded. Almost exactly two hundred and fifty half-crowns were received. It was not encouraging, and the project was rendered less hopeful by the death, at that time, of Mr. Kitton, who had been marked out as the obvious Editor.

VII.

In the first week of January, 1905, a sub-committee met at the headquarters in Whitcomb Street to discuss the question. My recollection is that the committee comprised Mr. J. E. Palmer (Chairman of the Council), Mr. Matz, Mr. Miller, Mr. Tyrrell and myself. It was an anxious question. We had a guarantee of 250 subscribers at the minimum figure, but we were all enthusiasts, and we decided to go ahead. Four days later the Council adopted our recommendation, and asked Mr. Matz to undertake the Editorship. It was a happy choice indeed. The magazine evolved a totally different personality from what it would have done under Mr. Kitton's editorship. My own conviction is that in his hands it would have developed along too strictly bibliographical lines—that its interest would not have been so wide as under Mr. Matz's guidance. However that may be, the choice of Editor was the happiest that could have been made. The first number appeared that same January, and our optimism was more than justified. I believe 2000 copies were printed; there had to be a reprint, and altogether 5000 copies of the first issue were sold. The magazine has never looked back. I think it is unique—a magazine started without one penny of capital that has appeared steadily for 19 years without one break, devoted exclusively to the work of one novelist, not selling among a select few, but with a world-wide circulation. Obviously *The Dickensian* has been a great asset to the Fellowship. Its profits have not been of the dividend-paying order, but it has done more than anything else could have done to keep lovers of the novelist in intimate touch. For fourteen years it appeared each month, but then post-war exigencies (the paper shortage was more acute immediately after the war than during its progress) converted it into a quarterly. Many of us hope that soon it will be possible to return to the old monthly form of publication.

It might perhaps be added, as a mere matter of history, that during 1905 *Household Words* finally ceased to exist, and the Council then made arrangements with the proprietors of "Great Thoughts." It was felt that a weekly organ was needed. The association with "Great Thoughts" continued for years. I do not know that it was ever formally severed, but for a long time now no official Fellowship news has appeared in its columns.

VIII.

The changes in the constitution of the Fellowship have been several. In the beginning every member had nominally a voice and a vote in the affairs of the organisation, but that was obviously more or less a



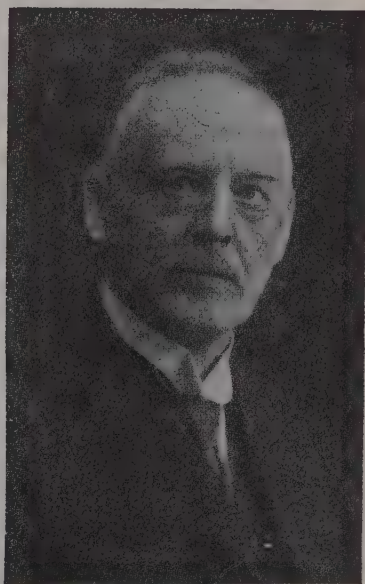
B. W. MATZ, 1902-1904



J. W. T. LEY, 1904-1909



T. W. HILL, 1915-1920



C. H. GREEN, 1920-

The Dickens Fellowship's Four Honorary Secretaries

fiction, because members living far away had no opportunity of attending meetings. The monthly meetings in London, at which lectures and recitals were given, were business meetings, but in effect the Fellowship was controlled by the comparatively few London members. The annual meetings were held in London in October. Every one of the three thousand and more members received a copy of the annual report and a notice of the meeting, but it was unsatisfactory to have three or four hundred members in London controlling an organisation with three or four thousand members, distributed world-wide. The Branches, too, not unnaturally asked for a voice in the management of the Fellowship, to which they were subscribing substantially. In 1904 it was provided that every Branch with a membership of 100 should have direct representation on the Council; in 1905 that was reduced to 50; but such representation on a body which met in London at least monthly—at times in those days, weekly—was merely nominal. It was not tackling the problem seriously. The solution was obvious enough. It lay in the institution of an annual conference at which Branches would be represented by delegates. In September, 1905, a Conference of Branch Secretaries was held in London. It was informal, with no executive power. But it was very successful, and pointed the way. During the next few months the rules of the Fellowship were redrafted by a Special Committee of the Council, and approved by a special general meeting in London. The principal point in the alterations was the provision for an Annual Movable Conference at which Branches should be represented according to membership, and which should be the general controlling body of the Fellowship.

In 1912, in order to meet the criticism made in certain quarters that the expenditure on purely London activities was not covered by the revenue from London members, the latter voted themselves into a separate branch. The London Branch was accordingly formed on the 17th July, 1912, under the Presidency of Mr. Matz, with Messrs. F. T. Harry and Brookes Cross as Hon. Treasurer and Secretary respectively. This organization conducted all the charitable and social undertakings of the Fellowship in London until 1920, when reconstruction took place, the subscription raised, and most of the London members re-absorbed into the main Society. Miss Sherlock, who carried on the charitable work until she was succeeded by Mrs. T. W. Hill, the late Mr. J. W. Sherlock, Mr. F. S. Johnson, and Mr. W. C. Edwards, all of whom held office as Secretary, Mr. W. B. Warren and Mr. E. H. Burden, are all names that represent earnest and successful endeavour in the Fellowship annals. The years 1915 to 1919 were very difficult ones, and the few who were spared from the fighting services were all working at great pressure at home. It redounds to their credit that they were able and willing to add to their other duties that of keeping the Fellowship flag flying throughout.

The first Conference took place at Manchester on October 27th, 1906, and was a great success. The late Sir William H. Bailey, President of the local Branch, presided at the Conference, and at the public dinner which followed it, at which Mr. Percy Fitzgerald was the guest

of the evening. On October 5th, 1907, the second Conference was held in London, Mr. B. W. Matz presiding. The Lord Mayor (Ald. Sir William P. Treloar, Bart., whose death is announced as I write) occupied the chair at the dinner that followed. In October, 1908, the Conference met at Sheffield, Mr. G. W. Parker, Chairman of the Council of the local Branch, presiding. Birmingham was the venue in 1909, the Chairman being Mr. G. W. Davis. The other Conferences have been as follows:—1910, Brighton (Chairman, Mr. Henry Davey); 1911, Bristol (Chairman, Mr. J. Cuming Walters); 1912, London, (Chairman, Mr. Matz); 1913, Hull (Chairman, Mr. A. S. Hearn); 1914, Rochester (Chairman, Mr. G. W. Davis); 1915, London (Chairman, Mr. William Miller); 1916, London (Chairman, Mr. F. T. Harry); 1917, London (Chairman, Mr. F. T. Harry); 1918, London, (Chairman, Mr. E. H. Burden); 1919, London (Chairman, Mr. E. H. Burden); 1920, Manchester (Chairman, Mr. E. H. Burden); 1921, no Conference; 1922, Cheltenham (Chairman, Mr. A. W. Ratcliffe); 1923, Liverpool (Chairman, Mr. Matz).

IX.

I am not concerned in this sketch of the Fellowship's history to show how it has welded together lovers of the novelist in all parts of the world. If I were, I could write at great length. Nor am I concerned to show how it has revealed the intense affection for Charles Dickens that exists among all classes of people everywhere. If I were, I could quote interminably. But I am concerned, perhaps, to show how the Fellowship has justified itself—how it has carried out the objects which were first stated in the draft constitution drawn up by Mr. Matz in the summer of 1902, adopted at the first meeting in October of that year, and retained unaltered ever since. Yet, I am not sure. We note the facts that 50,000 members have been enrolled, that Branches thrive in all quarters of the globe, that the Fellowship is more firmly established after 21 years than at any previous period in its history—are not such facts all the evidence on such a score that need be asked for? In the beginning there were scoffers. "Nothing ever happened in this globe for good at which some people did not have their full of laughter in the outset," wrote Dickens once. The promoters of the Fellowship quickly discovered the truth of this. I have in mind one prominent litterateur who laughed the movement to scorn. Six years later he was putting out "feelers" in the hope that he might be elected a Vice-President. He was not elected, and still awaits the honour. But certainly the Fellowship—founded on a basis of sentiment, as it was—had to justify itself to the world. It has done so. I have to be brief, but there are certain activities that must be mentioned, each of these in itself a landmark, as it were, in the progress of the Fellowship towards justifying its existence and scattering the scoffers. Let us take the declared Objects in their order and see what has been done in fulfilment of each.

Object (a).—To knit together in a common bond of friendship lovers of the great master of humour and pathos—Charles Dickens.

Obviously it cannot be possible to point to anything tangible on this score, save our membership, and our numerous world-scattered branches.

Object (b).—To speed the love of humanity which is the keynote of all his work.

[and]

Object (c).—To take such means as may be expedient to remedy or ameliorate those existing social evils which would have appealed so strongly to the heart of Charles Dickens, and to help in every possible direction the cause of the poor and the oppressed.

The Fellowship has never ceased in its efforts to carry out that purpose. It started with Christmas and New Year Dinners to aged poor and the poor children of London. Every Branch followed the example. There was something elementary about this, perhaps, but it was a *human* work, of which Dickens would have approved. But in 1905 the Council felt it ought to do something more, and, chiefly inspired by the late Mr. E. P. Haslam, it evolved a scheme for a Charles Dickens Convalescent Home. It was an ambitious scheme, but it was taken up seriously, with the late Lord James of Hereford (ever one of our best friends), the late Sir William Treloar (another staunch friend through all the twenty-one years) and Sir Henry Dickens as Trustees. There was a generous response to the appeal, but it was a big scheme for so youthful an organisation, and it had to be laid aside for a time. It was an embarrassment, too, for the National Dickens Library scheme was in existence at the same time. But in 1910 (I believe) the scheme was redrafted. It was felt wiser to give such aid as the Fellowship might have it in its power to give some existing institution than to seek to establish another which might be able to do work only on a small scale and under much difficulty. So it was decided to abandon the original scheme and to seek to raise £1000 for the endowment of a Charles Dickens cot in Sir William Treloar's home for crippled children at Alton. The money was raised and the cot is there in that splendid institution bearing tribute for all time to the great love that Dickens had for the Tiny Tims of our kind.

During the war the superb work of the late Sir Arthur Pearson for our blinded soldiers and sailors touched every heart. The Fellowship hit upon the happy idea of obtaining funds for the production of a complete set of Dickens works in Braille type. An appeal was issued to the members of the Fellowship, and the response was splendid. Very quickly £1250 was raised by *The Dickensian*, and now there exists at St. Dunstan's complete sets of Dickens's works which the blind may enjoy all over the world. Now a still more ambitious scheme was launched in 1919—the establishment of a Dickens Home for Blinded Sailors and Soldiers at St. Leonard's on Sea. In this magnificent effort Mr. Crotch was the moving spirit. If we had no other reason for gratitude to him this would be all sufficient to ensure his name receiving full honour in any record of the Fellowship. Something

like £15,000 was raised, and the Home is in existence to-day, a monument to the memory and influence of Dickens that would give him great joy if he could see it.

These achievements are but the outstanding items. A thousand lesser ones could be named. I have already given some indication of the work done by the Charitable Guild for years. In all this work every Branch has played its part, and nearly every Branch has also carried out some local work of human sympathy and helpfulness in the truest Dickensian spirit. To go into detail on that score would be quite impossible.

X.

There is one other important way in which the Fellowship is helping "to spread the love of humanity which is the keynote of all his work." I refer to the essay competitions in the London Schools. For several years now the Fellowship has offered prizes and certificates to London school children for essays on Dickensian subjects. The L.C.C. most cordially assists, and the scheme has the good will of the Board of Education. The teachers co-operate readily, and the competitions are very popular with the children, who turn out work of excellent quality. Thus are a love of Dickens and an understanding of the spirit of his work inculcated in our children. It would be difficult to suggest a more effective way of "spreading the love of humanity which is the keynote of all his work."

I have said that the Branches have all done, and are all doing, charitable work. Detail is impossible, but one or two examples may be quoted. The Toronto Branch for years has maintained a Dickens Fellowship cot in the Toronto Home for Incurable Children at an annual cost of one hundred dollars, and eventually permanently endowed the cot at a cost of two thousand dollars. The Belfast Branch has given much help to the Ulster Hospital for Women and Children, the Philadelphia Branch to a Children's Homeopathic Home. Many years ago the Portsmouth Branch established in Dickens's birthplace a Braille Library for the blind; and so on. These instances are picked out in no invidious sense, but merely as instances of what has been and is being done all over this country, and in America, Canada, etc.

Object (d).—To assist in the preservation and purchase of buildings and objects associated with his name and mentioned in his works.

The Fellowship was a few months old when it was primarily instrumental in securing the purchase by the Portsmouth Corporation of Dickens's birthplace; in securing the purchase by the Rochester Corporation of Eastgate House and the setting aside therein of a "Dickens Room," and the affixing of a tablet on 48 Doughty Street. In 1911 it was through the Fellowship's influence that a tablet was placed on 13 Johnson Street, Somers Town. Later tablets were placed on the house on the Brook, and on 2 Ordnance Terrace, Chatham, by the Rochester Branch, and in the same year the Gravesend Branch

placed a tablet on the honeymoon cottage at Chalk. Some years before the Broadstairs Branch had placed tablets on the Albion Hotel, Lawn House, and a house in High Street, Broadstairs. In the Stockport Sunday School is a window to the memory of the novelist placed there through the efforts of the local Branch. The Rochester Branch planted a handsome row of trees to the memory of Dickens on the high road between Rochester and Gad's Hill.

Now a very much more ambitious scheme is in hand. The Fellowship is in possession of 48 Doughty Street, the first house that Dickens occupied after his marriage. The sum of £10,000 is required for the purchase and endowment of the property, so that it may become a permanent Dickens shrine. The headquarters of the Fellowship will be located there, and a Dickens Library, Picture Gallery and Museum will be established. In short, it will be the centre for all lovers of Dickens. The scheme has been taken up as a happy way of celebrating the coming of age of the Fellowship. The sum required may seem big, but there is no doubt but that it will be forthcoming.

Reference has been made to the first Dickens Exhibition held in March, 1903. In 1907, there fell the seventieth Anniversary of the completion of the *Pickwick Papers*, and Mr. C. Van Noorden, then a member of the Council, made the very happy suggestion that the event should be celebrated with a *Pickwick* Exhibition. The idea was taken up heartily, and the result was a very remarkable exhibition. It was held in the New Dudley Art Gallery, Piccadilly, and remained open for seven weeks, being visited by Dickensians from all over the world. It was unique. Never has there been another exhibition devoted exclusively to one book. Exhibits came from many countries, and we were honoured by having Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., to perform the opening ceremony.

XI.

Of social activities little need be said. Among those who have lectured or taken prominent parts at London meetings may be mentioned Sir Henry F. Dickens, K.C., Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, the late Sir Wyke Bayliss, the late Sir John Hare, Sir Luke Fildes, R.A., the late Sir William Treloar, Bart., Sir Hall Caine, K.B.E., Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. Harry Furniss, Mr. Edwin Pugh, Mr. J. Cuming Walters, the late Mr. Alfred Tennyson Dickens, the late Mr. H. Snowden Ward, Prof. William Miles, Mr. Frank Speaight, Mr. Bransby Williams—and many others—I write down these names as they occur to me. Every year a visit is paid to some place associated with Dickens or his books. Portsmouth, Rochester, Broadstairs, Bath, Chigwell, Ipswich, Bury St. Edmunds, and so on, have all been visited, and often, too, there are rambles round Dickens's London. One of the most memorable functions ever organised by the Fellowship was the Trial of John Jasper for the Murder of Edwin Drood, which took place in London in January, 1914. Mr. G. K. Chesterton was the Judge; Mr. J. Cuming Walters and Mr. Matz were Counsel for the prosecution, and the late Mr. Cecil Chesterton and Mr. W. Walter Crotch defended the prisoner, who was

impersonated by the late Mr. F. T. Harry. Mr. Bransby Williams was Durdles, Mr. Arthur Waugh was the Rev. Crisparkle. The jury was the most remarkable jury ever gathered together. Mr. Bernard Shaw was the foreman, and his colleagues included the late Lord Russell, Mr. W. L. Courtney, Mr. W. W. Jacobs, Mr. W. Pett Ridge, the late Tom Gallon, Mr. Max Pemberton, Mr. Arthur Morrison, the late Mr. William de Morgan, Mr. William Archer, Mr. Oscar Browning, Mr. Francesco Berger, Mr. Coulson Kernahan, Mr. Edwin Pugh, Mr. Ridgwell Cullum, Mr. Justin H. McCarthy and the late Mr. Thomas Seecombe.

As I lay down my pen, I am haunted by a dread of having omitted something that ought to have had mention, of having failed to pay due credit to somebody to whom the Fellowship owes much. But to trace closely the activities of a world-wide organisation through a period of twenty-one years is no easy task. It has been a joy to look back, and to recall many happy days and still happier associations. If I have failed to do justice in any place, I hope it will be forgiven me, in the knowledge that I could not from the beginning hope to do much more than indicate what has been done by way of showing that there really is room for the Fellowship in the world, and that it has steadily tried to justify itself in the name of Charles Dickens. The Fellowship was not needed to keep Dickens's reputation alive. As his son said at the birthday celebration in 1906, "Dickens's reputation can take care of itself." But the Fellowship certainly has proved that the love for Dickens among all classes of people and all nationalities is as great as it was when people stopped him in the street to shake his hand, when the rough Californian miners were spellbound by the story of Nell, when the world wept to hear that he would write no more. The Fellowship has done more than prove that. It has truly knitted the lovers of the novelist in a band of sympathy and brotherhood. That was worth doing, and we need have no doubts but that, so long as the Fellowship continues in the spirit that has controlled it ever since that first meeting on October 6th, 1902, it will continue to prosper.

READ DICKENS!

READEAD *David Copperfield* and the *Pickwick Papers* as a start, and if I am not mistaken you will soon be begging for an introduction to the Crummles, shedding a tear with poor Joe, frightened by Sikes, fearful of Fagin, laughing with the Dodger, and accompanying Little Nell and her grandfather, and making friends with dozens of others who are the immaculate conceptions of a genius who left them to the world for all time. If, however, you read *Copperfield* and *Pickwick*, and your mentality is not such that it can ring the curtain up on life and character as the master drew them with such humour and pathos and devastating accuracy, well, pass on to humble things, but promise me you will give these two books a fair chance of revealing to you a cavern stacked to its roof with treasure.—*New Statesman*.

WHY HAS THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP SUCCEEDED?

A SYMPOSIUM

On the 6th of this month the Dickens Fellowship will attain its majority, having been established on that date in the year 1902.

In response to our invitation for expressions of opinion as to why the Fellowship has prospered for a consecutive series of twenty-one years and along what lines its future may best lie, we have received the following messages.—EDITOR.

SIR HENRY F. DICKENS, K.C.

I AM much interested to know that the Dickens Fellowship attains its majority on the 6th October. It will find itself full grown, robust and active, and it can look back upon its youthful days with feelings of satisfaction and complacency. It has already been "confirmed," not by ecclesiastical ritual, as is customary with an ordinary youth, of course, but by the encouragement and sympathy which it has received from all lovers of Dickens. Its great object has been to act up to the feeling so strongly expressed in his will: "I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country upon my published works, and to the remembrance of my friends upon their experience of me in addition thereto."

In pursuance of this sacred object, the Fellowship has set itself the work of perpetuating his memory by constant discussion of his books, close dissection of them, fair criticism and intelligent appreciation.

There never was a time when this kind of propaganda was more needed than it is at the present day. Though we have many fine writers amongst us, it cannot be said with any degree of accuracy that this is "a reading age:" it is a matter of regret though undoubtedly true that a vast number of the new generation are attracted by nothing but the most frivolous, racy and unrefined literary productions. They vote the writers of the Victorian age as "slow," "out of date," "absurdly sentimental," and so forth, a kind of criticism that is not unfrequently pronounced by so-called critics without having read a word of the authors whose works they so unequivocally condemn.

Thanks, however, not only to the greatness of the works themselves but also to the efforts of the lovers of Dickens, amongst whom the members of the Dickens Fellowship are conspicuous, his memory remains "green," and I doubt whether he was ever more read or beloved than he is at the present day. If I am asked on what lines the future of the Fellowship shall be, I have only to say this: "Continue it on the same lines—with increased energy if possible, and with a never-failing desire to perpetuate his memory, not through monuments or memorials, which is opposed to his last expressed wish, but through his books and what these books teach us."

I shall be doing a wrong to the Fellowship if I were to ignore another feature of its work. It not only aims at the perpetuation of his memory,

but it also endeavours to act up to his great Christian teaching, by alleviating distress where it can possibly do so, and by bringing happiness into the homes of the poor. The state of its finances does not, unfortunately, permit it to do nearly as much as it would like to do in these respects; but such work as it does in fact carry out is the kind of work which was nearest and dearest to Dickens's heart.

So I say, "Good luck to the Fellowship!" I hope to live to see its Silver Wedding—I mean the 25th celebration of that wedding which began with its birth in that happy alliance of two great virtues "Charity" and "Goodwill."

I must not conclude these few remarks without adding that my expressions of sympathy for the work of the Fellowship are fully shared by my wife.

MRS. KATE PERUGINI

THE Dickens Fellowship speaks for itself.

My years are twenty-one this day,
 And I am proud to know it;
 And when I reach a riper age—
 May I still gaily show it!
 Born to bring joy, as was my Dad.
 It is incumbent on me,
 To help the poor, the sick, the sad—
 And all who need help badly.
 Then let me make a little vow,
 On this auspicious birthday;
 To do my best, my very best—
 And live—as he would have me.

K. P.

SIR WALTER LAWRENCE, Bt., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., C.B.

PRESIDENT OF THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

THE Twentieth Century stirred the social spirit which, always present in the English people, lay latent in the lifetime of Charles Dickens. The spirit is growing stronger every year. The word "welfare" is on everyone's lips, and the welfare workers, few in the last century, are now a force—organised and considerable. Much that Charles Dickens stood for has come by legislation, but the social spirit, which was the breath of his life, is of greater import than even legislation. No act of the legislature can create fellowship, but kindness, sympathy and the understanding of human nature compel all of the English-speaking people into fellowship. Once in the Dickens Fellowship the spell grows stronger, and is only broken by death. Policies, religions and mysteries link some communities for a time, but the touch of nature, which smoothes and stimulates the imagination of those who read and love Charles Dickens is with us all our lives. We, who owe so much of our happiness to the great master, should do our

best to pay that debt, by passing on our faith and our belief to future generations. A love of Dickens means a love of one's fellow-beings—it means full citizenship and full membership of the greatest and best community in the world—the English-speaking nations.

As to the future of our Fellowship, there should be greater activity in recruitment. We know of the advantages of membership, and its infinitesimal cost. There should also be a constant and strong effort to encourage the reading of Dickens in schools, more especially in girls' schools, and an endeavour should be made to introduce some of the novels to the summer camps of the Boy Scouts, and to the Girl Guides. Money must be raised for prizes in schools.

PROFESSOR FRANCESCO BERGER

I FEEL the success which has attended The Dickens Fellowship to be ample testimony to the excellence of its object, and the efficiency of its management. The number of its adherents, their literary, artistic and social standing, and the heartiness of their support, are all on the upward grade. And, as the test of the pudding is the amount which each eater eagerly devours, so the unappeased appetite of the Dickens "Fellows" for *more* proves how greatly the thousands of hungry Oliver Twists all over the globe relish what the Fellowship supplies.

That this is in a large measure due to the ability, zeal and devotion of the Editor of *The Dickensian* is a matzer which every Dickensian gratefully acknowledges; and we earnestly hope that, for at least another 21 years, he may be willing to steer the Dickens-Fellow-Ship clear of internal dissensions, bankruptcy courts and "confounded politics," as he has so auspiciously contrived to do during the past equal period.

The existence of the Fellowship as an institution, is, I think, not widely enough known to outsiders; every *legitimate* means should be employed to reach them, and the daily press might help in this, if so minded. For surely there must be a percentage of their readers who are not keen on unsavoury divorce details, or the biographies of notoriety-hunting damsels who periodically disappear for a fortnight.

OSCAR BROWNING, M.A., O.B.E.

I AM very proud of belonging to the Dickensian Fellowship, of which, I believe, I was an original member. I have enjoyed very much the few dinners to which I have been able to attend, and the more so because I can never attend again, as my doctor absolutely refuses to allow me to leave Rome. Some little time ago I bought the whole of the popular edition of Dickens in twenty-two volumes and read every word of them carefully through, a process which left me a stronger admirer than ever. I have no suggestions to make about the Fellowship, which I believe is admirably managed, and I hope that it will long have the advantage of your guiding hand.

SIR JAMES BRUTON, M.P.

AN ardent admirer all my life of Charles Dickens's works, which have been to me a never-failing source of pleasure and mental profit, I experienced very real satisfaction when, thanks to the happy inspiration of Mr. Matz and his coadjutors, the Dickens Fellowship was brought into being, with the primary object of renewing and extending popular interest in the novelist's writings. That interest in Dickens is so widespread at the present time is admittedly very largely to be attributed to the well-directed energies of the Fellowship in keeping the lamp burning; but, after all is said and done, no organisation, however efficient and enthusiastic, could be expected for long to succeed in its objects unless the cause which it existed to promote were inherently good. And it is because the products of Dickens's prolific pen are not only so pre-eminently good, but so superlatively excellent, that they continue to hold unchallenged their high place in the world's literature.

With regard to the future, I am strongly of the opinion that if the Fellowship is not only to maintain but to extend its sphere of beneficent influence, increased efforts must be exerted to bring within its ranks a strong accession of young people of both sexes. Unfortunately for themselves and for the nation of which they form a part, the young men and maidens of to-day do not read Dickens as much as they should, and as they did when the novelist was putting forth at monthly intervals those delightful "green leaves" of his, of the appearance of which the oldest amongst us still retain the most pleasurable recollections.

In my opinion the Fellowship as a whole might do a very great deal through the agency of the schools to divert the attention of young people from what is too often the shallow, unprofitable and, in numerous instances, the pernicious literature (or what passes for "literature") of the present day, to the sound, wholesome and, in the best sense, entertaining novels of Charles Dickens. Already much has been accomplished as a preliminary in this direction, I am glad to know, by means of the essay competitions which have been instituted in the London County Council Schools, as well as in those of certain cities and towns in the provinces. The Gloucester Branch of the Fellowship, with which I am proud to have been associated from the commencement, has this year initiated a scheme of essay competitions for the secondary schools of the city, which we all hope will prove to be so successful as to justify its extension to the elementary schools as well. I firmly believe that the effort is well worth making, and that one practical result of it will be an infusion of young blood into the ranks of the Fellowship which will be all to the good.

I join most heartily in congratulating the Fellowship upon its coming of age, and I look forward to its more mature years with every possible confidence.

THE VISCOUNT BURNHAM, C.H., LL.D.

It is a good many years since Calverley drew up his examination paper on *Pickwick*, but I suppose there were never so many people

in England who could take honours in the Dickens School. This growing number of students—and fifty years after his death is a bad period for the popularity of an author who was a classic in his lifetime—proves the fascination of the method and style of Dickens, of his allusions, his *mise en scene* for the natural man. As the distance between us and Pickwick grows, we are not less, but more, interested than our fathers in such points as what a “red-faced Nixon” was, and what was the idiosyncrasy of “a Camberwell Man.” This, I have no doubt, is one great cause of the prosperity of the Dickens Fellowship. But there is, of course, another of even wider influence. Dickens now bids fair to be for English people even more than Burns is for Scotsmen. We honour him, not only as one of the greatest of humourists, not only as the architect of “the most extraordinary monument of the fantastic in literature,” but as the apostle of friendship and kindness and the homely joy of life. That has won and will win members for the association that bears his name.

G. K. CHESTERTON

I HOPE you will forgive me if I can only send a very hasty line to congratulate you on the Society, and acknowledge rather than answer your questions. Of course the ultimate explanation of the success of the Dickens Fellowship is simply Dickens. It is a truism that does not detract from the gratitude we all feel to the organisers of the Society for their ability and enthusiasm. The mark of anything really great is that it is obvious to the simple and inexhaustible to the clever. Dickens had that mark in a way that was not shared by any great man in his time or since his time, and by few before it. As to the future of the Dickensian influence I do not know that I have anything practical to suggest; being averse to prophesying away like a red-faced old Nixon, as Mr. Weller said. But I would suggest very generally that the Dickensian satire is often treated too much as a thing of the past. As a fact Dickens himself was very near to prophecy, and saw many new things that are now current and contemporary things. For instance, *Our Mutual Friend* is full of the present triumph of the profiteer.

W. L. COURTNEY, M.A., LL.D.

IN my judgment the explanation of the success of *The Dickensian* and of the Dickens Fellowship is very simple. One reason is good management and editorial care. But the paramount reason is that the personality of Dickens is a living force to-day, and that he stands for human nature in its complete realization—a realization alike of the intellectual and emotional elements, or as we say shortly, of the head and heart.

All congratulations.

RIDGWELL CULLUM

I DON'T know if I am expected to express surprise at the Fellowship reaching its 21st Anniversary. I don't propose to do so, because I

do not see why it should not go on for ever. The idea of its inception was unique, the foundation upon which it rested was safe and sound, and the care and enthusiasm devoted to its preservation has always come from the right quarters. And when the ardour of those who labour in its cause has weakened there will be others to carry on ; and if they carry on along the same lines nothing will stop its influence and good work.

JOHN C. ECKEL

(Philadelphia)

THE Dickens Fellowship was enabled to reach its majority because it was founded on the name of a Master man. Such a basis with a super-structure intelligently wrought could give no suggestion of failure.

Charles Dickens will live for the reason that his appeal was directed to the understanding of the masses who seek their mental diversion from the pages of imaginative writing. His portrayal had the hallmark of Truth, and this attribute is as mighty to-day as it was at the very Genesis of letters. He approached absolute verity almost as closely as Shakespeare.

To the gallant individuals who formed the Fellowship, and who, by their patience and well-directed skill, have steered the little craft into the harbour of safety, too much praise cannot be accorded. Its future can be prophesied with a reasonable degree of certainty. Directness of purpose, concentration of effort and a universal co-operation of membership will insure continued success.

This writer has had the pleasure of the acquaintance since 1906 of one man who stands out strongly in the success of the Fellowship. That man is B. W. Matz. Without *The Dickensian* under his untiring and able editorship the struggle for existence would have been more pronounced ; in fact, it might have been placed in doubt. The admirable publicity given by this little magazine was the sunlight which gave the association its permanent life.

A. W. EDWARDS

I REJOICE to find myself one of the number who can claim the distinction of having joined the Fellowship in its first year and retained unbroken membership through the twenty-one years of its existence.

In the course of time I was honoured by an invitation to stand for election to the Council, and it has been a joy to me to serve on that body since the Conference at Bristol in 1911, and to forward in some small way the aims and objects we have in view. Looking back over the years so many memories crowd upon one that it is difficult to select, but to my mind one of the most outstanding accomplishments of the Fellowship was the raising of the Fund for the provision of Braille Stereos for Dickens's Books for the Blind, thereby enabling our unfortunate brothers that "sit in darkness" to behold the "Light" diffused from his works and share in joy we have in reading them.

On the Social side, amongst the many interesting events that have

transpired, the Dickens week at Rochester in 1914 stands out as perhaps the most notable.

Association with the Fellowship has enlarged one's conception of the Man we delight to honour—of his ideals—his faith—and his noble endeavours to benefit humanity. The more closely we study his works and translate his principles into Life the more nearly we shall realise the ideal of Fellowship, and make it a real brotherhood in the service of humanity.

JEROME K. JEROME

I WISH I could think of something wise, witty and appropriate to say about this Dickens Fellowship of ours. I feel sure that somewhere in the air it hovers, waiting to be brought down and served up. I can only suggest that Dickens was possessed in a rare degree of three things that have ever grown best on English soil—Kindness, Tolerance, and Humour. So that English hearts remain drawn to him more than to others, perhaps greater.

COULSON KERNAHAN

I AM asked why the Fellowship has prospered.

(1) Because it IS a Fellowship—friendly, even fraternal, modest and sincere, but genuinely enthusiastic. And it is a “live” and going, not a stereotyped, concern, as witness The Edwin Drood Trial.

(2) Because the name “Fellowship” was wisely chosen. “Club,” “Society,” and the like, suggest a cult—generally of a writer whose influence and whose writings are “precious,” perhaps esoteric, whereas the influence and the writings of Dickens are universal in their appeal. “Fellowship,” too, is a word suggesting both unity and expansion, as of a circle which has necessarily a directing centre, but the circumference of which is capable of world-wide expansions.

(3) But most of all *because the Fellowship is founded upon the Rock of a great name and a great fame*, not upon the sands of an uncertain reputation which the incoming and outgoing tides of the following generations may wash away.

For the future, the forming of branches where there are now no branches—such branches and all branches to be encouraged to Initiation, and the thinking out of Ideas. Scotland, to her honour, everywhere honours her great writers. England honours, mainly, only politicians and soldiers. Statues or busts of Burns and Scott are to be seen not only in Princes Street, Edinburgh, but in not a few other towns. In England there are too few memorials of Dickens. Why should there not be a bust (not necessarily expensive) in most towns? Why should not town Councils be influenced to name a new road after him. Here in Hastings we have “Berlin Road,” but no “Charles Dickens Street.” We have a fine memorial to the late Prince Consort, but none to the Prince of Novelists, to whom we surely owe far more. And why not a “Dickens Day,” which each branch should do its best to see celebrated far and wide—perhaps to organise a “Dickens

Pageant," in which scenes or characters from the immortal novels should be represented?

SIR FREDERICK MACMILLAN

I AM glad to have the opportunity of greeting the Dickens Fellowship on the attainment of its majority, and congratulating the members of its Council on the valuable work they have accomplished during the twenty-one years that have passed since its foundation.

At first sight it might seem unnecessary to start a Society in honour of the greatest humourist in English literature, and it might appear that in doing so the Founders of the Fellowship were suggesting that without their help there was a danger of Dickens and his works being forgotten. That is not the case, and none of us who is a lover of Dickens would for a moment suggest that Dickens owed his greatness to anything but his own genius. There is a danger, however, as time goes on and manners change, generations may arise to whom the fascination of Dickens is not obvious until their attention is directed to it. Those of us who delight in reading and re-reading the immortal works of Charles Dickens, and to whom his many and varied characters are as real as those of History, owe it to our younger contemporaries and to our successors to see that they do not miss the opportunity of sharing the joy that the great master has given us. It is, therefore, the aim and object of the Dickens Fellowship to keep alive the fame of the Great Humourist, and to promote the study of his works in all parts of the English-speaking world.

It was my privilege twelve months ago, as President for the year, to announce the inauguration of the movement for the purchase and equipment of the Dickens House, 48 Doughty Street, which it is intended shall be the Headquarters of the Fellowship, and a place of meeting for members of the Branches all over the world. I am glad to say that the movement which we owe to the energy and enterprise of our Council has met with general approval, and I hope that during the Presidency of my friend, Sir Walter Lawrence, the remainder of the necessary funds may be subscribed, and that the purchase of the Dickens House may become an accomplished fact.

SIR JOHN MARTIN-HARVEY

My very hearty congratulations to you all upon the coming of age of the Fellowship—a wonderful success which is due, I am sure, to the note of humanity which it has always struck, thus carrying out the pre-eminent quality which characterised the works and life of our immortal Charles Dickens.

WILLIAM MILLER.

As a member who joined the Fellowship at its formation, and who has retained membership unbroken, I gladly accept your invitation to contribute a few impressions of what I consider as outstanding features during the twenty-one years of its existence.

Firstly, I would mention the momentous meeting on October 16th, 1903, at which Sir William Treloar presided so ably, and saved the Fellowship from disaster, thereby foiling the intentions of those who would have wrecked it.

Secondly, I recall the pilgrimage to Rochester and Cobham, made by members of the Fellowship on June 8th, 1907, when members from the following branches took part :—Manchester, Birmingham, Brighton, Gravesend, Reading, Faversham, Maidstone, Tonbridge, Rochester, Bristol, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington and London. Truly a proof of the world-wide extent to which the Fellowship had grown, and a further proof of its influence in bringing together the English speaking peoples of all continents in one common bond.

Thirdly, and not the least, was the advent of *The Dickensian* in 1905. I remember there were members who were sceptical of its success or usefulness, and prophesied its failure in six months for want of material. But nineteen years have proved otherwise. To me, as to many others, it has been the medium of making friends all over the world, many of whom we have only known through the pages of the *Dickensian* by correspondence.

SIR ARTHUR PINERO

It seems to me to be pretty clear that the prosperity of the Dickens Fellowship is due to the humanising influence of the great writer, which binds his readers together in genial companionship, aided by the unselfish enthusiasm of men like yourself.

The future of the Fellowship depends, obviously, upon the continued popularity of Dickens's works. I suggest that every possible step should be taken to stimulate the reading of Dickens by the younger generation. Complete sets of his books should be given plentifully to public and village libraries, and presented as prizes to be competed for in schools and colleges.

With every good wish.

EDWIN PUGH

THERE is a certain vice which taints us all. It is a very small vice : in some of its manifestations it might almost be called a virtue. And yet I have never met man or woman who would plead guilty to it—only half jestingly, half cynically.

This vice infests every grade and order of society, every walk in life ; it is rampant in religion, politics, commerce, the law, the services and the liberal professions, in science, literature and the arts. It is everywhere, and everywhere to be heard on scornful lips in the word : Snobbery.

Novels and the drama reek of it. From Shakespeare down to Thackeray, to come no nearer home, it beslimes and befouls the pages of our greatest classics. As one who reads many novels in the way of business, I am forever affronted by its sickly shape in modern works of fiction. Its hydra-headed presence makes itself unpleasantly felt in almost every periodical published, from the daintiest or most erudite

of quarterlies and monthlies to the most blatantly sordid of weeklies and dailies.

But the works of Dickens are, so far as I have been able to trace, wholly free from this taint. And this is a quality so rare that it shines with a lustre that is hardly outshone by any other of the many brilliant facets of Dickens's genius.

And I have an idea that we who walk in its light, many of us unconscious of the radiance which illumines us as we are unconscious of the light of day that we take for granted, are glorified and unified by its spell and enkindled to a common fellowship as all nature is enkindled to new life by the sunshine.

We are all ashamed of being snobs. We are all drawn to the man or woman who, we say, is not a bit of a snob, though it may be that even these seemingly elect merely escape the reproach of snobbishness by means of a masterly dissimulation. Perhaps Dickens too was a bit of a snob in private life. That does not concern us. His finer, truer self lives immortally in his work, and though the body perish the soul shall never die.

Is this fantastic? It does not seem so to me. I verily believe that in reading Dickens we breathe a supernal air void of all mean affectations, pretences, poses, far above the frets and carks of jealousy and envy, that we find a common bond of fellowship in him which draws us more and more closely together and makes us indissolubly one kindred in heart and mind. I do not say that this is the only bond which links us: there are many other silken strands from the same loom which weave their magic about, and about the humdrum dailiness of our average existence. But this, one of the rarest of human qualities, is so manifest in his lightest word, it cannot fail, even in our own despite, to lift us above all pettiness and so enlarge us that no further reason may be given—though there are countless other reasons, of course—for the happy unbroken continuance of the Dickens Fellowship during the past twenty-one years.

And, though we fail and fail again to attain the ideals we set before us, we shall never fail in our loyalty to one another and to all mankind so long as we remain loyal to the one great spiritual force that unites us all, and in due time hand on the torch of our faith to future generations, for twenty-one times twenty-one years.

And that is all. The future is born of the past. I have no cut-and-dried suggestions to offer as to the future of the Fellowship, except this: Read Dickens. Read every word of him. And this—I am sorry—is not altogether gratuitous counsel. I have sometimes been disappointed and a little shocked to meet Dickensians who do not know their Dickens as well as they should. I have discovered lesions in their moral and mental equipment that only Dickens can heal.

You remember the words of the gasman engaged to superintend the lighting arrangements in the various halls where Dickens's public readings were given: "The more you want of the Master, the more you'll find in him."

W. PETT RIDGE

I THINK the success of the Fellowship is due to the circumstance that it has always been in love. I hope its affection for the works of the great novelist will continue.

M. H. SPIELMANN

I JOIN with you and all the Dickens Fellows in congratulating the Dickens Fellowship on so triumphantly achieving its majority, and not less do I congratulate you, and with you your coadjutors, on the credit which is yours in having done so much and so devotedly to bring that triumph about. That we still have at our head Charles Dickens's son and daughter to witness and rejoice in the celebration adds greatly to the happiness of the occasion.

There is no similar literary society so actively alive, none which makes its appeal to a wider class, none which more happily maintains itself by its well-directed homage, and seeks more loyally and earnestly to identify itself with the spirit and genius of the man whose work and beneficent influence it keeps in constant view of the world. Not in view only, but in heart and mind. Its love for Charles Dickens cannot but be worthy of Dickens's pure and loyal love of his fellow-creatures.

That you and your fellow-workers have done so much to maintain the Fellowship at this level, without exaggeration, without cant, misplaced enthusiasm, and with never an error of tact or taste that one can recall, is to you an honour for which every Dickens lover and Dickens student pays tribute to you to-day. The Fellowship is your witness, and *The Dickensian* your proof. Your critics have doubtless been many, but your censors, as is natural, have been very few. This celebration is one which for you, even more than for us, is an occasion for self-felicitation. But for that, we had hardly this past year been endorsed with a super-President such as Sir Frederick Macmillan proved himself to be.

You ask for suggestions in regard to *The Dickensian*. You have so far achieved the impossible in providing from year to year new matter for our enjoyment, that you have convinced me that, under your guidance of the journal, Dickens material welcome to your readers is inexhaustible. We need have no apprehension on that score, and we have faith in you. But it has occurred to me that one source you have practically left untapped, except in an experimental way. It is the matter of Dickens letters. Fresh examples—good ones—are constantly cropping up in the sale-rooms and booksellers' catalogues here and in America. Many of them are of genuine interest in respect of allusion, expression, personality, and the like. Arrangements could easily be made by which such letters—or many of them—might be printed (and ultimately indexed) in *The Dickensian*, more completely quoted than they are in the catalogues, and, carefully edited might receive added value by the annotations and comments of the Editor.

SIR GEORGE SUTTON, BT.

THE prosperous existence of the Fellowship for 21 years, established, as it was, 32 years after the death of Dickens, is evidence that the works continue to maintain their influence with English readers, and that new generations since the death of Charles Dickens have found, and are finding, in them a source of pleasure and inspiration.

Times have changed, but human nature is to-day as it was when Dickens wrote, and his characters continue to appeal to the reader as they did 50 years ago.

One thinks of the characters which Dickens portrayed as real characters, not only the characters of one or two of his Works, but throughout them all. After 50 years of sustained popularity one cannot see any signs of flagging interest, but apart from character and story, it may well be that in the far future the works of Charles Dickens will be valued for the accurate pictures they give of conditions of life, or of certain phases of it, in the nineteenth century. I think that something is due to *The Dickensian* in respect to the popularity of the Fellowship. It is really remarkable that so much Dickens matter of interest to readers can be published over so long a period, and Dickens lovers are greatly indebted to the industry and ability of those responsible for the Magazine.

The Late ALDERMAN SIR WM. P. TRELOAR, BT.

I THINK the chief reason for the success of the Dickens Fellowship is that it has been run sensibly and with the one idea—"Charles Dickens"—love, brotherhood, cheerfulness, cleanliness and help. All this is found in the Fellowship, and much more, and it is all for Dickens and from Dickens.

Its future must be on these lines—its past lines—perhaps by and by some occasion may arise for a great effort, a big affair for helping many in some way—I pray it may, and that when such a time does come, the man to do it will appear. The way of the world is wonderful, and the name of Charles Dickens will always be one to conjure with—let us hope the conjuror will come at the right time.

J. CUMING WALTERS, M.A.

I LOOK back with pleasure to the fact that, as a life-long Dickens lover, I joined the Fellowship shortly after its foundation; but I did so with misgivings, and with little or no expectation that twenty-one years hence it would be alive and flourishing. The continued existence and the unbroken record of the Dickens Fellowship are to me the convincing proofs of Dickens's permanence in the highest realm of literature and of his inexhaustible freshness. He carved out for himself a special place, and that place he retains. Not only as a great writer does he endure—it is his strong and irresistible human appeal that makes him vital and interesting to each succeeding generation. Few authors outlive their age. Many who were "rages of a season" are known no more, or are contemplated as little other than

the curious products of their time. Dickens commanded unprecedented attention during his own life, and, allowing for the inevitable ebb and flow of sentiment, and for fluctuations in taste, he has never ceased to command it. We might almost venture to apply to him the words "not for an age, but for all time." This living interest is sustained by his humanitarian doctrines and by the catholicity and practicability of his message; added to which is, of course, his unique charm—that compelling attraction to be discovered in his pathos and his humour. But mainly it is due to the power he manifested as a man with a mission—(perhaps we should say with many missions), but they are all summed up in his own memorable and characteristic phrase of "a traveller in Human Interest Matters"—it is due to this, I think, that he keeps ever young, is ever up to date, is ever the master of our smiles and tears. That being so, we account for an otherwise unique event, a Fellowship bearing his name which has a twenty-one years' history; a Fellowship which should easily have another twenty-one years of use and activity before it, combined with service such as he inspired. Dickens, too, so impressed his personality upon his countless devotees that the faithful and loving research into his life's record gives the Fellowship another reason for its existence. In his name we are a happy band of brothers; in his name we preach and have preached his doctrine of brotherhood and goodwill; and there will always be room for a Fellowship animated by his spirit. I take pride in the knowledge that my own humble history of the past twenty-one years has been linked, however slightly, with the twenty-one years of the beloved Dickens Fellowship.

ARTHUR WAUGH

As one of the survivors of the little company that attended the first meeting of the Dickens Fellowship, I am naturally delighted to have the opportunity to congratulate the present Officers and Council upon the wonderful vitality which the Society has displayed during its twenty years of life. We hear on all sides that one of the results of the Great War has been that the younger generation will no longer accept the cheerful optimism of Dickens, nor tolerate his belief that virtue is eventually triumphant and vice vanquished. Perhaps the best answer to this criticism is the continued prosperity of the Dickens Fellowship. May it long continue to flourish and to bring men together in friendly admiration of one of the greatest believers in human nature that ever used the English language to the service of mankind.

BRANSBY WILLIAMS

THE Fellowship attaining its majority must be interesting to all Dickensians—more so to its "Guardians." It is a healthy child—in my opinion capable of doing much more good in the world. When one considers the greatness of its Master and his great Humanity, and one looks around, it is to my mind a sad thing that there are not more members of the family. The modern youth seems to know so little of the Master.

The Fellowship does a great work in gathering all Lovers of the Master into the fold.

It can go further, and I hope will be very broad minded, and continue to avoid all narrowness.

May it grow in numbers and multiply its good deeds to all humanity. May the wing of friendship never moult a feather.

H. SAXE WYNDHAM

I AM fortunate and honoured at your invitation to wish the Dickens Fellowship "Many Happy Returns." I can see it in my mind's eye stretching away into a distant and prosperous future long after all of us, who have been privileged to see its infancy grow into childhood and healthy youth, have passed on.

You ask me why my views are thus and thus. Why has it so prospered till now, and why do I believe it will yet more greatly prosper? My reply is that in associating itself with the commanding genius whose name it bears, it stands for what he stood for. The "Dickens Fellowship" stands for the fellowship of man to man, for the love of humanity in all its phases and conditions. It is "out" to promote the ideal spoken of by another immortal writer who said:—

"The social friendly honest man, where'er he be,
 'Tis he alone, that can fulfil great Nature's plan—and only he."
 (I write from a treacherous memory).

It is very difficult for one who is not upon your Executive to throw out suggestions as to the action the Fellowship might devote itself to in the future. You are all probably so well acquainted with the difficulties that confront almost any and every form of energy and, moreover, the Fellowship has hitherto been governed with such singular foresight and judgment that I do not feel it would become me to make suggestions, even if any that are worth mention occurred to me.

A DICKENS WORLD

DICKENS himself, whom every one calls so human, is he not odd rather than universal in his themes, his interests, his perceptions and emotions? They do not seem to me common to all cultured people, but rather peculiar to him, until he forces us to share them. There is a Dickens world, and we enjoy it just because we have never perceived it until he showed it to us. There are Dickens characters who are drawn, not from any common stock of observation, but from his own way of feeling rather than of seeing people. Indeed, intense peculiarity rather than anything common, a peculiarity of emotions and values and perceptions, is the mark of the greatest writers and the reason why, finally, they interest mankind.

A. CLUTTON-BROCK.

HOW "OUR MUTUAL FRIEND" BECAME "THE DICKENSIAN"

By ALBERT A. HOPKINS
(Of New York).

ONE of the most pleasing oases in the writer's collection is a little row of green pamphlets, only thirteen inches of shelf space being required, but what a mass of material lies within the familiar green covers, for nowhere else can the wealth of criticism, and much of it higher criticism at that, be found. A set of *The Dickensian* is absolutely indispensable to all who would aspire to any position at all as a Dickensian scholar. We are not writing an advertisement or trying to "boost," as we say in New York, a sale of "remainders," for a set is very difficult to secure. If you wish to write about Mrs. Crupp's house, Joe Gargery's forge, Eatanswill, or Dickensian Humbugs, where else would you go for facts? I never lend my *Dickensians*, for good reasons, yet imagine my astonishment when I wrote Mr. Matz that I was going to make a special point of showing an entire set at my exhibition in Boston (Massachusetts), that he replied that he was sending me the first volume, his own editorial copy, which had never before left England. The precious volume came duly to hand and was brought on to Boston with the precious manuscripts and Dickens's famous "bowler" hat, which I was fortunate enough to possess.

So much interest was evinced by the cultured visitors in the volume that it was exhibited again in New York after the Boston Exhibition ended, and when I returned the book I suggested to the Editor that this item should be described so that all the readers of our much-esteemed journal could have an opportunity of enjoying what our New England friends had enjoyed.

This volume contains what we editors term technically, "dummy" or "proof" copies. Perhaps the word "essay" used so frequently in philately is the best word to use. The original idea seems to date from March, 1904, and the Magazine was to be called "Our Mutual Friend"—"The Journal of the Dickens Fellowship," being the subtitle. It was to be begun by Notes by Captain Cuttle. Four pages of notes were to be signed by Captain Cuttle, with a drawing of his hook. The leading article was to be on the President, by E. P. Haslam, with a portrait. The idea was evidently to put the picture of Mr. (now Sir) Henry F. Dickens, K.C., in the first number, and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A., Past-President, in the next issue. Then was to be a reprint of an article on Dickens from an old magazine, and the first instalment was to be an article by Wm. Howitt from "The People's Journal," February, 1846. Then follows space for an article by W. W. Crotch on "Dickens as a Social Reformer." This afterwards materialized as "Dickens's Instinct for Reform" in the 9th and 10th issues of the first volume of *The Dickensian*. A branch lecture was provided for. Branch news followed, and the Needlework Guild was to be reported on by Mrs. Jellyby or Mrs. Mantalini. "The Library and its Use" was by Mr. Pott. "Our Rambles in London"

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THE DICKENSIAN

Edited by
F. G. KITTTON & B. N. MANS
Vice President of the Dickens Fellowship (London &
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OUR MUTUAL FRIEND

The Journal of the
The Dickens Fellowship

Vol. 1 No. 1 March 1904 Price 6d

NOTES
on Captain Cuttle

THE ORIGINAL IDEA

was by Sam Weller. "Dickens Plays" by Vincent Crummles. Mr. B. W. Matz was Hon. Secretary at the time.

Evidently the plan halted somewhat, and the next essay bore the same date, 1904. The name had now veered to *The Dickensian*, which stuck for ever after. It was to be edited by F. G. Kitton and B. W. Matz, but Kitton died in September, 1904 (an irreparable loss), and we find Kitton's name deleted in pencil and that of Robert Allbut added. The first idea was to have a portrait of Dickens on the cover, and evidently things had gone far enough to have a publisher, for we find the names of Chapman and Hall, Ltd., as publishers, who continued in that relation until 1921.

The dummy does not give much of an inkling as to what was to be the literary contents. The third and last dummy has the cover substantially as we know it, with the design from the original parts of "Pickwick," except for certain textual changes, and was "Edited by Mr. Pott and Mr. Slurk" in the essay, but by Mr. Matz in the reality. The dummy proper is a real one, but differs widely as to the literary contents. "Dickens as a Landscape Painter," by Sir Wyke Bayliss, K.B., did not appear, neither did "The Cult of Dickens," by Mr. B. W. Matz; "Charles Dickens," by William Howitt also came up missing. Mr. Arthur Waugh's notice of Kitton was retained in the finished product, whilst the remainder of the contents comprised "Scott and Dickens" by Percy Fitzgerald; "Dickens in 1837: a contemporary review of his first three books," from the National Magazine for December, 1837; Talfourd's Sonnet on "Oliver Twist;" reviews of two books on Dickens; "Calendar of Dickens Quotations," which was continued each month; "Diary of Dickens Meeting" and "Dickensiana Month by Month." These last two features have continued to the present day. "The Proverbial Philosophy of Sam Weller," by Sir William Bailey, did not walk the plank, but emerged under the improved title of "Wellerisms and Wit" in the second number. Various Branch matters filled out the remainder of the space.

In the precious bound volume before us, we find the make-up for the printers and their stamp on verso of title-page "W. Brendon & Son, Printers, Plymouth, 13/1/05." Then follows a proof of the first number, an uncut copy (first copy from the press), a trimmed copy and the other eleven for the year. It shows an evolution which is as pronounced as the whole Dickens movement.

As we close this remarkable book one thought is outstanding, and that is what other writer, save perhaps Shakespeare, and possibly Dante and Browning, have ever had a periodical devoted to their writings, and even then such magazines have never lasted for a consecutive period of nineteen years. We have no Thackeray magazine, there is no magazine devoted to Napoleon. What other author ever produced such a mass of material which is capable of being worked over by trained and cultivated minds. The present writer has a personal "Dickensian" index of over 800 articles to which he constantly refers, and probably many other readers have similar lists. As a stimulus to research and serious study, it has never been excelled in the whole field of literature.

THE FELLOWSHIP DRAMATIC SOCIETY

By A. E. BROOKES CROSS

THE idea of a Dramatic Section was considered in the first year of the Fellowship's existence, but failed to materialise until 1905, when a definite scheme was propounded and acted upon. The late John L. Toole became President, and his name, together with the names of other distinguished actors and public men as Vice-Presidents, gave prestige and distinction to the newly formed Society. The first performance was a modest one at St. Bride's Institute, in December, 1905, under the direction of Mr. W. Teignmouth Shore (lately Editor of "The Academy" and author of a monograph on Dickens), with a programme comprising "The Trial" from *Pickwick Papers*, and a three scene sketch from *Nicholas Nickleby*, entitled "The gentleman from the next house." This was followed by *The Old Curiosity Shop* at the Cripplegate Institute Theatre in May, 1906. In November, the Society produced, at the same theatre, and subsequently elsewhere, *The House of Dombey*, a dramatic version of the novel by Florence Teignmouth Shore and Walter Dexter.

Mr. Dexter was Hon. Secretary, and it was largely owing to his energy and initiative that the Society launched into more ambitious projects and became (I believe) a pioneer in producing plays written and performed by amateurs in the regular theatres, under the title of the Dickens Repertoire Co. In December, 1906, a three act comedy, "Dolly Varden," adapted by Mr. Dexter, was produced and directed by the present writer, the State Manager, at the King's, Marlborough and Broadway Theatres respectively. Each performance was for one night only, and the proceeds were devoted to local charities. Sir Herbert Tree (then Mr.), who had accepted the Presidency on the death of J. L. Toole, honoured one of the performances with his presence, and after addressing the audience, made a substantial donation to the funds. Indeed, each performance given during the week was distinguished by the presence and co-operation of several persons of distinction; thus, Lady Tree recited, Mr. Bransby Williams gave his "Scrooge" monologue, while Sir J. Martin Harvey (then Mr.) and the late E. S. Willard gave addresses to the audience.

Early in 1908, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, with a one act version of "Dolly Varden," was given for a week at Kennington Theatre and later in the same year "Dot," a version of *The Cricket on the Hearth*, at Cripplegate. In December, 1909, began the memorable series of one week performances each year at the New Cross Theatre commencing with *Oliver Twist*, by Walter Dexter and F. T. Harry, with Bransby Williams as Fagin, followed by a revised version of *The Old Curiosity Shop* as Walter Frederick Evelyn (1910); *Barnaby Rudge* by the same adaptor (1911), with Mr. Williams in the title role. *Oliver Twist* was repeated in 1912, and *Barnaby Rudge* at Kennington Theatre in 1914.

From 1909, Mr. Harry was responsible for production, and all who recollect these shows know the high state of efficiency he and his col-

leagues realised. This is not the occasion to enlarge on the merits of these performances, but in passing it is permissible to note the excellent reception afforded them by the London press. The various theatres spared nothing that made for success, and Mr. Harry's knowledge and indefatigability secured triumphs which are rare among amateur Societies. While the enthusiasm and skill of the players, together with their intimate knowledge of Dickens, produced results which at least compared favourably with similar professional shows. The further history of some of the plays may be summarised thus: they have "gone on the stage." Although the casts were largely made up of Fellowship members, the Executive did not hesitate to introduce outside talent, and it is interesting to recall the names, among others, of Mr. J. T. Grein as Edith Dombey; Mrs. Alfred B. Cross, a well-known actress, as Mrs. Rudge; Miss Pearl Humphrey, now Mrs. Adam, the authoress, and Mrs. Arthur Ropes (wife of Adrian Ross).

The compilation of this brief chronicle recalls the fun and excitement, of rehearsals, the hilariousness of the Gordon rioters, the jolly meals when work was over, the novelty, the surroundings, and the sincerity, earnestness and enthusiasm of it all. Lying before me is a menu card headed "Fagin's Den, New Cross," embellished by a portrait of Mr. Williams as Fagin, and the legend "Pitch into the Tuck." This commemorates one of the memorable meals to which everyone sat down, in costume, on the stage after the matinees, when brief speeches were made and healths drunk, generally in tea, until such time as the inexorable command of the stage manager and the presence of the audience on the other side of the "cloth" demanded "stage clear." One looks at old photographs of such scenes with a feeling of intense regret. Alas! the war came and stopped all this, as it stopped so many more important undertakings; one or two of the boys failed to return, and energies were needed in other directions. The remnant of the organisation was utilised for entertainments to soldiers and dramatic sketches at Fellowship meetings, but the verve had gone from it, and when effort was being made to resuscitate the old glories, the Society suffered a lamentable loss in the death of Mr. Harry. However, it is my hope that these notes may inspire some of the younger generation to come together, and with the advice and experience of those of us whose energies are no longer fully equal to more active co-operation, endeavour to revive and carry on the old traditions.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

WHAT DOES IT STAND FOR?

By W. H. JACOBSEN

THE recent Conference at Liverpool has at least done some service in suggesting new modes for future development. There is a good deal of ambiguity in the minds of the general public as to the objects and aims of the Fellowship.

And let it be whispered that even in its own ranks a sense of ambiguity is not absent.

This surely ought not to be.

It is difficult to conceive of any organisation remaining virile and healthy without its members having clear concise views as to the reasons for its very existence.

What does the Fellowship stand for? There are various interpretations.

A Literary Society.

An entertainment association.

An educational assembly.

Now, a Dickens Fellowship may stand for all these, and yet be bereft of a necessary foundation.

Literature, entertainment, education: all good; all desirable—in parts. Something else is required. What?

1. A sense of personal attachment.

2. A desire to promote the matters very near to the heart of Dickens.

There will be, one thinks, little difficulty in emphasising the former, though even that requires much serious earnest reflection.

Understanding is obligatory if intimacy be the aim. To understand means to appreciate. Appreciation, worth the name, can only be acquired by application. Application denotes activity of mind.

The lover of Charles Dickens must necessarily immerse himself in the essence of his objective.

He must be a careful student of the Life, be acquainted with his moods, be on intimate terms with his spirit. These matters can never be acquired without insistency and persistency, though the love of the task will banish the sense of irksomeness.

All branches of the Fellowship should recognise the supreme importance of getting into personal touch with the original Founder.

One can understand that such personal and individual contact will go far in the direction of maintaining a healthy membership.

It is, perhaps, in the consideration of the means by which the policy of Dickens can best be promoted that anxiety for the future may be quite pardonable.

For we live in an age when sentiment—in and for itself—tends to become a somewhat negligible quantity. Can the influence of Charles Dickens help to solve some of the pressing social problems of the present?

Such a question presupposes a distinct partnership or at least a living association!

One does not ask for the application of Dickens's solution just as he offered it in the last century. Other times; other methods. But, surely, if association with the name of the great Social Reformer means anything at all, it does denote learning something about the principle of his spirit of reform.

We ask for details; we get no reply.

We ask for suggestions; the reply comes. And it comes in a way hardly agreeable to the lovers of mere sentimental theory.

Charles Dickens, as was pointed out by a speaker at the Dickens dinner at Liverpool, stood in a direct succession to the Founder of Christianity. This is a very simple fact, but its simplicity conveys an immense implication.

It supplies the one concrete argument for the permanence of the Fellowship itself.

With it there is the promise of May; without it only a bleak November.

Under such an impression, every Fellowship should be a distinct agency for the propagation of good works.

Such a Fellowship should form a focus for concentration for social service. It ought to be a matter of course.

The question may well be left here to appeal to every sincere Dickensian.

Dogma, theology, creed, politics: these are not wanted except to destroy the entire fabric.

On the other hand, the qualities of the real Dickens mind and heart are indispensable. Kindness, loyalty, generosity, work, sacrifice: these construct the kingdom.

TO CHARLES DICKENS

O GREAT ENCHANTER, never was there writer
 Wielded a pen more powerful before;
 No sway more potent knows the priestly mitre
 O crown that earthly monarch ever wore.

The Church may rule a creed—Faith's stern opinion,
 The Monarch multitudes in camp or mart;
 Yet there's a prouder and more dear dominion,—
 Illimitable empire o'er the heart.

How shall we thank thee for the hours beguiling—
 The Genius that has brightened all the years,
 The wit that tempts a sad heart into smiling,
 The pathos that makes laughter end in tears?

Vain were the task to tell of thy creations,
 Those "household words" till England's latest day;
 The wealth of fancy that is now the nation's—
 A heritage that cannot pass away.

When thy soul seeks its everlasting haven,
 When England and her best-loved author part,
 Thy name for evermore will be engraven,
 Like Mary's "Calais" upon England's heart.

From "The Period," London, 13th Nov., 1869.

WIDOWERS IN DICKENS

By E. A. FRASER

(Melbourne Branch)

THERE is a phrase, "All sorts and conditions of men" (turn up your prayer-book, and when found, make a note of), which seems particularly applicable to the creatures evolved by the vivid imagination and skilful delineation of Charles Dickens. In this paper I limit the "sorts" of men to adult members of the male sex and the "condition" to widowers. Dickens gives us young bachelors like Bob Sawyer, old bachelors like Mr. Pickwick and Daniel Peggotty, who seem never to have any idea of marrying, and some men who are so much married that we cannot imagine them as being widowers. What would Mr. Micawber do without his devoted Emma? Could we conceive of Mr. Snagsby parted from his "little woman"? And what an unthinkable calamity it would be if Mr. Boffin had lost his better half! As "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," so Dickens fits the burden of widowhood to the back that can bear it.

There are *wily* widowers, such as Mr. Murdstone and Mr. Pecksniff, who think more of money than of love, but like to get beauty too. We also have *woeful* widowers, such as Mr. Dombey and David Copperfield, neither of whom was inconsolable. Mr. Dombey's woefulness arose from his anxiety for the welfare of his long-desired son more than from his own loss of the meek and quiet woman who was not capable of making an effort. Had young Paul lived and prospered, Mr. Dombey probably would not have desired to marry again, but when his hopes for Dombey and Son were disappointed by death he sought for new worlds to conquer, and the second Mrs. Dombey was secured through the matrimonial agency of the jovial Major Bagstock. The woefulness of David Copperfield as a widower has a pathos in it that is wanting in the case of Mr. Dombey. We had seen young David in all the overflowing joy of "Love's young dream," and, though his domestic felicity was far from perfect, the loss of Dora was a real calamity, and the "pity of it" left its mark permanently on his soul. Yet the dark cloud of sorrow was not without its silver lining, for Agnes was always ready to "be a sister to him" until he wanted her to be something closer.

Tony Weller, when he lost his first wife, was an *unwary* widower, allowing himself to be caught—not by a widow, but—by the touters for licences at Doctors' Commons, the widow being his own choice. Experience taught him a valuable lesson, and when his "second wentur" departed this life, Tony Weller became a very *wary* widower. His wariness is shown in the interview with his son after the funeral, as contained in the 52nd chapter of *The Pickwick Papers*.

I have classed Mr. Murdstone as a *wily* widower, but his wiles are apparent to the reader only in his bachelor days when he wooed "bewitching Mrs. Copperfield—the pretty little widow." Miss Betsey

Trotwood gave him her opinion of him to his face some years later : " Do you think I don't know what a woeful day it was for the soft little creature when *you* first came in her way—smirking and making great eyes at her, I'll be bound, as if you couldn't say boh ! to a goose ? " These wiles Mr. Murdstone must have made use of again, when he captured his second wife, a beauty, with money, and just of age. " Lord, deliver her ! " said Peggotty very emphatically when she heard of the marriage.

Another wily widower who, however, remained such, was Mr. Pecksniff. He showed his wiliness by flirting with Mrs. Todgers. We are told that " Mr. Todgers had cut his matrimonial career rather short by unlawfully running away from his happiness, and establishing himself in foreign countries as a bachelor." Therefore Mrs. Todgers was a grass widow, and Mr. Pecksniff's attentions could never become intentions so long as Mr. Todgers was alive and undivorced. But Mr. Pecksniff found it amusing to carry on a flirtation, and Mrs. Todgers was not averse to the game. How they did it is set forth in the book of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, chapter 9.

Wealthy widowers are not common in the pages of Dickens. Mr. Dombey may be regarded as such, and probably this was one of his attractions in the eyes of Miss Lucretia Tox. Mr. Dorrit was a widower when he came into his money, and Mrs. General, of the " prunes and prisms " attitude would likely have become the second Mrs. Dorrit if the old gentleman had maintained his health and lived a little longer. Fanny Dorrit, who was herself scheming to marry a rich man, clearly expressed to Amy her expectation that Mrs. General had planned to marry their father, and that he would be caught by the designing widow.

There is one widower in a class by himself, neither woeful nor wary, neither wily nor wealthy. I mean Joe Gargery. His first wife had not much charm, to say the least of her, but Joe always said " she was a fine figure of a woman," and however cross and snappy she was at times, Joe, with the spirit of a Mark Tapley, could comfort himself and Pip by saying " wot larks ! " Early in the morning, after the day on which she was buried, Pip saw " Joe already at work with a glow of health and strength upon his face that made it show as if the bright sun of the life in store for him were shining on it." The bright life in store for him was to come with his marriage to Biddy.

By giving Joe his Biddy, and David his Agnes, Dickens seems to agree with Longfellow in these lines :

" No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Responds—as if, with unseen wings,
An angel touched its quivering strings ;
And whispers, in its song,
' Where hast thou stayed so long ? ' "

CHARLES DICKENS IN THE FIFTIES

By S. J. ADAIR FITZ-GERALD

IN a rather curious and mixed, but genuine, appreciation of Charles Dickens as a novelist, J. Cordy Jeaffreson offers, in a short biography in the fifties, almost an apology for the position of the writer of fiction in the realms of literature and art. Yet he has one apt sentence which is worth quoting: "Novels are now the poems of the time—prose poems—and they are composed by the authors who, in any previous age, would have expressed their thoughts in verse, counting their fingers, and courting the Muse." Cordy Jeaffreson, who wrote many small biographies, books of Essays, and a number of forgotten—but interesting—volumes, published the above statement in 1858, in a work called "Novels and Novelists." He dealt with a great many contemporary authors, and was a particular friend of Thackeray and his circle, but apparently did not know Charles Dickens personally, or, at any rate, only slightly. He tells us, for instance, that "Charles Dickens was designed for the profession of the law . . . so he entered, and obtained his father's permission to throw himself into the ranks of 'the Press,' and began the battle of life as a shorthand reporter. At first, he was engaged on *The Free Press*, a paper of ultra-liberal principles, but ere long he was placed on the staff of the *Morning Chronicle*."

This information does not quite accord with the facts as generally understood. Again, "The success of these sketches (*Sketches by Boz*), though possessing only little power of their author's subsequent writings, was such that he immediately sprung into fame." Of course, this is not quite accurate, but Jeaffreson was writing some twenty years after the event. Now here is a strange suggestion:—"Mr. Dickens is so much loved that he is, to a great degree, exempt from that extravagant abuse which all persons of distinction must make up their minds to endure; but he by no means escapes being misunderstood and misrepresented. If all saw with his eyes, it would be a strong argument that his was a very commonplace mind."

Jeaffreson, I may remark, was a bit of a snob, and dearly loved a lord, and especially the titled writers of whom he says in a fulsome way a very great deal. In his expressed opinions, if a novelist could trace his pedigree back to some great aristocratic family, then that novelist was the greater, however great, or otherwise, he might be in consequence of his natural ability. It was the aristocrat in the individual that was to be reckoned first, not his genius.

Of course, Jeaffreson rather looked upon Dickens chiefly as a caricaturist, but has the honesty to compare him with Hogarth. However, to our amazement, we get this surprising description of *Pickwick*. He says: "Of all his larger works, *Pickwick* is the one which affords most countenance to this charge, for the preponderating element in its humour is caricature. With the buoyant heart and high animal spirits of youth and health, the author allowed his imagination to riot in the ridiculous. *Surrounding himself with a band of cockney*

sportsmen, endowed with absurdities such as no previous romance-writer had thought of, he magnified every salient feature of their characters with the glasses of burlesque sentiment, and left out no touch that could add to the boisterous merriment of the result." After carefully studying that statement, one is forced to wonder whether Cordy Jeaffreson had even a nodding acquaintance with the immortal Samuel and his friends. But this is by the way.

It will appear from our critic that Dickens, in the late fifties of the last century, came in for a great deal of abuse and criticism on account of the serious aim of so many of his best works. It was argued that the novelist's true mission was to amuse and not to instruct, to shoot folly as it flies, but not to delve into the deep mysteries of life, or to expose wickedness and abuses of our daily and moral life. Knowing the works of Dickens so well—their noble ambition and strenuous efforts in regard to all things that were immoral, that were degrading, and required exposure and reform—we can well believe that the quidnuncs of the lesser press and the sanctimonious humbugs of the time were quite disturbed to find a practical humanist preaching a true and glorious gospel of cleanliness and godliness through the medium of the novel. It seems odd to us that Dickens, as well as several masters of the pen of his period, were so violently condemned in certain quarters because they were so earnest in their work! He and others were more or less castigated because their object was to combat prejudices, alleviate class oppressions, and to sweep down obstacles in the way of social regeneration, or to lead men to commune with their own hearts and to act as their consciences dictated.

Generally speaking, Cordy Jeaffreson had a true and sympathetic appreciation of Dickens, and the whole of his short account would well repay reprinting, but he did not always have a happy way of expressing himself. During his life-time, Dickens's influence was undoubtedly felt in a marked degree by all classes of the community, to their everlasting good. Says our author, "Certain it is in the entire range of our noble literature, Shakespeare alone can be compared with Dickens as a noble and prolific delineator of human character." In another part of his parable of praise, Jeaffreson exclaims, "Of the dramatic power of his scenes it is needless to speak. All his novels *act* well, and seem written with a view to their being put on the stage; indeed, if we are not mistaken, it has somewhere been stated that such is the case." This point should be borne in mind when it is remembered that there was scarcely a theatre in London during the time this was written that was not producing, or just going to produce, a dramatisation of one of Dickens's works.

"His genius," he goes on, "is eminently dramatic; his first literary ambition was to write for the stage. His mimic powers, too, are very unusual; had he not been a great writer, he would have been a celebrated actor."

All these things we, of the present age, know full well, but, as will be seen, Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson was not only a just critic, but also marked himself as a fine prophet.

THE POSTMASTER OF ROCHESTER IN DICKENS DAYS

By HENRY ALEXANDER
(New York Branch)

I.

WITH the ever diminishing number of men and women who had personally known Charles Dickens, the band of survivors has indeed narrowed down to a very few, and can almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. With Percy Fitzgerald, Francesco Berger, Sir Luke Fildes and the two surviving children of Charles Dickens, their roll is quickly called.

It is thus with a great deal of pleasure that I present an additional name, well known to numerous persons in Rochester, of the older generation, though not heard by them for many years. It is their old Postmaster, John J. Sharp, who from 1860 to 1900 was in charge of the Rochester Post Office, and was one of the most familiar figures of that town in his day.

Retiring after forty years of service, he left Kent for the South of England, and was heard of no more. I came across his name some months ago, having learned that he was still in the land of the living, and I travelled to Lake, near Sandown, on the Isle of Wight, in order to visit him. Here Mr. Sharp has a comfortable cottage, and here we met by appointment, and I passed an unusually interesting hour with him. Visualize a fine old gentleman considerably over eighty years old, alert, hale and hearty, of robust complexion, a pair of twinkling eyes and a weatherbeaten face, indicating that much of his time is spent on the golf links. His keen memory reaches back to his childhood days, and he is a part of old Rochester, having been born there and lived there continuously until his retirement. He calls himself a Kentish man.

Postmaster Sharp saw Mr. Dickens very, very often. While the nearest Post Office Station to Gadshill was Higham, they only had one delivery there a day, so that most of Mr. Dickens's mail was sent to Rochester, and every day Miss Georgina Hogarth, generally accompanied by Dickens's oldest daughter, Mamie Dickens, would drive to Rochester in the well-known basket carriage and stop at the Post Office for their mail. Dickens himself would frequently walk into Rochester from Gadshill, either meeting the ladies at the Post Office or immediately across the other side of the street. He was sure to come to Rochester or to Chatham, when there was a sham fight going on. He would never miss one, and while Longfellow was stopping at Gadshill, the two were invariably seen together at whatever sporting affair came off. Sharp describes Dickens as having deep lines in his face, and when walking by himself and unobserved, apparently acting some character, as you could see his face in constant motion. He always was theatrically dressed, and his voice was the most captivating possessed by any man he had ever met. Whoever heard him speak came under his spell, and, of course, everybody in Rochester knew

him. Once a registered package addressed to Mr. Dickens was lost, and when he found it out, he addressed a thundering letter of complaint to the Postmaster. Unfortunately, this letter had to be sent up to the higher authorities, and Sharp could not keep it. He went personally to Gadshill to explain that the package never had reached the Rochester Post Office. At Dickens's death the Post Office was swamped with telegrams coming from all over the world, but he believed that of foreign despatches, more came from France than from any other country.

Mr. Sharp states that numerous names appearing in Dickens's novels were taken from Rochester people. Mr. Sharp remembering a Dorrit family very well indeed.

Sharp's father kept an inn in Rochester, right next to the Bull Inn, and this is evidently the house that Jingle refers to when Winkle asked him at the Bull Inn, "Do you remain here, sir?" "Here—not I—Wright's next house, dear—very dear—half-a-crown in the bill if you look at the waiter."

II.

Mr. Sharp is a finely educated, well read and much travelled gentleman, and talks most entertainingly. At my suggestion he wrote an essay on Dickens in his own handwriting, which is in my possession, and from which I quote a few paragraphs:

"What can cheer any man, who is fond of reading, more after a hard day's worry and work, than losing himself in a very interesting book, made the more appealing by reference to his old city, where he has been brought up and spent his boyhood and had those delightful games with his schoolfellows and the still sweeter remembrances of young sweethearts. Such I have enjoyed when perusing the ever humorous work of Pickwick, where the greater part is concerned with the old historical city of Rochester.

"The early days of Dickens, when his father was transferred from Landport (where Dickens was born) to Chatham, again reminds me of Clover Lane, where he went to school, which was opposite to where we were in a solicitor's office. When Dickens published *The Christmas Carol* he describes the place thus in Scrooge's dream: 'They walked along, until a little market town appeared in the distance, with its bridge, church and winding river (this is Rochester), and soon approached a mansion of dull red brick, with a little weather-cock surmounted cupola on the roof and a bell hanging in it.' This was Gadshill Place and shows that affectionate remembrance Dickens kept of it, and no doubt strengthened the resolve to possess it. Then Dickens speaks of the Pickwickians until they reached Rochester Bridge. This bridge in Dickens's time had a very romantic history, having a reign of nearly 500 years, and as there were no railways, all the Royal persons travelling must generally have stayed in the city, probably all at the 'Bull Hotel,' which then had a much larger coach yard, and was much more attractive in Dickens's time. Here all the post-horses and coaches put up. In my time we boys saw some grand sights there. I have seen in these 'Bull' grounds most of the regiments of horse soldiers, dragoons, lancers, hussars, etc. It was most inspiring to see them set out from the Bull grounds of

a fine morning, the band playing. My time dates from 1839, so that Dickens made his acquaintance more intimately about and before 1836.

"To me the book of *Pickwick* is like telling a story among old friends; a large part of *Pickwick*, you may say, is just down the street a few minutes' walk away. Take 'Eastgate House' (or according to Dickens, 'Westgate'). My sisters went to school there, and I knew the two mistresses, who were probably those of Dickens's time, Miss Brunker and Miss Edmeads.

"I have always thought that the 'Bagman's Story' is one of Dickens's best, and written in most racy style. Most people know what sort of places commercial rooms are or were; it was in the evening that the commercial room was filled with a social circle, whose characters and manners it was the delight of Dickens to observe, and whose sayings and doings it was his habit to note down. The atmosphere was redolent with tobacco smoke, and Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass were seated on that evening with several other temporary inmates of the house, smoking and drinking, and listening to the tale of Tom Smart. This tale appeals to me exceptionally. In the first place I was bred and born, you may say, in a commercial room, for our inn was for commercials, and before the railroads were built they stopped at our house. Also the coaches from Canterbury, and to and from London. It is very singular, that when I was in the Post Office, we had a mail driver named 'Tom Smart,' who used to drive the mail cart from Maidstone to Rochester by Blue Bell Hill, which Dickens considered one of the prettiest roads in England. Our Tom Smart had a red nose, and wore a cap with lappets over his ears, and used to arrive in the small hours of the morning and always late.

"The 'Bull' ballroom in my early days was the only place for concerts and all public entertainments in Rochester. We had no other. . . . I used to do a considerable lot of gig work about the county as Postmaster, then the usual mode of riding for one person, so that Cooling and Higham, etc., were then all my own. . . . How is it Dickens characters remain so fixed as real personalities and almost more so? Because he went to nature. Dickens was an author who had every word he wanted at his fingers' ends. But not so the characters; these he sought and sought for, and at last would vitalize them by voice and motions and facial expressions. He is said on one occasion to have declared that every word uttered by his characters was distinctly heard by him before it was written down.

"I am sure it was an asset for Rochester that Dickens should have laid a great deal of his last books, and half of his first there. . . . I often used to think, when coming up from Lower Higham to Gadshill and was walking under the cypress trees, of places being haunted. Surely, I said, the ghosts of *Pickwick*, Sam Weller, Old Scrooge and all the people in the 'Chimes' and 'Cricket on the Hearth' are populous here, and there they must more or less always be.

"That song of Dickens 'A rare old plant is the Ivy Green,' had a great popularity in my young days. 'Creeping o'er ruins old' meant 'Rochester Castle.'"

In leaving Mr. Sharp, I felt that his recollections of our beloved author are indeed an interesting contribution to the Dickens literature of our day.

THE LEGEND OF "THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP"

By O. SACK

THE picturesque piece of old London in Portsmouth Street, Lincoln's Inn, known as "The Old Curiosity Shop," which for years has claimed to have been immortalized by Charles Dickens, was offered for sale at the London Mart on the 31st of July last, and sold to Mr. J. A. Phillips, of Oxford Street, for £2,250, the auctioneer frankly admitting that there were differences of opinion as to its authenticity.

Mr. Phillips evidently had no illusions about it, for he stated to an interviewer that he bought it for the sake of preserving a bit of old London. "It would be a pity if the building were destroyed," he said, "and I intend to preserve it as a curiosity. Canterbury has its old buildings, so why not London?"

We cordially endorse this view, and can only hope Mr. Phillips intends to obliterate the unjustifiable inscription from its front, and allow the building to stand on its merits as a vertiable bit of old London.

That it is not the place its false inscription claims it to be has often been insisted upon in the Press, but still the claim goes on.

In 1909 a scheme was in hand to raise £2,000 to preserve it from demolition, and we believe half that sum was actually subscribed, but when it was pointed out that it was a fraud, the scheme fell through. What became of the £1,000 we do not know. Evidently it was not used to purchase the building, and no doubt subscribers received their money back. Still the claim went on!

Now it seems to us that if Mr. Phillips, the latest owner, wants to do the right thing with this "bit of old London," he will immediately erase the false claim from its front, and so once and for all bury the legend. If he has any doubts in his own mind that the building is not what it has claimed to be for many years, let us repeat the facts here.

In "The Echo," a London evening paper now unhappily non-existing, for the 21st December, 1883, there appeared the following letter from Mr. Charles Tesseyman, explaining how the words came to adorn the "bit of old London."

"My brother, who occupied No. 14 Portsmouth Street, between 1868 and 1877, the year of his decease, had the words 'The Old Curiosity Shop' placed over the front *for purely business purposes*, as likely to attract customers to his shop, he being a dealer in books, paintings, old China, etc. *Before 1868—that is, before my brother had the words put up—no suggestion had ever been made that the place was the veritable 'Old Curiosity Shop' immortalized by Dickens.* After my brother's death in 1877, the present tenant had my brother's name painted out, but left standing the words 'The Old Curiosity Shop'—doubtless with a shrewd idea to business. An American writer, visiting the old house, I think in 1881, and seeing the inscription, had his imagination fired with thoughts of Little Nell and Kit, and Dick Swiveller and Quilp, and straightway wrote an article in *Scribner's Monthly*, in which he assured his

readers that this was the old original 'Old Curiosity Shop' of Dickens."

The immediate result of this article was the addition of the words "immortalized by Charles Dickens" to Mr. Tesseyman's original sign of "The Old Curiosity Shop," and that is how this "bit of old London" became the alleged Dickens landmark, and deceived thousands of innocent persons. Anyone may call his shop The Old Curiosity Shop—indeed, hundreds do—but none has the right to say it was the original of Dickens's, even for business purposes.

Whether there was an original of Little Nell's home, and where it was, is not the point at issue at the moment.

"HENRY MAITLAND," GEORGE GISSING AND DICKENS

By CHARLES WHITCOMBE

EVERY lover of Dickens will gladly welcome the new and revised edition of "The Private Life of Henry Maitland: A Record Dictated by J.H." edited by Morley Roberts.* The book is a wonderfully fascinating study of a man of fine intellect who lived a life of failure and squalid misery, and as literature its permanent place is universally acknowledged. But the interest for Dickensians lies in the fact that "Henry Maitland" is a very thin disguise for George Gissing, who wrote the first book of sound criticism of Dickens. Mr. Morley Roberts makes several references to this book. He disguises it under the title "Victorian Novelists," but he quotes from it literally very often, so that the disguise is really non-existent. Mr. Roberts says "No one with a gleam of intelligence, whether a critic or not, could read some portions of the chapter in 'Victorian Novelists' on 'Women and Dickens' without coming to the inevitable conclusion that Maitland's fortune with regard to the women with whom he had been thrown in contact must have been disastrous." I think that is true. The chapter referred to is the one entitled "Women and Children" in Gissing's book, "Charles Dickens: A Critical Study." Mr. Morley Roberts proceeds:—

Although Dickens drew certain offensive women with almost unequalled power, he treats them so that one becomes almost oblivious of their very offensiveness, as Maitland points out. Maitland's own commentary on such women is ten thousand times more bitter, and it is *felt*, not observed, as in Dickens's books. He calls them "these remarkable creatures," and declares they belong mostly to one rank of life, the lower middle class. "In general their circumstances are comfortable . . . nothing is asked of them but a quiet and amiable discharge of their household duties; they are treated by their male kindred with great, often with extraordinary consideration. Yet their characteristic is acidity of temper and boundless licence of querulous or insulting talk. The real business of their lives is to make all about them as uncomfortable as they

* London: Eveleigh Nash and Grayson, Ltd. 7s. 6d. net.

can. Invariably, they are unintelligent and untaught; very often they are flagrantly imbecile. Their very virtues (if such persons can be said to have any) become a scourge. In the highways and byways of life, by the fireside, and in the bed chamber, their voices shrill upon the terrified ear." He adds that no historical investigation is needed to ascertain the truthfulness of these presentments. Indeed, Maitland required no historical investigation; he had his personal experience to go upon; this, indeed, is obvious. Still, one cannot but feel, in reading this indictment, that something might be said upon the other side, and that Maitland's attitude was so essentially male as to vitiate many of his conclusions.

The reference to the essentially male attitude of Gissing would be more applicable, I fancy, to other passages in this book. In this particular matter the question of sex scarcely plays a part. It was simply a matter of experience. Here Gissing was but writing out of a heart made sore by bitter experience. How illuminating it all becomes when one reads the story of his life with his first wife, his union with whom was one of the most disastrous marriages ever made by man of intellect. And it was followed by a second marriage which resulted in a sordidness as acute. Twice he made ghastly mistakes. Each time he found his life blasted by just what he suggests in this passage Mr. Morley Roberts has quoted. Mr. Roberts adds:

A few pages further on in this book he says: "Another man, obtaining his release from these depths would have turned away in loathing; Dickens found therein matter for his mirth, material for his art." But Maitland knew that Dickens had not suffered in the way he himself had done. Thus it was that he rejoiced in the punishment which Mrs. Joe Gargery received. Maitland writes: "Mrs. Joe Gargery shall be brought to quietness; but how? By a half-murderous blow on the back of her head, from which she will never recover. Dickens understood by this time that there is no other efficacious way with these ornaments of their sex."

This could not have been written simply from the critic's mind. It was written from Gissing's heart, which had been seared by cruel experience.

Mr. Morley Roberts definitely states that this book was written as a "pot-boiler," purely for money. It happens that I have always held that notion. Exactly why, I cannot say; but I have always felt that the whole book was suggestive more of the surgeon than of the physician. It has always been apparent to me that Gissing approached his subject as an analyst and not as a lover. Almost everything he wrote is true, but he approached his subject in the wrong state of mind, and, whilst he wrote what was true, missed the Truth. Mr. Roberts makes it very clear to me that Gissing was really coldly intellectual. How should such a man truly understand Dickens? "Indeed," says Mr. Roberts, "he actually disliked the work, and had no desire to do it, well as it was done." And then our author goes on to say what he thinks about Dickens, and his remarks are worth quoting:

It is, however, curious, to me, in considering this book, to find that neither he nor any other critic of Dickens that I have ever read

seems to give a satisfactory explanation of the great, and at times, overwhelming, attraction that Dickens has for many. And yet on more than one occasion I discussed Dickens with him, and in a great measure he agreed with a theory I put forward with some confidence. The great charm of Dickens lies not wholly in his humour, or even greatly in his humour. It is not found in his characterisation, nor in his underlying philosophy or revolt, although almost every writer of consequence is a revolutionist. It results purely and simply from what the critics of the allied art of painting describe as "quality." This is a word exceedingly difficult to define. It implies more or less the characteristic way in which paint is put upon the canvas. A picture may be practically worthless from the point of view of subject or composition, it may even be comparatively poor in colouring, and yet it may have an extreme interest of surface. One finds the same thing in Dickens's writings. His page is full. It is fuller than the page of any other English writer. There are, so to speak, on any given page by any man a certain number of intellectual and emotional stimuli. Dickens's page is full of these stimuli to a most extreme degree. It is like a small mosaic, and yet clear. It has cross meanings, cross lights, reflections, suggestions It is this tremendous and overflowing fulness which really constitutes Dickens's great and peculiar power.

In this quotation there is subject for an evening's lecture. There is truth in it, but fundamentally, I am very sure, it is wrong. The fullness of the page is assuredly an outstanding characteristic of Dickens, but at least we must halt and consider before we acquiesce in the assertion that Dickens's charm does not wholly or even greatly lie in his humour. *Or even greatly!* Surely that is the most arresting statement in reference to Dickens ever made by a writer of authority? It is not found in his characterisation either, says Mr. Roberts. There he is right, but—on the other point, he is hopelessly wrong. It all depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, I may be told; but "fax is fax," and I make bold to protest that it is a fact that without his humour Dickens would not have survived his death by five years—would never have lived for five years as a writer of any standing. Here Gissing agrees with me, at any rate, for he declares that every earnest purpose of the novelist depends upon his humour. I submit that without his humour Dickens would have been nothing, that everything he ever did—including characterisation—depended absolutely upon his humour. But I do not define humour as merely a mirth-provoking quality.

I am not sure when this book was written, but I am inclined to think its date must be earlier than that of Mr. Chesterton's great book. If not, Mr. Roberts could not have read the work, or surely he would not have written "neither he (Gissing) nor any other critic of Dickens I have ever read seems to give a satisfactory explanation of the great, and at times overwhelming, attraction that Dickens has for many."

Enough, however. It is a subject on which one might write at great length. I only set out to indicate the interest that this book has for every good Dickensian, and I hope I have succeeded.

HOMAGE TO THE AUTHOR OF A CHRISTMAS CAROL

THERE is a name, a magic name,
That bringeth visions bright,
And calleth lasting memories up,
With fire each eye to light.

Familiar as a household word,
Who loveth not its sound
Whene'er it comes, with smiles or tears,
Its spell to cast around ?

Steals there not ever o'er our souls,
Beneath its sway, a gleam
Of noble thoughts and stirring truths,
As 'twere a sunny dream ?

Whose, then, that name so widely known.
To which with pride we bow ?
Whose, then, the mighty hand that strikes
A chord untouched till now ?

Who, in the ever-varied page
Of trying woe or mirth,
Hath roused our better self to aid
The lowly ones of earth ?

Friend of the humble and the poor !
Oh ! proud may England be,
'Mid princely wealth and high renown,
To boast of one like thee.

Ne'er shall the Christmas holly green
Our festal board entwine,
But 'twill recall, with deathless voice,
Each thrilling word of thine.

Ne'er shall we feel the winter blast,
Or hear the tempest wild,
But thy remembrance will invoke
Our aid for Sorrow's child.

Pass, then, upon thy proud career,
Still wider fame to seek ;
Thy hand hath pointed out the tear
On Poverty's wan cheek.

Shine ever from thy lofty height,
As doth a brilliant star ;
Yet hast thou nobly sought and won
A brighter glory far.

The erring and the hardened heart,
That, touched by thee, hath turned
To aid, in penitence and tears,
The misery it spurned.

The prayers and blessings of the poor,
That greet thee day by day,
These, these shall twine for thee a wreath
That fadeth not away.

H. A.

(From "Poems," by Harriet and Rose Acton, London. 1846, pp. 95-97, and 1847, pp. 97-99).

DICKENS IN BOSTON: A RECOLLECTION

By GEORGE DANA BURRAGE

WHEN Dickens visited Boston in 1868, I was a clerk in a store located on the corner of Washington Street and Court Avenue, now occupied by Thompson's Spa. Always an admirer of Dickens, I made up my mind to see and hear him if possible. The tickets were sold at the box office of the Meoneon, the lower hall of the old Tremont Temple. Knowing there would be a rush, I was on hand early, to be met with the jeers and laughter of those more wide awake than myself. I took my place in line, and before the box office opened the line turned the corner into Hamilton Place, went down one side, crossed over, up the other side and around the corner into Washington Street. A certain number of checks were distributed entitling the bearer to an opportunity to become a purchaser. I failed to obtain a check, but gave a man \$5 for his place in line—and his check. As every purchaser bought the limit, five tickets, the supply was exhausted before reaching me. The unsuccessful owners of checks (I among them) assembled in the hall after the sale ended and held a sort of indignation meeting. A man came down the aisle holding four tickets in the air, saying: "I only want one, who wants these?" Fortunately I was in position to grab them instantly. I used one ticket and sent the others to Leonard's auction room. They brought enough to reimburse me and leave a handsome surplus.

I heard Dickens read *The Christmas Carol* and "The Trial Scene from *Pickwick*." That evening I remember as one of the most enjoyable of my life. It is an error to call Dickens a reader; he was an impersonator, and a marvellous one.

From *The Boston (U.S.A.) Herald*.

DICKENS FROM DAY TO DAY

Compiled by A. E. B. C.

But is it possible to interest the overworked factory operative or the under-paid farm labourer or the shop girl or the slum tenant in what Mr. Boodle said to Mr. Coodle four years ago, or even in what Mr. Doodle did six weeks ago?—*Daily News*, 24th February, 1923.

In Abyssinia the lower ranks, those who in the golden age of Mr. Weller would "have their meals in the wash'us," are called slaves. Obviously this could not be tolerated under a roof which flew the British flag.—*Daily Telegraph*, 31st March, 1923.

Now, he (the theatrical manager) is beginning to show a more rigid regard for actual fact; he often volunteers the information that business is bad. It must make Mr. Vincent Crummies turn in his grave.—*Daily Mirror*, 1st April, 1923.

We all need, as Emerson says, someone to make us do the things we can do, some kindly friend to drag us out of the purgatory we have so foolishly invented, someone to tell us that we are not conceited enough, some Mrs. Chick to insist that we shall make an effort.—*Birmingham Post*, April 19th, 1923.

But the atmosphere of "Trespases" is not really modern—there is something Dickensian about such names as Thinblewick and Jeremy Beanweed—something Dickensian, too, in the office boy who says, "You're always a'worriing me."—Max Pemberton in *Sunday Pictorial*, 22nd April, 1923.

Mr. Squeers, in my opinion, has always been a much misunderstood and unfairly disparaged man. His own spelling may not have been above suspicion, but there is a good deal to be said for his practical way of teaching spelling; when he said "W-i-n-d-e-r, go and clean it," he was combining, and teaching his boys to combine theory with practice.—Ernest Newman in *Cassell's Weekly*, 25th April, 1923.

Mrs. Alderton said that the slums were breeding places for intemperance, crime and immorality. When she thought of the Government's measure, she said, she could not help thinking of Mr. Squeers when he heavily watered the milk and said: "There's richness for you!"—*Daily News*, 9th May, 1923.

Dr. Hugh Thursfield, in a paper reproduced in the "British Medical Journal," mentions the "Fat Boy of Pickwick" as a case of pituitary secretion.

"One boy in particular," he writes, "was brought because he could not keep awake, either in school, or even at his meals. In this, as in general appearance, he recalled Dickens's description of the Fat Boy. When placed on extract of the whole gland, he became almost normal. He was discharged, but, after an interval his father appeared asking for more of the tablets as the only means of keeping him awake."—*Daily News*, 19th May, 1923.

And so on in other directions till I feel like the genial Dick Swiveller, to whom every street was closed but one. *My* street is the daily paper.—A correspondent on The Price of Books in *Sunday Times*, 27th May, 1923.

Dickens is much more satisfactory. Mr. Roker was perfectly certain that Mr. Smangle was a gentleman because he took his twelve pints a day and never left off smoking even at his meals. And the talented

Mivins, who could "come the four cats in the wheelbarrow," is described as an "infernal pleasant gentlemanly dog."—"What is a gentleman?" *Sunday Times*, 27th May, 1923.

Most probably apprenticeships to all trades have passed. Certainly the Guilds, composed of, and adorned by, the Sim Tappertits have ceased.—*Confectioners' Union*, May, 1923.

Bounderby, boasted that he was reared in an egg box, but the Bounderby of the future will brag that he was born in an incubator and reared in a creche.—*Cassell's Weekly*, 2nd June, 1923.

When Sam Weller hears that Bath is asking for 100 unemployed and rheumatic volunteers to take its mineral waters, he will exclaim that it is coming to something when you expect people to swallow meals of "warm flat irons."—*Evening News*, 2nd June, 1923.

A lawyer who has to attend that strange and dingy tomtcat-ridden square in which is to be found the Registrar's Office of the Shoreditch County Court, tells me that either Mr. Lowten or Mr. Guppy has been at work decorating the affidavit card that hangs from the grille and tells you how to swear. In a fine, clerkly hand the following verse is now inscribed for curious eyes to see:—

This office was built before Dickens,
And originally meant for the chickens ;
But, on second thought,
They made it a court.

Yet they say that second thoughts are best.—*Daily Express*, 4th June, 1923.

One of the loudest men I ever heard was at the Oval two days ago. He wanted, I think, to bring back to the sport the traditions of those fine Pickwickian spectators who applauded every stroke in the game between Muggleton and Dingley Dell.—E. V. Knox in *Daily News* 29th June, 1923.

In Dickens's time the cockney apparently mixed up his V's and his W's and talked a tongue that now seems almost archaic to the modern reader of *Pickwick*. Albert Chevalier took up the coster's history during the later years of the last century. We still recognise Mr. 'Awkins over the footlights. Do we ever see him in the streets?—*Daily Mirror*, 12th July, 1923.

"BILL STUMPS—HIS MARK."—The old stone found on Ham Common (Richmond), believed to be a Roman altar, is now thought to be the remains of a sign-post.—*Evening News*, 21st July, 1923.

He (Mr. I. A. Symmons) was recently referred to as "Mr. Cheeryble of the Bench" because of his sympathetic understanding of men and women, and the pot-pourri of jokes and exhortations with which he brightened the police court.—*Daily News*, 1st August, 1923.

Shades of David Copperfield and the solicitous waiter who drank little David's beer!

Dickens meant us to sympathise with the boy David because he lost his beer. Lady Astor would give the waiter a blue riband for removing temptation from little David. And what must have happened to the souls of all the little boys and girls of England who drank beer for breakfast before tea was known in this wicked land.

Let us revise Stevenson's famous chanty and sing—

"Sixteen men on a chest of tea
Yo! ho! ho! and a bottle of lemonade."

Town Topics, 24th August, 1923.

THE DICKENS HOUSE

THE NATION'S TRIBUTE TO DICKENS'S MEMORY

WE publish below our third list of subscribers to the above Fund, making a total, together with the sums acknowledged in our last issue, of £2042 1s. 3d.

THIRD LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Amount already acknowledged in <i>The Dickensian</i> for July ...	1761	9	11									
Subscriptions from Headquarters' Members— <i>contd.</i>												
Sir Frederick Macmillan (2nd) ...	50	0	0									
Miss Christine Matz (from a friend—												
4th instalment) ...	50	0	0									
Miss E. H. Miller ...	0	5	0									
Capt. Geo. Dey ...	1	0	0									
Mrs. M. G. Carden ...	2	2	0									
Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Cole ...	2	2	0									
Mrs. F. H. Pownall ...	0	10	0									
Mr. H. Currie (2nd instalment) ...	5	5	0									
Mrs. R. F. Uniacke ...	1	0	0									
Anon ...	0	11	0									
Mr. T. W. Tyrrell ...	1	1	0									
Miss M. C. Wadia ...	0	10	0									
Messrs. H. Boot & Sons ...	1	1	0									
Miss A. Lanham ...	0	10	6									
Mrs. F. C. Wilson ...	0	19	6									
F.A.C. ...	0	2	6									
Mr. C. H. Simmonds ...	0	5	0									
Mr. A. M. Jones ...	1	1	0									
<i>Mr. Warren's List (continued)—</i>												
T. Stanley Allison ...	2	0	0									
Mrs. Allison ...	2	0	0									
Miss Allison ...	1	0	0									
Mr. A. B. P. Page ...	1	0	0									
Mr. G. E. Hodd ...	0	5	0									
Mr. R. Stewart ...	0	5	0									
Mr. W. E. Catesby ...	1	1	0									
Miss N. Slaney ...	1	1	0									
Mr. W. Mansford ...	0	10	6									
Mr. and Mrs. Hollingshead ...	0	5	0									
Mr. E. S. Percival ...	1	1	0									
Mr. S. B. Worth ...	1	1	0									
Mr. S. Barnard ...	0	10	6									
Mrs. T. J. Mister ...	0	5	0									
Mr. P. Barringer ...	1	0	0									
Mr. A. B. Hickisson ...	0	10	6									
Mr. S. C. Simmons ...	0	10	6									
Mr. A. Waterson ...	0	5	0									
Mr. F. J. Warren ...	1	0	0									
				15	11	0						
<i>F. W. Ellis's List—</i>												
A.L. ...	0	2	6									
S.S. ...	0	2	6									
T.T. ...	0	2	6									
A.R. ...	0	2	6									
A.S.S. ...	0	5	0									
F.J.S. ...	0	2	6									
H.H.H. ...	1	0	0									
E.M.C. ...	0	2	6									
K.G. ...	0	2	6									
H.J.G. ...	0	2	6									
				2	3	0						
<i>Miss E. K. Gray's List—</i>				1	3	0						
<i>Mr. Ibbetson's List—</i>				0	10	0						
<i>Mr. L. Staple's List—</i>												
Collected by permission on a ramble												
of the South London Ethical												
Society ...	0	13	2									
<i>Mr. Edward's List (continued)—</i>				0	10	0						
<i>Mrs. Newcomer's List—</i>												
Mrs. Gregory ...	10	0	0									
<i>Miss A. M. Welch's List—</i>												
Miss A. M. Welch (2nd												
donation) ...	1	1	0									
Mr. P. Palmer ...	0	5	0									
Mr. E. Palmer ...	0	5	0									
				1	11	0						
<i>Mr. Roffey's List (continued)—</i>												
Mr. E. R. P. Moore ...	1	0	0									
<i>Miss W. Bothwell's List—</i>												
Mr. and Mrs. Panzetta ...	0	5	0									
Mrs. Manning ...	0	2	6									
Mr. T. G. Silverstein ...	0	2	6									
				0	10	0						
<i>Mr. A. S. Hearn's List (continued)—</i>												
Messrs. Sandford & Co.,	1	1	0									
Capt. A. Larking ...	0	10	6									
Mr. J. W. Watts ...	0	10	6									
Mr. E. Bennett, M.B.E. ...	0	10	0									
Mr. G. Griffin ...	0	5	0									
Mr. J. Minden ...	0	5	0									
Mr. W. Palmer ...	0	5	0									
Mr. J. H. Caffyn ...	0	2	0									
Mr. E. F. Spooner ...	0	1	0									
				3	10	0						
<i>Firms who have used Dickens for advertising—</i>												
Messrs. J. Walker & Sons,												
Ltd. ...	2	2	0									
Messrs. John Player &												
Sons ...	5	0	0									
Messrs. Catesby's Ltd. ...	2	2	0									
				9	4	0						
<i>Producers of Dickens Films—</i>												
Messrs. Jury's Imperial Pictures, Ltd. ...	2	2	0									
<i>SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FROM BRANCHES.</i>												
<i>Liverpool Branch—</i>												
Miss Heap ...	0	5	0									
"An appreciative visitor"												
to the Conference	0	10	0									
Mr. T. N. Philip (1st												
instalment) ...	2	0	0									
				2	15	0						
<i>Boston Branch—</i>				100	0	0						
<i>Seattle Branch ...</i>				3	0	0						
<i>St. Pancras Branch (continued)—</i>												
By Ramble ...	2	2	0									
Ald. C. Williams ...	1	1	0									
				3	3	0						
<i>New York Branch (continued)—</i>												
Mr. C. T. Vincent ...	5	00										
Mr. H. K. T. Sherwood ...	10	00										
				3	5	2						
<i>Hackney (continued)—</i>												
Mr. W. Durdle ...	0	10	6									
Miss C. M. Durdle ...	0	2	6									
Mr. A. C. Hewlett ...	0	10	6									
Mrs. H. Coles ...	0	2	6									
<i>Collected by Miss Catchpole—</i>												
Mr. Harrison ...	0	5	0									
A Friend ...	0	2	6									
				1	13	6						

THE FIRST PICKWICK CLUB IN SCOTLAND

By B. W. MATZ

IT would be interesting to learn, if it were possible, how many clubs or societies, associated with the name of Dickens or one of his books or characters have existed, and how long they thrived. It would also be interesting to know which was the first to be established.

The Dickens Fellowship is celebrating its twenty-first anniversary, and the Pickwick Bicycle Club is still older, having been established in 1870, shortly after Dickens's death.

There have been Mark Tapley Clubs, Dickens Societies, and Pickwick Clubs in many cities and towns. The City Pickwick Club still holds its dinners at the George and Vulture, and we believe there is one in Broughton and in Liverpool (or there was not long ago), whilst another flourished a few years back in Durban, South Africa.

Immediately after the book was published, Pickwick Clubs flourished all over the country, and in *The Dickensian* for July, 1919, we reprinted an advertisement from a daily paper dated 1st April, 1837, of a Pickwick Club held in the Sun Tavern, 66 Long Acre, every Tuesday and Friday, where, in addition to wine and refreshments, *The Pickwick Papers* was provided for perusal.

This is the earliest Pickwick Club we have heard of. No doubt there were many others subsequently formed, and the fashion spread to Scotland, for one existed in December, 1837, in Edinburgh, but where exactly it was located, and what precisely was its aims and objects we are unable to state. That it did exist in that year we have ample evidence in a letter written by Dickens in December, 1837, to a Mr. William Howison, one of its members—possibly its President or Secretary. Mr. Howison had written to the novelist telling him of the establishment of the club, and received in reply the following characteristic letter:—

48 Doughty Street, London.

Thursday, December 21st, 1837.

Sir,

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter informing me of the institution of an "Edinburgh Pickwick Club"—and conveying to me from its members a most gratifying and welcome assurance of their good-will and regard.

I believe with you that this is the first society of the kind, established North of the Tweed, and I cannot tell you how much delight it has afforded me to hear of its existence. All my relations by marriage are of Scotland. Many of my dearest living friends are natives of your fine city, and my most cherished recollections are of a dearly loved friend and companion who drew her first breath in Edinburgh and died beside me.

I need not, I am sure, tell you that these are all reasons for endearing to me the place and everything savouring of it. If I wanted any additional sources of gratification beyond those which you acquaint me with, I should find them in the tone of your intelligence and the terms of your letter.

If a word of encouragement from me can, as you say, endow you with double life, you will be the most lively club in all the Empire, from this time ; for every hearty wish that I can muster for your long continued welfare and prosperity is freely yours. Mr. Pickwick's heart is among you always.

Nothing in the course of my brief career—numerous as my causes for gratification have been—has afforded me so much delight as the being so pleasantly and cheerily remembered by the rising spirits of distant places in their moments of relaxation and enjoyment. Trusting that I may long hold a place in your remembrances, and that whenever I visit Scotland again I may find you flourishing in greater vigour than ever.

I am, Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

William Howison, Esq.,
etc., etc.

CHARLES DICKENS.

It would seem from the foregoing that Dickens knew of other clubs named after his book having their existence in England, and possibly he knew of the one at the Sun Tavern, for he speaks of Mr. Howison's as being the first Society of the kind "established North of the Tweed."

It is interesting to learn from Dickens's letter that such an idea for a club honestly pleased him, and did not, as some of our modern wiseacres are prone to think, give him cause for derisive laughter and opportunities for the display of his telling satire.

In any case here is yet another instance of the popularity of *Pickwick* in those early days, and how everybody was affected, not only with its exuberance, but with the reality of its founder, whose heart Dickens assures Mr. Howison would be amongst its members always.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

COMING OF AGE

6 OCTOBER, 1923

Congratulations to The Fellowship !
Here's to its vig'rous health, longevity ;
As now it reaches its majority.
Rooted it grows, and its tenacious grip
Locks heart to heart in loving comradeship.
E'en so, its aims to bless humanity
Shall bring about the true community
Dickens desired—perchance his hopes outstrip.
Increasingly his words and work appeal,
Calling on all who love the Master's name
Keenly to follow in his steps. With zeal
Encountering the things that bring us shame.
Not love professed, but work and counsel sage
Shall take the Fellowship to ripe old age.

A. W. EDWARDS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DICKENS

THERE are two or three interesting references to Dickens in "Lady Rose Weigall: a Memoir based on her correspondence and the recollections of her friends." by her daughter, Rose Weigall, published by John Murray (12s. net). Writing to Julian Fane, on March 14th, 1862, Lady Westmoreland, mother of the subject of the book, says:—

"We went last night to hear Dickens, and were enchanted, as much as, or more, than ever. His reading of the storm in *David Copperfield* was perfectly 'thrilling,' and the effect upon the crowded hall wonderful. Amongst our party were Mrs. Bentinck and Dundas* neither of whom had ever heard him, and both said they would *go out of curiosity*, but they thought it must be 'a bore to hear one man read for two hours and a half.' They were both so enchanted that they only complained it was *too* short. Mrs. Bentinck was moved to tears, and Dundas got so excited I thought he would never leave off clapping. Close to us was Fechter, a fat, clumsy-looking figure with a very dark sallow face and close black hair, positively ugly, I thought, when I first looked at him; but when I saw how his countenance reflected all he heard, and saw tears rolling down his face, and then his whole frame convulsed with laughter, I recognised the *beauty* we saw in him as 'Hamlet.' I was amused at the remark of Miss Hogarth (Dickens's sister-in-law) who sat next to me. On my saying to her, 'How Fechter feels it all!' she answered, 'Yes, he is excellent audience.' It is certainly a wonderful triumph of *genius*, for there is nothing to aid it. Nothing can be less prepossessing than Dickens's appearance. His action is not graceful, his voice is not musical, and rather hoarse; and yet he moves masses of people of all ages, and of all kinds alternately to tears and laughter, to a degree I never saw equalled. How we longed for you!"

On April 2nd, in the same year, Lady Westmoreland recorded that she had been to a reading of *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Pickwick*:—

"It is all wonderfully good, but I don't like *Nickleby* as well as his other readings. It is the part about Squeers's School, and is too melancholy, but the supper with the two young ladies and the Yorkshireman was capital. Next to me was Dickens's eldest daughter, who is married to a brother of Wilkie Collins (the author). She is remarkably pretty."

Here was a mistake, of course, for Mrs. Perugini, as she is now, was Dickens's second daughter. In June, 1862, Lady Westmoreland records:—

"At our dinner last night were Mrs. Forster, Miss Dickens and her aunt, Miss Hogarth, Brougham, Dickens, Elwin, and Charlotte Somerset. Mr. Elwin said he never saw Dickens so agreeable and so much at his ease in society; he generally is so shy. And Brougham was in his *best way*, gentle and amiable, and enjoying the jokes and good stories of which both Dickens and Elwin told many

* Robert Dundas, fourth Viscount Melville.

in different ways, while Mr. Forster kept up a good-humoured banter with Elwin, who was full of fun. I never was more amused, sitting between Forster and Elwin; and Rose was equally so between Dickens and Brougham." J. W. T. L.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LIMEHOUSE CHURCH IN THE LONDON OF DICKENS

SIR.—Mr. Green, in his review of my book, states that the only omission he can find is a lack of reference to Limehouse Church as the church at which Mrs. MacStinger married Jack Bunsby. The reason of the omission is that I had never heard of "the persistent claim of the older inhabitants of the district," or any one else, that Limehouse Church was so associated, and a reference to Chapter 60 of *Dombey and Son*, describing this event tells me that the interesting ceremony was performed at a Chapel described as "a neat, whitewashed edifice."

Yours faithfully,

4th July, 1923.

WALTER DEXTER.

THE PARIS MORGUE

SIR.—This old building, familiar to Dickens, has been demolished, the last vestiges being carted away on 27th June, it is said that 500 francs were offered for one of its stone tables. It is mentioned in "Pictures from Italy," "Some Recollections of Mortality," "Travelling Abroad," "Railway Dreaming" and "Lying Awake." G. J. Pinwell's drawing of "Charles Dickens leaving the Morgue" is reproduced in this magazine for 1913, p. 65.

Yours faithfully, J. ARDAGH.

Mr. WILLMOTT

SIR.—In the course of a little book-hunting expedition during a recent holiday I came across a copy of the first issue of *The Chimes*, on the fly-leaf of which is written: "J. Willmott Esquire, Theatre Royal, Lyceum. Xmas 1844," to which is added, "to Miss Mary Anne Wilson with J.W's kind love."

The inscription has increased my pleasure of the book, because I think it is probably the Mr. Willmott who took the part of Justice Clement in the performance of *Every Man in His Humour* at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, on May 17th, 1848, on behalf of the endowment of a curatorship of Shakespeare's house at Stratford. Other members of the cast on that occasion included Charles Dickens (as, of course, Captain Bobadil), Frederick and Augustus Dickens, Mark Lemon, Frank Stone, John Forster, Augustus Egg, John Leech, and George Cruikshank.

I should be so glad if any readers of *The Dickensian* could tell me anything about Mr. Willmott. As, for example, was his initial "J," and did he belong to the Theatre Royal, Lyceum (or did the Theatre at any time belong to him?).

There was a Mr. Wilmot (with one "t") who was Macready's prompter, and, I believe, like Silas Wegg, had a wooden leg. But I do not think he could have been the J. Willmott, Esquire, who is the subject of this letter.

Yours faithfully,

128 Wotton Hill, Gloucester.

E. KENDALL PEARSON.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

BETHLEHEM.—The Branch closed an interesting year's work on May 28th, 1923. To date, the Branch accumulated a "Permanent Tiny Tim Fund," in St. Luke's Hospital, Bethlehem, of \$1000, and (including the last contribution of \$50, donated at this May meeting), has given \$680, at various times, always for immediate use for cripples at St. Luke's Hospital, Bethlehem. Our much esteemed Honorary President, Mrs. N. P. Otis, at our Christmas meeting, December 18th, 1922, gave a most expressive reading (her own arrangement) of Dickens's *Christmas Carol*, with lantern illustrations of the important characters and places in the *Christmas Carol*, collected and coloured by Mrs. Otis herself, and shown by her daughter, during the reading. The reading of *Pickwick Papers*, which had been enjoyed by the members for a period of nearly two years, was concluded at the May meeting, and, on motion, *Oliver Twist* will be the next work for study. The Branch has lost heavily, by death, during the past year, among whom were two Vice-Presidents, Mrs. John Rees and Mrs. Eugene A. Raw, and also Mrs. Chas. M. Dodson and Mrs. Anna Pownall. Each monthly meeting is unique for its own musical programme—the musical members respond in a Dickensian way, whenever called upon—and its readings from the chosen work, usually preceded a short but clear and interesting synopsis of the sections connecting the various readings, by Rev. F. E. Lennox, a most capable and talented reader of Dickens. The Branch has pledged \$50 towards the purchase of the Doughty House.

EASTBOURNE.—Our summer activities included a Downland ramble to Firle Park and Village, near Lewes, and an excursion to the principal places in Kent associated with Charles Dickens. Our Tiny Tim Guild arranged an outing to Hampden Park (near Eastbourne) for the little crippled friends, who had a most delightful time. Mrs. Triscott (President of the Guild), Alderman Easter, and other prominent members of the Fellowship were present, and tea and other refreshments were provided. To our great regret, the Rev. T. Faulkner Jefferis has been compelled to leave Eastbourne, owing to a breakdown in health. All who know Mr. Jefferis' kind and genial personality and splendid elocutionary powers will earnestly hope for his speedy restoration to health.

GLOUCESTER.—The annual excursion, on June 28th, proved to be very enjoyable and successful from all points of view. Between 80 and 90 members participated in a tour by motor coaches of a portion of the far-famed Cotswold country, with an alfresco tea at Cranham. It was announced that the voting for the book to be considered during the ensuing session had resulted in a tie between *Pickwick* and *Our Mutual Friend*, and the first-named was selected by the casting-vote of the President (Mr. F. H. Bretherton). The new session opens on October 3rd.

LEYTON.—Although only formed on November 7th, 1922, the Branch held several interesting meetings and finished at the end of March, 1923, with a membership of 40. The meetings were held in the Council Chamber, Town Hall, Leyton, by kind permission of the

Chairman of the Council, who consented to be President for the year 1922-23. Papers of a varied character have been read at each meeting with readings and recitations by way of a change. At the January meeting a most interesting paper was read by Mr. H. C. Buck, M.A., on "Schoolmasters in Dickens," followed by a Recital by the late Mr. Wilfred Stannard. Both paper and recital were much enjoyed. A feature of the session was examination papers on *Sketches by Boz* and *Pickwick Papers*, ten questions being set for each. Very good entries were received for both the answers carefully considered and a prize awarded for each examination. The examinations caused such interest that it is proposed to arrange a set of six papers this coming session and offer a prize for the best aggregate number of marks. The Branch has been fortunate in securing again the use of the Council Chamber for its meetings, with Councillor Wm. Bulgin, J.P., as President, and the session opens on October 4th, with a lantern lecture by Mr. C. H. Green on "Charles Dickens's Life and Legacy to Humanity." There is every prospect of the membership being greatly increased during the coming winter.

MANCHESTER.—The annual picnic was held on July 7th, when thirty-eight members travelled from Manchester to the pretty Cheshire localities, Plumbley and Knutsford, the "Cranford" of Mrs. Gaskell. A pleasant walk was taken by field paths under the leadership of Mr. F. R. Dean and Mr. S. Sutton. During the afternoon a collection was made on behalf of the Children's Treats to the Parks Fund. The autumn session will open on Friday, October 5th, and an interesting syllabus has been prepared. The Coming of Age of the Fellowship will, it is hoped, be celebrated by a Dinner at which a number of the leading citizens of Manchester will be present.

MELBOURNE.—At the monthly meeting, May 3rd, two interesting papers were given by Miss E. A. Fraser and Mr. W. A. Calloway. Much merriment was evoked by Miss Fraser's skilful handling of "Some Dickensian Husbands." A very fine rendering of "The Death of Sydney Carton" was given by Miss Bessie Bevan. Mr. Stanley Brooks gave a recital of Jerry Cruncher. A full house and a full bill were conspicuous at the Queen's Hall on June 7th, to celebrate the 53rd Anniversary of the death of Charles Dickens. A special literary dramatic and musical programme was presented, and every item was heartily received by members and friends. Five short papers were given, viz.:—"Charles Dickens's First Days of Authorship," by Mr. A. W. Glencross; "Charles Dickens's First Novel," by E. M. Cleary; "His Best Novel," by Mr. W. P. Heathershaw; "His Last Novel," by Mr. J. B. Casteau; "The Death of Charles Dickens," by Mr. J. H. Crowther. Two excellent sketches were given by the Dickens Dramatic Club—"Supper at the Saracen's Head" and "A Scene from *A Tale of Two Cities*." In each case the audience showed great appreciation of the talent displayed by the newly-formed dramatic club. The musical items were in the capable hands of Mrs. Lindsay, Miss Eileen Burton, Mr. Mortimer Pettigrove and Mr. St. Leger Burton.

ST. PANCRAS.—On June 16th, a ramble was taken to Barking, under the guidance of Mr. Wickens. A visit was paid to the Fire Bell Gate and St. Margaret's Church, and the ruined Abbey near by, and Eastbury House; later, at the Friends' Meeting House, the party were received and entertained by Mr. Steele, the Secretary of the

Society of Friends. The annual outing on June 30th, was a charabanc trip to Rochester. On July 22nd, Mr. Rust conducted a most enjoyable ramble in Hampstead and Highgate, when, by kind permission of Lord Leverhulme, the members were taken over the gardens of "The Hill," and were shown his fine collection of pictures and the silver wassail bowl presented to Dickens by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, on the occasion of the last of his non-professional readings, in 1858.

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

"The Dog in Literature: Charles Dickens." *Kennel Gazette*, July and August.

"Down Limehouse Way," by B. W. Matz. *Mine Host*, July.

"Dickens and Gadshill." *Boston (U.S.A.) Herald*, 18th July.

"Dickens's Last Home," by Elsie Codd. *Daily Chronicle*, 23rd July.

"The Pickwicks of Bath," by T. Sturge Cotterell. *Morning Post*, 7th August.

"Dickens's Dolls," by Margaret Widderner. *New York Literary Review*, June 18th.

"Dickens and Richmond (U.S.A.)," by Virginia Lee Cox. Illustrated. *Richmond Times Dispatch*, 5th August.

"Dickens's Southwark." *South London Press*, 10th August.

"Charles Dickens: a Post-Mortem Interview," by Sir Henry Lucy. *Cornhill*, September.

"Dickens and Children's Rights," by F. W. *Birmingham Post*, 11th September.

DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

BALHAM—

Oct. 12—Opening Meeting.

Nov. 9—Lecture: "David Copperfield," by Mr. W. J. Fisher.

Dec. 15—Recital: "A Christmas Carol," by Mr. Frank S. Johnson.

All meetings at Balham Educational Settlement.

EDINBURGH—

Oct. 24—Lecture: "Charles Dickens," by the Rt. Rev. A. Wallace Williamson, C.V.O.

Nov. 8—"A Tale of Two Cities": a survey by Mrs. Nellie Kaye.

„ 22—"The Friends of Dickens," by Mr. Wm. Stone.

„ 29—"A Study of Madame Defarge," by Miss Lucine Edmonstone; "Dickens and Carlyle," by Mr. James Fisher.

Dec. 13—"A Recital from Dickens," by Mr. Herbert Breton.

HACKNEY AND STOKE NEWINGTON—

Oct. 9—Social Evening to celebrate the coming-of-age of the Dickens Fellowship, West Hackney Lecture Hall, Evering Road.

Nov. 8—Lecture: "Jacob Marley and others," by Mr. J. H. McNulty.

Dec. 5—Dickens Recital, by Mr. Alfred Wharrior, in aid of Doughty Street Fund.

HULL—

Oct. 5—Carnival and Whist Drive, at 7-45 p.m., Windsor Room.

„ 19—Lecture: "Children in Fiction," by Miss Anderson, at 7-45 p.m., in the Exchange Room, the Metropole.

- Nov. 2—Lecture: "The Grotesque in Dickens," by Rev. J. G. Patton, at 7-45 p.m., in the Exchange Room, Metropole.
 „ 16—Visit by the Hull, Devon and Cornwall Society, at 7-45 p.m., in the Windsor Room, the Metropole.
 „ 30—Ten Minutes' Papers by Members (any subject except politics), at 7-45 p.m., in the Exchange Room.
 Dec. 7—Paper: "Dualism in Life and Literature," by Mr. T. H. Leahair, at 7-45 p.m., in the Exchange Room.
 „ 21—Dickens Recital, by Mr. H. Kellington, at 7-45 p.m.

LEYTON—

- Oct. 4—Lantern Lecture: "Charles Dickens," by Mr. C. H. Green.
 „ 31—Lecture: "Plagiarisms on Dickens's Works," by Mr. W. Miller.
 Nov. 28—Recital by Miss Olive Welford and Readings by Members.
Meetings in Council Chamber, Town Hall.

LONDON—

- Oct. 5—Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street. Presidential Reception and Address and Coming of Age Celebration, at 7 p.m. Admission by Invitation Card only.
 Nov. 21—Lecture: "Bath and the Pickwick," by Mr. J. Sturge Cotterell, in the Old Hall, Lincoln's Inn, at 7 p.m.
 Dec. 14—Christmas Party at Caxton Hall, Westminster, at 6-30, for 7 p.m. Tickets: members and friends, 5s.
 Dec. 19—Recital by Mr. Frank S. Johnson, "A Christmas Carol," in the Old Hall, Lincoln's Inn, at 7 p.m.

MANCHESTER—

- Oct. 5—Opening Meeting. Reception from 7-15 to 7-30 p.m. by the President.
 „ 19—Whist Drive at the Clarion Café, Market Street, at 7-30.
 Nov. 2—"Dickens on Law and Justice," Mr. J. Cuming Walters.
 „ 16—Social Evening at the Clarion Café, Market Street, at 7-30.
 Dec. 7—Secretary's Report of the Conference. Short Papers:—"The Growth and Development of the Fellowship," by Members.
 „ 21—"Dingley Dell" Party. Tickets, 1s. 6d.

ROCHESTER—

- Oct. 18—"The Pickwick Pilgrimages," by Mr. Walter Dexter.

ST. PANCRAS—

- Oct. 10—Annual Business Meeting, at the Orphanage, 108 Hampstead Road, at 8 p.m.
 „ 13—Ramble: Inns of Court and Chancery. Meet at Holborn Hall at 2-30 p.m.
 „ 27—Dramatic Performance in aid of 48 Doughty Street, at St. Saviour's Hall, Maple Street, at 8 p.m. and on November 3rd.
 Nov. 14—Address on Dickens, by Mr. Charles Grigsby.
 „ 17—Ramble: from Trafalgar Square to Doctors Commons. Meet at Trafalgar Square (South side) at 2-30 p.m.
 Dec. 8—Ramble in Islington. Meet at Canonbury Tower.
 „ 12—Members' Evening. Papers on "Sketches by Boz" and "Battle of Life," and Dramatic Sketches, at the Orphanage, Hampstead Road, at 8 p.m.

